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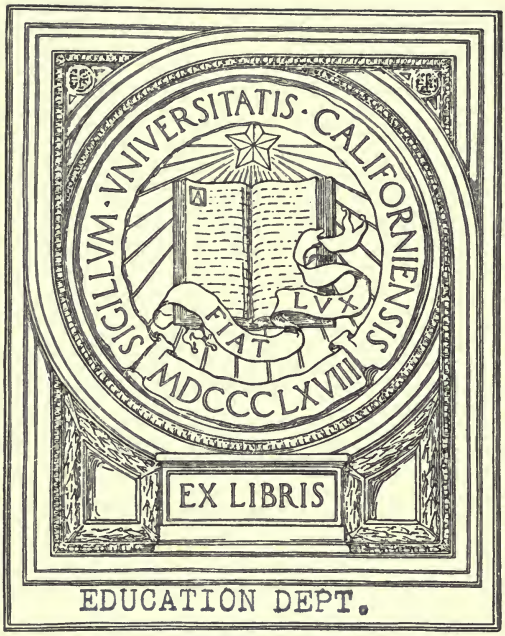

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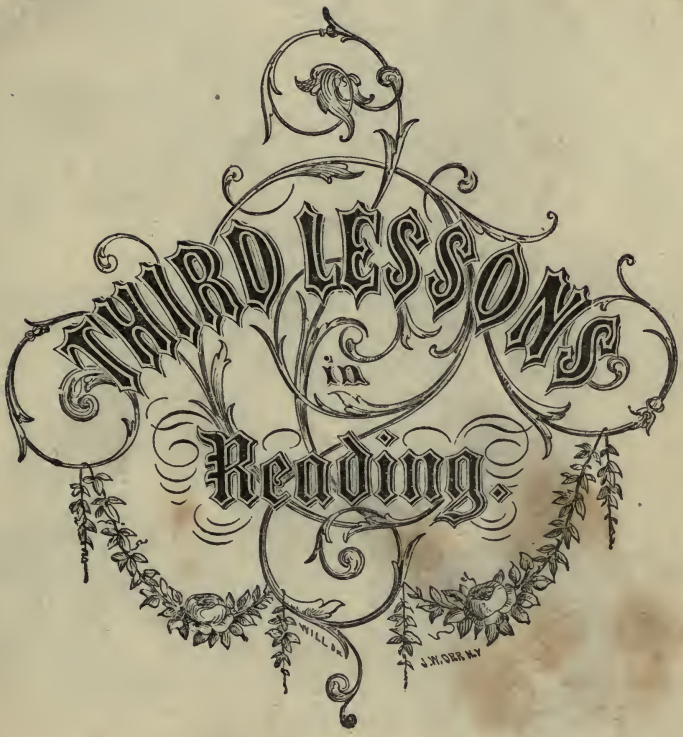
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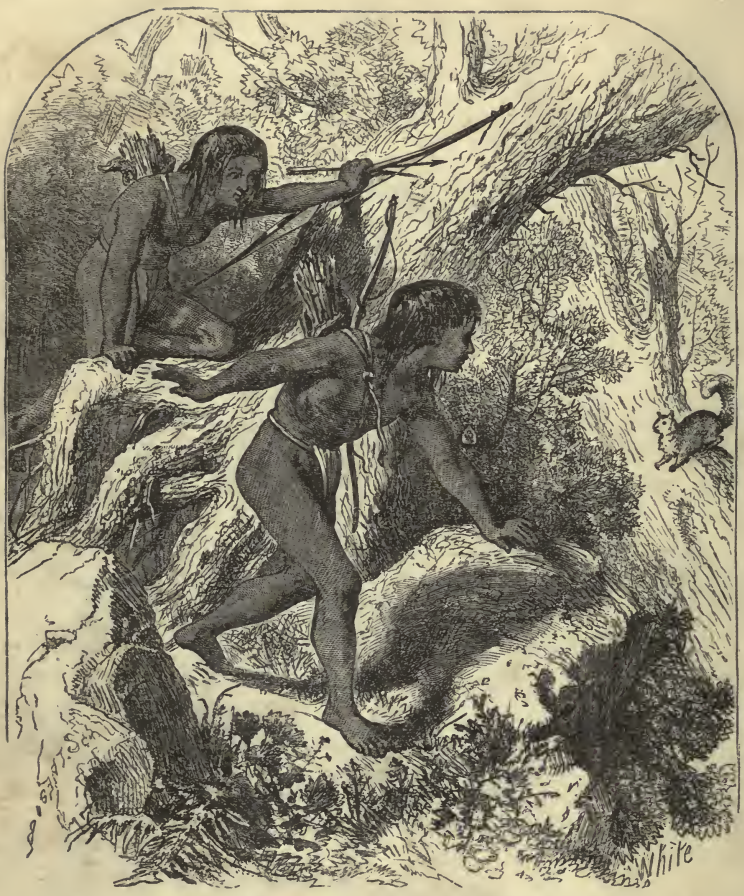

"*And when the hiding squirrel's nest*
They sought, far up the hills,
They bathed their reeking foreheads cool
Among the mountain rills."

CHILDREN IN EXILE, p. 136.

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PREFACE.

IT has been our purpose, in the preparation of this volume, to furnish the facilities necessary for the cultivation and improvement of the voice, and the acquisition of skill in Reading and Delivery. Though constituting one of a Series of Readers, this work will be found complete in itself.

The Introductory Lessons in Part First present, in a simple, comprehensive, and practical form, all the most important principles of Elocution, embracing Sections on Articulation, Syllabication, Accent, Emphasis, Slur, Inflections, and Punctuation.

Part Second contains one hundred and twenty-five Exercises for Reading and Recitation. In the collection and preparation of these Exercises, great pains have been taken to exclude pieces not suited to the standing of the pupils for whom they are designed, and to retain only those that will be found intelligible, not only from the nature of the subjects, but also from the style and manner in which they are written.

It has been our aim to present such lessons as would amuse, interest, and instruct the pupil, and at the same time furnish examples illustrating the more important principles of Rhetorical Delivery. As an almost indispensable auxiliary for the accomplishment of this desirable object, we have introduced numerous dialogues and pieces of a conversational nature.

It is a collection strictly graded from first to last Com-

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mencing with lessons more simple than those at the close of the "Second Reader," the pupil will gradually and almost unconsciously overcome difficulties as he proceeds, and at its close will be thoroughly prepared for the succeeding volume.

The pronunciation of words liable to be mispronounced is indicated in all cases; and notes explanatory of words and phrases not supposed to be fully understood by the pupil, appear at the bottom of the pages where they occur.

The improvements made in the revision of this work are many and important. The addition of a thorough though simple Analysis of Words and of Phonetic Exercises to the section on Articulation, and the introduction of new sections on Slur and Inflections, as well as the marked changes in general, have rendered the Introductory Lessons all that can be desired for intermediate classes.

The collection of Reading Lessons has been greatly improved by judicious omissions, and by the introduction of a number of the most interesting and deservedly popular recent productions, both in prose and verse. The classification of these Lessons is more systematic and thorough than that ever before attempted in any corresponding work. The pieces are divided into formal sections in each of which only one leading subject is treated, or one important element of Elocution rendered prominent. It is confidently believed that all practical AIDS are furnished by the orthoëpical notation, the index to words defined and words pronounced, the superior wood-cuts, and the copious notes.

NEW YORK, *August*, 1865.

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PART I.
LECTURE

THE NATIONAL THIRD READER.

PART I.

INTRODUCTORY LESSONS.

I. ARTICULATION.

I.

DEFINITIONS.

ARTICULATION is the *distinct* utterance of the oral elements in syllables and words.

2. ORAL ELEMENTS are the sounds that, uttered separately or in combination, form syllables and words.

3. ORAL ELEMENTS ARE PRODUCED by different positions of the organs of speech, in connection with the voice and the breath.

4. THE PRINCIPAL ORGANS OF SPEECH are the lips, the teeth, the tongue, and the palate.

5. VOICE IS PRODUCED by the action of the breath upon the lărynx.[1]

6. ORAL ELEMENTS ARE DIVIDED into three classes: *eighteen* TONICS, *fifteen* SUBTONICS, and *ten* ATONICS.

7. TONICS are pure tones produced by the voice, with but slight use of the organs of speech.

8. SUBTONICS are tones produced by the voice, *modified* by the organs of speech.

---

[1] **Larynx.**—The upper part of the trachea or windpipe, consisting of five gristly pieces which form the organ of voice.

9. Atonics are mere breathings, modified by the organs of speech.

10. Letters are characters that are used to represent or modify the oral elements.

11. The Alphabet is divided into vowels and consonants.

12. Vowels are the letters that usually represent the tonic elements. They are *a*, *e*, *i*, *o*, *u*, and sometimes *y*.[1]

13. A Diphthong is the union of two vowels in one syllable, as, *ou* in *our*.

14. A Digraph, or Improper Diphthong, is the union of two vowels in a syllable, one of which is silent; as, *oa* in *loaf*, *ou* in *court*.

15. A Triphthong is the union of three vowels in one syllable; as, *eau* in *beau*, *ieu* in *adieu*.

16. Consonants[2] are the letters that usually represent either subtonic or atonic elements. They are of two kinds, single letters and combined, including all the letters of the alphabet, except the vowels, and the combinations *ch*, *sh*, *wh*, *ng*; th subtonic, and th atonic.

17. Labials are letters whose oral elements are chiefly formed by the lips. They are *b*, *p*, *w*, and *wh*. *M* may be regarded as a nasal labial, as its sound is affected by the nose. *F* and *v* are labia-dentals.

18. Dentals are letters whose oral elements are chiefly formed by the teeth. They are *j*, *s*, *z*, *ch*, and *sh*.

19. Linguals are letters whose oral elements are chiefly formed by the tongue. They are *d*, *l*, *r*, and *t*. *N* is a nasal-lingual; *y*, a lingua-palatal, and *th*, a lingua-dental.

20. Palatals are letters whose oral elements are chiefly formed by the palate. They are *g* and *k*. *NG* is a nasal-palatal.

---

[1] **W not a Vowel.**—As *w*, standing alone, does not represent a pure or unmodified tone in the English language, it is not here classified with the vowels.

[2] **Consonant.**—The term *consonant*, literally meaning *sounding with*, is applied to these letters and combinations because they are rarely used in words without having a vowel connected with them in the same syllable, although their *oral elements* may be uttered separately, and without the aid of a vowel. Indeed, they frequently form syllables by themselves, as in *feeble* (*bl*), *taken* (*kn*).

21. COGNATES are letters whose oral elements are produced by the same organs, in a similar manner; thus, *f* is a cognate of *v*; *k* of *g*, &c.

22. ALPHABETIC EQUIVALENTS are letters, or combinations of letters, that represent the same elements, or sounds; thus, *i* is an equivalent of *e*, in *p*ique.

II.

ORAL ELEMENTS.

IN uttering the tonics, the organs of speech should be fully opened, and the stream of sound from the throat should be thrown, as much as possible, directly upward against the roof of the mouth. It is important to produce the subtonics and atonics with great force, prolonging the sound sufficiently to give it a full impression on the ear.

The instructor will first require the pupils to pronounce a catch-word once, and then produce the oral element represented by the figured vowel, or italic consonant, four times—thus; åge,—å, å, å, å; āte,—ā, ā, ā, ā: åt,—å, å, å, å; ăsh,—ă, ă, ă, ă, &c. He will exercise the class until each pupil can utter *consecutively* all the elementary sounds as arranged in the following

TABLE OF ORAL ELEMENTS.

I. TONICS.

â or ā,[1]	as in	åge,	āte.		â,	as in	åll,	bâll.
å or ă,	"	åt,	lănd.		å,[2]	"	bâre,	câre.
å,	"	årt,	årm.		å,[3]	"	åsk,	glåss.

[1] **Long and Short Vowels.**—The attention of the class should be called to the fact that the first element, or sound, represented by each of the vowels, is usually indicated by a horizontal line placed over the letter, and the second sound by a curved line.

[2] **A Fifth.**—The *fifth* element, or sound, represented by *a*, is its *first* or *Alphabetic* sound, modified or softened by *r*. In its production, the lips, placed nearly together, are held immovable while the student tries to say, ā.

[3] **A Sixth.**—The *sixth* element represented by *a*, is a sound intermediate between *a*, as heard in *at*, and *a*, as in *arm*. It is produced by prolonging and slightly softening ă.

ȅ or ē,	as in	hȅ,	thēse.	ȍ or ŏ,[2]	as in	ȍn,	frŏst.
ȇ or ĕ,	"	ȇlk,	ĕnd.	ȏ,	"	dȏ,	prȏve.
ȇ,[1]	"	hȇr,	vȇrse.	ů or ū,[3]	"	cůbe,	cūre.
ȉ or ī,	"	ȉce,	chīld.	ů or ŭ,	"	bůd,	hŭsh.
ȉ or ĭ,	"	ȉnk,	ĭnch.	ů,	"	fůll,	půsh.
ȍ or ō,	"	ȍld,	hōme.	*ou*,	"	*our*,	h*ou*se.

II. SUBTONICS.

b,	as in	*b*a*b*e,	or*b*.	*r*,[4]	as in	*r*ake,	ba*r*.
d,	"	*d*i*d*,	*d*im.	th,	"	th*i*s,	wi*th*.
g,	"	*g*a*g*,	*g*ig.	*v*,	"	*v*ine,	*v*ice.
j,	"	*j*oin,	*j*oint.	*w*,	"	*w*ake,	*w*ise.
l,	"	*l*ake,	*l*ane.	*y*,	"	*y*ard,	*y*es.
m,	"	*m*ild,	*m*ind.	*z*,	"	*z*est,	ga*z*e.
n,	"	*n*ame,	*n*ine.	z,	"	azure,	glazier.
ng,	"	ga*ng*,	sa*ng*.				

[1] **E Third.**—The third element represented by *e*, is *e* as heard in *e*nd, prolonged, and modified or softened by *r*. This oral element is found in monosyllables, or in accented syllables in which the *r* is not followed by a vowel or by another *r*, or in words derived from these, when the syllable retains its accent, as in hȇrd, ȇrr, ȇrring, matȇrnal.

[2] **O modified.**—The modified oral element of *o*, in this work, is represented by (ȍ or ŏ) the same marks as its regular second power. This modified or medium element may be produced by uttering the sound of *o* in n*o*t, slightly softened, with twice its usual volume, or prolongation. It is usually given when short *o* is immediately followed by *ff*, *ft*, *ss*, *st*, or *th*, as in ŏ*ff*, sŏ*ft*, crŏ*ss*, cŏ*st*, brŏ*th*; also in a number of words where short *o* is directly followed by *n*, or final *ng*, as in gŏ*ne*, begŏ*ne*; lŏ*ng*, alŏ*ng*, prŏ*ng*, sŏ*ng*, strŏ*ng*, thŏ*ng*, thrŏ*ng*, wrŏ*ng*. SMART says, "To give the extreme short sound of *o* to such words is affectation; to give them the full sound of broad *a* (*a* in *a*ll), is *vulgar*.

[3] **U initial—preceded by R.**—*U*, at the beginning of words, when long, has the sound of *yu*, as in *ūse*. When *u* long, or its alphabetic equivalent *ew*, is preceded by *r*, or the sound of *sh*, in the same syllable, it has always the sound of *o* in *do*; as, r*u*de, s*u*re, b*rew*.

[4] **R trilled.**—In *trilling r*, the tip of the tongue is made to vibrate against the roof of the mouth. *R* may be *trilled* when immediately followed by a vowel in the same syllable. When thus situated in emphatic words, it should always be trilled. Frequently require the student, after a full inhalation, to trill *r* continuously, as long as possible.

III. ATONICS.

f,	as in	*f*ame,	*f*ife.	*t*,	as in	*t*art,	toas*t*.
h,	"	*h*ark,	*h*arm.	*th*,	"	*th*ank,	you*th*.
k,	"	*k*ind,	*k*iss.	*ch*,	"	*ch*ase,	mar*ch*.
p,	"	*p*ipe,	pum*p*.	*sh*,	"	*sh*ade,	*sh*ake.
s,	"	*s*ame,	*s*ense.	*wh*,[1]	"	*wh*ale,	*wh*ite.

III.

COGNATES.

FIRST require the student to pronounce distinctly the word containing the atonic element, then the subtonic cognate, uttering the element after each word—thus: li*p*, *p*; or*b*, *b*, &c. The attention of the pupil should be called to the fact that cognates are produced by the same organs, in a similar manner, and only differ in one being an undertone, and the other a whisper.

ATONICS.			SUBTONICS.	
li*p*,	*p*.	. . . . .	or*b*,	*b*.
*f*ife,	*f*.	. . . . .	*v*ase,	*v*.
*wh*ite,	*wh*.	. . . . .	*w*ise,	*w*.
*s*ave,	*s*.	. . . . .	*z*eal,	*z*.
*sh*ade,	*sh*.	. . . . .	azure,	z.
*ch*arm,	*ch*.	. . . . .	*j*oin,	*j*.
*t*art,	*t*.	. . . . .	*d*id,	*d*.
*th*ing,	*th*.	. . . . .	this,	th.
*k*ink,	*k*.	. . . . .	*g*ig,	*g*.

IV.

ALPHABETICAL EQUIVALENTS.

THE instructor will require the students to read or recite the Table of Alphabetic Equivalents, using the following formula: The Alphabetic Equivalents of *A first*

[1] **Wh.**—To produce the oral element of *wh*, the student will blow from the center of the mouth—first compressing the lips, and then suddenly relaxing them while the air is escaping.

power are *ai, au, ay, e, ea, ee, ei, ey;* as in the words, g*ai*n, g*au*ge, str*ay*, mel*ee'*, gr*ea*t, v*ei*n, th*ey*.

I. TONIC ELEMENTS.

For å, *ai, au, ay, e, ea, ee, ei, ey;* as in g*ai*n, g*au*ge, str*ay*, mel*ee'*, gr*ea*t, v*ei*n, th*ey*.

For å, *ai, ua;* as in pl*ai*d, g*ua*ranty.

For å, *au, e, ea, ua;* as in h*au*nt, sergeant, h*ea*rt, g*ua*rd.

For å, *au, aw, eo, o, oa, ou;* as in f*au*lt, h*aw*k, G*eo*rge, c*o*rk, br*oa*d, b*ough*t.

For å, *aa, ai, e, ea, ei;* as in *A*aron, ch*ai*r, th*e*re, sw*ea*r, h*ei*r.

For ê, *ea, ee, ei, eo, ey, i, ie;* as in r*ea*d, d*ee*p, c*ei*l, p*eo*ple, k*ey*, val*i*se, f*ie*ld.

For ê, *a, ai, ay, ea, ei, eo, ie, u, ue;* as in *a*ny, s*ai*d, s*ay*s, h*ea*d, h*ei*fer, l*eo*pard, fr*ie*nd, b*u*ry, g*ue*ss.

For ê, *ea, i, o, ou, u, ue, y;* as in *ea*rth, g*i*rl, w*o*rd, sc*ou*rge, b*u*rn, g*ue*rdon, m*y*rrh.

For î, *ai, ei, eye, ie, oi, ui, uy, y, ye;* as in *ai*sle, sl*ei*ght, *eye*, d*ie*, ch*oi*r, g*ui*de, b*uy*, m*y*, r*ye*.

For î, *ai, e, ee, ie, o, oi, u, ui, y;* as in capt*ai*n, pr*e*tty, b*ee*n, s*ie*ve, w*o*men, tort*oi*se, b*u*sy, b*ui*ld, h*y*mn.

For ô, *au, eau, eo, ew, oa, oe, oo, ou, ow;* as in h*au*tboy, b*eau*, y*eo*man, s*ew*, c*oa*l, f*oe*, d*oo*r, s*ou*l, bl*ow*.

For ô, *a, ou, ow;* as in w*ha*t, h*ou*gh, k*now*ledge.

For ô, *ew, oe, oo, ou, u, ui;* as in gr*ew*, sh*oe*, sp*oo*n, s*ou*p, r*u*de, fr*ui*t.

For û, *eau, eu, ew, ieu, iew, ue, ui;* as in b*eau*ty, f*eu*d, n*ew*, ad*ieu*, v*iew*, h*ue*, j*ui*ce.

For ů, *o, oe, oo, ou;* as in l*o*ve, d*oe*s, bl*oo*d, y*ou*ng.

For ů, *o, oo, ou;* wolf, b*oo*k, c*ou*ld.

For ou, *ow;* as in n*ow*.

For oi (åî), *oy;* as in b*oy*.

II. SUBTONIC AND ATONIC ELEMENTS.

For f, *gh, ph;* as in cou*gh*, nym*ph*.

For j, *g;* as in *g*em, *g*in.

For k, *c*, *ch*, *gh*, *q*; as in *c*ole, con*ch*, lou*gh*, eti*q*uette.
For s, *c*; as in *c*ell.
For t, *d*, *th*, *phth*; as in danced, *Th*ames, *phth*isic.
For v, *f*, *ph*; as in o*f*, Ste*ph*en.
For y, *i*; as in pin*i*on.
For z, *c*, *s*, *x*; as in suffi*c*e, ro*s*e, *x*ebec.
For z, *g*, *s*; as in rou*g*e, o*s*ier.
For ng, *n*; as in a*n*ger, ba*n*k.
For ch, *t*; as in fus*t*ian.
For sh, *c*, *ch*, *s*, *ss*, *t*; as in o*c*ean, *ch*aise, *s*ure, a*ss*ure, mar*t*ial.

V.

ORAL ELEMENTS COMBINED.

AFTER the instructor has given a class thorough drill on the preceding tables, the following exercises will be found of great value, to improve the organs of speech and the voice, as well as to familiarize the pupil with different combinations of sounds. Pupils will not pass from these exercises until they can utter the elements represented by the figured vowels in whatever order the instructor may require. As the *fifth* element represented by *a*, and the *third* element of *e*, are always immediately followed by the oral element of *r* in words, the *r* is introduced in like manner in these exercises. The *sixth* sound of *a*, when not a syllable by itself, is always immediately followed by the oral element of *f*, *n*, or *s*, in words. For convenience, *f* only is introduced in these combinations.

I. TONICS AND SUBTONICS.

1. bå,	bȧ,	bą,	bą,	bą̊r,	bą̊f;	bè,	bȅ,	bȅr;
ib,	ib;	ȯb,	ȯb,	ȯb;	ub,	ȕb,	ȕb;	oub.
åd,	ȧd,	ąd,	ąd,	ą̊rd,	ą̊f;	èd,	ȅd,	ȅrd;
dì,	dĭ;	dȯ,	dȯ,	dȯ;	dù,	dȕ,	dȕ;	dou.
gå,	gȧ,	gą,	gą,	gą̊r,	gą̊f;	gè,	gȅ,	gȅr;
ìg,	ĭg;	ȯg,	ȯg,	ȯg;	ùg,	ȕg,	ȕg;	oug.

2. jåf, jår, jå, jå, jå, jå; jêr, jê, jè;
jî, jí; jô, jô, jó; jů, jů, jù; jou.
låf, lår, lå, lå, lå, là; lêr, lê, lè;
îl, íl; ôl, ôl, òl; ůl, ůl, ùl; oul.
åf, årm, åm, åm, åm, àm; êrm, êm, èm;
mî, mí; mô, mô, mó; mů, mů, mù; mou

3. nå, nå, nå, når, nåf, nå; nè, nêr, nê;
nî, ní; nô, nò, nó; nů, nů, nù; nou.
ång, årng, ång, åf, ång, àng; èng, êrng, èng;
îng, íng; ông, òng, óng; ůng, ůng, ùng; oung
rå, rå, rår, rå, rå, råf; rè, rêr, rê;
rî, rí; rô, rò, ró; rů, rů, rù; rou.

4. thå, thå, thår, thåf, thå, thå; thêr, thê, thê;
îth, íth; ôth, òth, óth; ůth, ůth, ùth; outh.
åv, åf, åv, åv, åv, årv; êrv, êv, èv;
vî, ví; vô, vô, vó; vů, vů, vù; vou.
wà, wå, wår, wå, wå, wåf; wêr, wè, wè;
wî, wí; wò, wô, wó; wù, wů, wů; wou.

5. yå, yå, yå, yå, yår, yåf; yè, yê, yêr;
yî, yí; yò, yô, yó; yù, yů, yů; you.
zou; zů, zů, zù; zô, zô, zò; zî, zí;
zêr, zê, zè; zåf, zår, zå, zå, zå, zà.
ouz; ůz, ůz, ùz; ôz, ôz, òz; îz, íz;
êrz, èz, èz; åf, årz, åz, åz, åz, àz.

II. TONICS AND ATONICS.

1. fā, fă, fā, fā, fār, fāf; fē, fĕ, fēr;
fī, fĭ; fō, fŏ, fō; fū, fŭ, fū; fou.
hār, hāf, hā, hā, hā, hă; hĕ, hē, hēr;
hĭ, hī; hō, hŏ, hō; hū, hŭ, hū; hou.
āk, ăk, āk, āk, ārk, āf; ĕk, ēk, ērk;
ĭk, īk; ōk, ŏk, ōk; ūk, ŭk, ūk; ouk.
pā, pă, pā, pā, pār, pāf; pĕ, pē, pēr;
pĭ, pī; pō, pŏ, pō; pū, pŭ, pū; pou.

2. åf, års, ås, ås, ăs, ās; ẽrs, ĕs, ēs;
ĭs, īs; ŏs, ŏs, ō̤s; ůs, ŭs, ūs; ous.
tåf, tår, tå, tå, tă, tā; tẽr, tĕ, tē;
tĭ, tī; tŏ, tŏ, tō; tū, tů, tŭ; tou.
thåf, thår, thå, thå, thā, thă; thẽr, thē, thĕ;
ĭth, ĭth; ōth, ŏth, ŏth; ūth, ŭth, ůth; outh.
ouch; ůch, ūch, ŭch; ŏch, ŏch, ōch; ĭch, īch;
ẽrch, ēch, ĕch; åf, āch, åch, ârch, âch, ăch.

3. chou; chů, chū, chŭ; chŏ, chŏ, chō; chī, chĭ;
chẽr, chē, chĕ; chā, chă, chå, chå, chår, chåf.
oush; ůsh, ŭsh, ūsh; ōsh, ŏsh, ŏsh; ĭsh, īsh;
ẽrsh, ēsh, ĕsh; āsh, åf, ăsh, åsh, åsh, ârsh.
shou; shů, shŭ, shū; shŏ, shŏ, shō; shī, shĭ;
shẽr, shē, shĕ; shåf, shår, shā, shå, shă, shå.
whou; whŭ, whů, whū; whō, whŏ, whŏ; whī, whĭ;
whẽr, whĕ, whē; whåf, whår, whå, whă, whā, whå.

VI.

ERRORS IN ARTICULATION.

ERRORS in Articulation arise chiefly, *first*, from the omission of one or more elements in a word; as,

an'	for	an*d*.	stå'm	for	sto*r*m.
frien's	"	frien*d*s.	wå'm	"	wå*r*m.
blin'ness	"	blin*d* ness.	bois t'rous	"	bois tẽr ous.
fac's	"	fac*t*s.	chick'n	"	chick ẽn.
sof' ly	"	so*f*t ly.	his t'ry	"	his tō ry.
fiel's	"	fiel*d*s.	nov'l	"	nov ẽl.
wil's	"	wil*d*s.	trav'l	"	trav ẽl.

Secondly, from uttering one or more elements that should not be sounded; as,

èv ẽn	for	èv'n.	rav ẽl	for	rav'l.
heav ẽn	"	heav'n.	sev ẽn	"	sev'n.
tàk ẽn	"	tàk'n.	sof tẽn	"	sof'n.
sick ẽn	"	sick'n.	shàk ẽn	"	shàk'n
driv ẽl	"	driv'l.	shov ẽl	"	shov'l.
grov ẽl	"	grov'l.	shriv ẽl	"	shriv'l.

Thirdly, from substituting one element for another; as,

sẽt	for	sĭt.		cârse	for	cŏurse.
sẽnce	"	sĭnce.		re pârt	"	re pŏrt.
shẽt	"	shŭt.		trŏf fy	"	trō phy.
for gĭt	"	for gẽt.		pâ rent	"	pâr ent.
câre	"	câre.		bŭn net	"	bŏn net.
dânce	"	dânce.		chil d*r*un	"	chil drĕn.
pâst	"	pâst.		sŭl ler	"	cĕl lar.
âsk	"	âsk.		mel l*e*r	"	mel lō*w*.
grâss	"	grâss.		pil l*e*r	"	pil lō*w*.
*s*rill	"	*sh*rill.		mo m*u*nt	"	mo mĕnt.
*w*irl	"	*wh*irl.		harm l*i*ss	"	harm lĕss.
a gân	"	a gain (ă gĕn).		kind n*i*ss	"	kind nĕss.
a gânst	"	against (ăgĕnst).		*w*is per	"	*wh*is per.
hêrth	"	hearth (hârth).		sing *i*n	"	sing *ing*.

VII.

ANALYSIS OF WORDS.

IN order to secure a practical knowledge of the preceding definitions and tables, to learn to spell spoken words by their oral elements, and to understand the uses of letters in written words, the instructor will aid the pupil to master the following exhaustive, though simple. analysis.

1st. The word SALVE, *in pronunciation*, is formed by the union of three oral elements; s â v—salve. (Here let the pupil utter the three oral elements separately, and then pronounce the word.) The *first* is a modified breathing; hence, it is an atonic. The *second* is a pure tone; hence, it is a tonic. The *third* is a modified tone; hence, it is a subtonic.

2d. The word SALVE, *in writing*, is represented by five letters; s a l v e—salve. *S* represents an atonic; hence, it is a consonant. Its oral element is chiefly formed by the teeth; hence, it is a dental. Its oral element is produced by the same organs and in a similar manner as the first

oral element of *z;* hence, it is a cognate of *z*. *A* represents a tonic; hence, it is a vowel. *L* is silent. *V* represents a subtonic; hence, it is a consonant. Its oral element is chiefly formed by the lower lip and the upper teeth; hence, it is a labia-dental. Its oral element is formed by the same organs and in a similar manner as that of *f;* hence, it is a cognate of *f*. *E* is silent.

1st. The word SHOE, *in pronunciation*, is formed by the union of two oral elements; sh o͝o—shoe. The *first* is a modified breathing; hence, it is an atonic. The *second* is a pure tone; hence, it is a tonic.

2d. The word SHOE, *in writing*, is represented by four letters; s h o e—shoe. The combination *sh* represents an atonic; hence, it is a consonant. Its oral element is chiefly formed by the teeth; hence, it is a dental. Its oral element is produced by the same organs and in a similar manner as the second oral element represented by *z;* hence, it is a cognate of *z*. The combination *oe* is formed by the union of two vowels, one of which is silent; hence, it is an improper diphthong. It represents the oral element usually represented by o͝o; hence, it is an alphabetic equivalent of o͝o.

VIII.

RULES IN ARTICULATION.

A AS the name of a letter, or when used as an *emphatic* word, should always be pronounced ā (*a* in *age*); as,

She did not say that the *three* boys knew the letter ā, but that *ā* boy knew it.

2. THE WORD A, when not emphatic, is marked *short* (ă),[1] though in *quality* it should be pronounced nearly like *a* as heard in åsk, gråss; as,

Give ă baby sister ă smile, ă kind word, and ă kiss.

---

[1] **A initial.**—*A* in many words, as an initial unaccented syllable, is also marked short (ă), its quantity or volume of sound being less than that of *a sixth power* (å), as in ălås ămåss, ăbåft.

3. THE, when not emphatic nor immediately followed by a word that commences with a vowel sound, should be pronounced thŭ; as,

The (ŧhŭ) peach, the (ŧhŭ) plum, thē apple, and the (ŧhŭ) cherry are yours. Did he ask for *ā* pen, or for *thē* pen?

4. U PRECEDED BY R.—When *u* long (*u* in *tūbe*), or its alphabetic equivalent *ew*, is preceded by *r*, or the sound of *sh*, in the same syllable, it has always the sound of *o* in *do;* as in r*u*de, s*u*re, shr*ew*d.

5. R MAY BE TRILLED when immediately followed by a vowel sound in the same syllable. When thus situated in *emphatic* words, it should always be trilled; as,

He is both *brave* and *true.*

IX.

EXERCISES IN ARTICULATION.

SILENT letters are here omitted and the words are spelled as they should be pronounced. The pupils will read the sentences several times, both separately and in concert, uttering all the oral elements with force and distinctness. They will also analyze the words, both as spoken and written, and name the rules in articulation that are illustrated by the exercises.

1. It mŭst bė sō.
2. Thů bōld, bȧd bȧĭz brȯk bōlts ȧnd bȧrz.
3. Thŭ rōgz rŭsht round ŧhŭ rŭf, rĕd rȯks.
4. Hĭ ŏn ă hĭl Hŭ hėrd hȧrsėz hȧrnĭ hōfs.
5. Shȯr ȧl hėr pȧŧhz ȧr pȧŧhz ōv pès.
6. Bȧ! ŧhȧt'z nȯt *sĭks* dōllȧrz, bůt *ā* dōllȧr.
7. Chȧrj ŧhē ōld măn tō chōz ȧ chȧĭs chēz.
8. Lĭt sēkĭng lĭt, hăth lĭt ŏv lĭt bēgĭld.
9. Bōth'z yōths wĭth trōths yůz ōthz.
10. Arm ĭt wĭth răgz, ă pĭgmĭ strȧ wĭl pērs ĭt.
11. Nou sėt ŧhů tėth ȧnd strėch ŧhů nōstrĭl wĭd.
12. Hė wōcht ȧnd wėpt, hė fėlt ȧnd prȧd fȧr ȧl.

13. Hĭz ĭz, ămĭdst thŭ mĭsts, mĕzẽrd ăn ăzẽr skĭ.

14. Thŭ whàlz whèld ănd whẽrld, and bărd thăr brăd, broun băks.

15. Jĭlz ănd Jāsn Jōnz kăn nŏt sā,—Arōrå, ălås, ămås, mănnå, vĭllå, når Lūnå.

16. Thŭ strĭf sèsẽth, pès ăpprŏchẽth, ănd thŭ gŭd măn rèjåĭsẽth.

17. Thŭ shrŏd shrŏz băd hĭm så thăt thŭ vĭl vĭksnz yŭzd shrŭgz, ănd shărp shrĭl shrèks.

II. SYLLABICATION.

A SYLLABLE is a word, or part of a word, uttered by a single impulse of the voice.

2. A MONOSYLLABLE is a word of *one* syllable; as, *home.*

3. A DISSYLLABLE is a word of *two* syllables; as, *home-less.*

4. A TRISYLLABLE is a word of *three* syllables; as, *con-finement.*

5. A POLYSYLLABLE is a word of *four* or *more* syllables; as, *in-no-cen-cy, un-in-tel-li-gi-bil-i-ty.*

6. THE ULTIMATE is the *last* syllable of a word; as, *ful,* in peace-*ful.*

7. THE PENULT is the last syllable but *one* of a word; as, *māk,* in peace-*mak*-er.

8. THE ANTEPENULT is the last syllable but *two* of a word; as *ta,* in spon-*ta*-ne-ous.

9. THE PREANTEPENULT is the last syllable but *three* of a word; as *cab,* in vo-*cab*-u-la-ry.

Let the pupils give the number and names of the syllables, in words of more than one syllable, in the following

EXERCISES IN SYLLABICATION.

1. NIGHT is calm and fair: blue, starry, settled is night. The winds, with the clouds, are gone. Noiselessly, they sink behind the hill.

2. The moon is upon the mountains. Trees glisten streams shine on the rock. Bright rolls the settled lake: bright the stream of the valley.

3. I see the trees overturned, and the shocks of corn. The wakeful boy quickly rebuilds the shocks, and merrily whistles on the distant field.

4. The dark waves tumble on the lake, and lash its rocky shores. The boat is brimful in the bay: the oars are on the rocking tide.

5. The breezes drive the blue mist slowly over the nărrow vale. Night is settled, calm, blue, starry, magnificent with the moon. The youth are rejoicing, for lovely is the night.

6. In night's starry shade of dim and solitary loveliness, I learn the language of another world.

III. ACCENT.

ACCENT is the peculiar force given to one or more syllables of a word.

2. In many trisyllables and polysyllables, of two syllables accented, one is uttered with greater force than the other. The more forcible accent is called *primary*, and the less forcible, *secondary;* as, *hab*-i-TA-tion.

3. The mark of acute accent [′] is often used to indicate primary accent; as,

While not forget′ting the past, improve′ the pres′ent.

4. The mark of grave accent [`] is here used to indicate, *first*, secondary accent; *secondly*, that the vowel over which it is placed, forms a separate syllable; and, *thirdly*, that the vowel is not an alphabetic equivalent, but represents one of its usual oral elements; as,

My ben`efactor bought the vi`olin. A learnèd man caught that wingèd thing. Her goodnèss [not good*niss*] moved the roughèst.

The pupil will be required to give the office of each *mark* in the following

EXERCISES IN ACCENT.

1. The lone'ly hunt'er calls his bound'ing dogs, that desert' him in the des'ert, and seeks the high'way.

Hark! the whirl'wind is in the forèst: agèd trees are o'verturned'.

3. Will the heed'lèssnèss of honèst studènts offend' their truèst friends?

4. That blessèd and belovèd child loves evèry wingèd thing.

5. The agree'able ar'tisan' made an ad'mirable păr'asŏl' for that beau'tiful Russian (rŭsh'an) la'dy.

6. No'tice the marks of ac'cent, and al'ways accent' correct'ly words that should have but one ac'cent, as in *sen'sible, vaga'ry, cir'cumstances, dif'ficulty, in'teresting,* &c.

IV. EMPHASIS.

EMPHASIS is the peculiar force given to one or more words of a sentence.

2. To give a word emphasis, means to pronounce it in a loud[1] or *forcible* manner. No uncommon tone, however, is necessary, as words may be made emphatic by prolonging the vowel sounds, by a pause, or even by a whisper.

3. Emphatic words are often printed in *italics;* those more emphatic, in small CAPITALS; and those that receive the greatest force, in large CAPITALS.

EXERCISES IN EMPHASIS.

1. *He* may run; *I* will not.
2. I *dislike*, I FEAR, I HATE him.
3. It is the *sun* that shines; it is not the *moon.*

[1] **Loudness.**—The instructor will explain to the class the fact, that *loudness* has not, of necessity, reference to *high pitch,* but to *volume* of voice, *used on the same key or pitch* when reading or speaking.

4. Do you wish to *study* this morning, or to be *idle?*

5. You were taught to *love* your brother, not to *hate* him.

6. I did not *strike* him: WHY? because a dŏg may not only *bark*, but BITE.

7. A *good* boy loves HIMSELF too well to *lose* a dinner by betting, and his SCHOOL-MATE too well to *win* one.

8. The *plumage* of the *mocking-bird*, though none of the *homeliest*, has nothing *bright* or *showy* in it; but his *figure* is *well-proportioned*, and even HANDSOME.

9. My friends, our *country must* be FREE! The land is never *lost*, that has a *son* to *right* her, and here are *troops* of sons, and LOYAL ones!

10. Little Nell was *dead*. No *sleep* so *beautiful* and *calm*, so *free* from mark of *pain*, so *fair* to look upon.

11. Her *bed* was dressed with here and there some *winter-berries* and *green leaves*, gathered in a spot she had been used to *favor*.

12. "When I *die*, put *near* me something that has *loved* the LIGHT, and had the SKY *above it always*." Those were her words.

V. SLUR.

SLUR is that smooth, gliding, subdued movement of the voice, by which those parts of a sentence of less comparative importance are rendered less impressive to the ear, and emphatic words and phrases set in strŏnger relief.

2. Emphatic words, or the words that express the leading thoughts, are usually pronounced with a louder and more forcible effort of the voice, and are often prolonged. But words that are *slurred* must generally be read in a lower and less forcible tone of voice, more rapidly, and all pronounced nearly alike.

3. The parts which are to be *slurred* in most of the exercises are printed in *Italic* letters. Pupils will first read the

parts of the sentence that appear in Roman, and then the whole sentence, passing lightly and quickly over what was first omitted. They will also read the examples that are *unmarked* in like manner.

EXERCISES IN SLUR.

1. Dismiss, *as soon as may be*, all angry thoughts.

2. John set out early, and, *before the close of the day*, arrived at his father's house.

3. The boys (*hard-hearted cubs!*) melted not into tears, nor did the girls hang their heads in sadness.

4. The air is mild as summer, all frost is out the ground, and the birds are singing aloud (*by the way, I know that it is still cold in your village*).

5. James, *though still a small boy, when he saw his mother hesitate a little about giving her consent*, decided not to go and ride.

6. "I do not suppose, *however*," *said his mother*, "that you would be much trouble to us."

7. "But," *said he*, "*if I should stay*, I can gĕt ahead one more day in my geŏgraphy.

8. I am sure, my dear Edwin, if you provide for your young brothers and sisters, that God will bless you.

9. I had always thought that I could meet death without a murmur; but I did not know, *she said, with a faint voice, her lips quivering*, I did not know, *till now*, how hard a thing it would be to leave my child.

10. "But now," *whispered the dear girl*, "it is evening: the sun, *that rejoices*, has finished his daily toil; man, *that labors*, has finished his; I, *that suffer*, have finished mine." Just then, her dull ear caught a sound. It was the sound, *though muffled and deadened, like the ear that heard it*, of horsemen advancing.

11. Children are wading, *with cheerful cries*,
In the shoals of the sparkling brook;
Laughing maidens, *with soft, young eyes*
Walk or sit in the shady nook.

12. Young eyes that last year smiled in ours
Now point the rifle's barrel;
And hands then stained with fruits and flowers
Bear redder stains of quarrel.

13. The moon is at her full, and, riding high,
Floods the calm fields with light.
The airs that hover in the summer sky
Are all asleep to-night.

14. A Frenchman once—so runs a certain ditty—
Had crossed the Straits to famous London city,
To get a living by the arts of France,
And teach his neighbor, rough John Bull, to dance.
But lacking pupils, vain was all his skill;
His fortunes sank from low to lower still,
Until at last, pathetic to relate,
Poor Monsieur landed at starvation's gate.

15. The sick man from his chamber looks at the twisted brooks; and, feeling the cool breath of each little pool, breathes a blessing on the summer rain.

VI. INFLECTIONS.

INFLECTIONS are the bends or slides of the voice, used in reading and speaking.

2. There are three inflections or slides of the voice: the RISING INFLECTION, the FALLING INFLECTION, and the CIRCUMFLEX.

3. THE RISING INFLECTION is the upward bend or slide of the voice; as,

Do you love your home?

4. THE FALLING INFLECTION is the downward bend or slide of the voice; as.

When are you going home?

5. The Circumflex is the union of the inflections on the same syllable or word, either commencing with the *rising* and ending with the *falling*, or commencing with the *falling* and ending with the *rising*, thus producing a slight wave of the voice.

6. The acute accent [′] is often used to mark the *rising* inflection; the grave accent [ˋ], the *falling* inflection; as,

Will you réad or spèll?

7. When the *circumflex* commences with a *rising* and ends with a *falling* slide of the voice, it is marked thus ◠; but when it commences with a *falling* and ends with a *rising* slide, it is marked thus ◡, which the pupil will see is the same mark turned over; as,

You must take me for a fo͡ol, to think I could do tha͡t.

8. The inflections or slides should be used on the accented syllables of important or *emphatic* words; as,

I will *nèver* stay. I said *gòodly* not *hómely*.

9. Words that are used to affirm or command anything, or to ask a question that can not be answered by *yes* or *no*, usually require the *falling* inflection; as,

I have been long awày. Spèak, I charge you! What mèans this nòise?

10. Words that do not affirm or command anything *positively*, or that ask a question which can be answered by *yes* or *no*, usually require the *rising* inflection; as,

I have not been long awáy. If the war must go ón, did he say he would cóme?

11. Thoughts that are not sincere or earnest, but are used in mockery or jest, usually require the *circumflex*; as

For my o͡wn part, I shall be glad to le͡arn of these wi͡se boys

EXERCISES IN INFLECTIONS.

1. I want a pèn. It is not a bóok I want.

2. This book is yòurs, not míne: rèd, not brówn.

3. It is trùe that I denied him *nòt*. I thrìce presented him a heavy pùrse.

4. I said an èlder soldier, not a bétter. *Dìd* I say better?

6. I said gòod, not bád: hàppy, not míserable.

7. O Jámes! O my bróther! how art thou fàllen.

8. Thanks to the góds! my boy has done his dùty.

9. Will you forsáke us? and will you favor us no móre?

10. Does that beautiful boy deserve práise, or blàme?

11. Do men gather grapes from thórns, or figs from thístles?

12. But whèn shall we be strònger? Will it be the next wéek, or the next yéar?

13. Sínk or swìm, líve or dìe, I give my hand and heàrt to this vote.

14. Hath a *dŏg* móney? Is it possible a *cŭr* can lend three thousand dóllars?

15. Flavius.—Thou art a còbbler, árt thou? But why art thou not in thy shòp to-day? Why dost thou lead these men about the strèets?

16. Cobbler.—Truly, sir, to wear o͡ut their sho͡es, to get myself into mŏre wŏrk. But, indeed, sir, we make holiday, to see *Cæ'sar*, and to rejoice in his trìumph.

MARKS USED IN PRINTING.

ONLY those points or marks are here introduced that are necessary, in written or printed language, to make plain the meaning of the writer, or to mark a portion of the pauses that are used in good reading. The teacher will employ this for a reading lesson, and not for a task, making all necessary additional explanations.

1. The Comma [,] marks the smallest division of a sentence, and usually represents the shortest pause; as,

The butterfly, child of the summer, flutters in the sun.

2. The Semicolon [;] separates such parts of a sentence as are somewhat less closely connected than those divided by a comma, and usually represents a longer pause; as,

And noblest men and women have been children once; lisp-

ing the speech, laughing the laugh, thinking the thought, of boyhood.

3. The Colon [:] separates parts of a sentence less closely connected than those divided by a semicolon, and usually represents a longer pause; as,

He who receives a good turn should never forget it: he who does one should never remember it.

4. The Period [.] is placed at the close of a sentence which declares something, and usually represents a full stop. It must be used after every abbreviated word; as,

If you will, you can rise. Send the money to Geo. W. Stevenson, Esq.

5. The Interrogation Point [?] shows that a question is asked; as,

You say you will do better to-morrow; but are you sure of to-morrow? Have you one hour in your hand?

6. The Exclamation Point [!] is placed after words that express surprise, astonishment, admiration, and other strong feelings; as,

Alas, my noble boy! that thou shouldst die!

7. The Dash [—] is used when a sentence breaks off abruptly; when there is an unexpected turn in sentiment; and when a long or significant pause is required; as,

Was there ever a braver soldier? Was there ever—but I scorn to boast. There are two kinds of evils,—those which can not be cured, and those which can.

8. Marks of Parenthesis ( ) are used to inclose words that interrupt the progress of the sentence in which they appear, and that can be omitted without injury to its sense. They should be *slurred* in reading; as,

Whether playing ball or riding on horseback (*for he uses his father's horse*), the boy knows both how to start, and when to stop.

9. Brackets [ ] are chiefly used to inclose words that serve to explain one or more words of a sentence, or to point out a reference; as,

Washington [the Father of his Country] made this remark.

You will find an account of the creation in the Bible. [See Genesis, chap. i.]

10. Marks of Quotation [" "] are used to show that the real or supposed words of another are given. A quotation written within a quotation requires only single marks; as,

"If this poor man," said my father, "thus earnestly says, 'I thank God that He is good to me,' how can we express our thanks for his many mercies."

11. The Index, or Hand, [☞] points out a passage for special attention; as,

"☞ All orders will be promptly and carefully attended to."

12. The Apostrophe ['], a mark distinguished from a comma by being placed above the line, denotes the omission of one or more letters. It is also used before *s* in the singular number, and after *s* in the plural, to mark possession; as,

Do not ask who'll go with you: go ahead. Uncle bought Cora's shoes, and the boys' hats.

13. Marks of Ellipsis [—— .... ****] are formed by means of a long dash, or of a succession of periods or stars of various lengths, and are used to indicate the omission of letters in a word, of words in a sentence, or of one or more sentences; as,

Friend C——s is in trouble. "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, ... and thy neighbor as thyself." "Charity suffereth long, and is kind; * * * * Beareth all things, believeth all things, endureth all things."

14. The Hyphen [-] is placed after a syllable ending a line, to show that the remainder of the word begins the next line. It usually unites the words of which a compound is formed, when each of them retains its original accent; as,

We thank the all'-wise' God for the in'cense-brēath'ing morn.

15. Marks of Reference.—The Asterisk, or Star [*], the Obelisk, or Dagger [†], the Double Dagger [‡], the Sec-

tion [§], Parallel Lines [‖], and the Paragraph [¶], are used, in the order here presented, when references are made to remarks or notes in the margin, at the bottom of the page, or some other part of the book. Letters and figures, however, are now more generally used for marks of reference.

16. The Diæresis [¨] is placed over the latter of two vowels to show that they are to be pronounced separately; as,

His ideäs of the Creätor were formed in those aërial heights.

Pupils will be required to give the names and uses of all the marks, or *points*, in the following

GENERAL EXERCISES.

1. A wise man seeks to shine in himself; ă fool, to outshine others.

2. Labòr brings plĕasure; idlenèss, pain.

3. Stones grow; vegetables grow and live; animals grow, live, and feel.

4. Thē old men sĭt at their dōors; the (thŭ) gŏssip leans over her counter; the childrèn shout and frolic in the street.

5. Lazinèss grows on people; it begins in cobwebs, and ends in iron chains.

6. "Honèst boys," said I, "be so good as to tell me whether I am in the (thŭ) wăy to Richmond."

7. The true lover of beauty sees it in the lowlièst flower, meets it in evèry path (påth), enjoys it evèrywhere.

8. Has Gŏd provided for the poor a cōarser earth, a thinner air, a paler sky?

9. Angry children are like men standing on their heads: they see all things the wrŏng way. To rule ones anger is wĕll: to prevent it is better.

10. "A pure and gentle soul," said my friend, "ŏften feels that this world is full of beauty,—full of innocent glădnèss."

11. What do you sāy? What? I reälly do not under-

stand you. Be so good as to explain yourself again (ă gĕn′) Upon my word, I do not.—Oh! now I know: you mean to tell me it is a cold dāy. Why did you not say at once, "It is cold to-day."

OBSERVATIONS TO TEACHERS.

IN order to form good readers, it will be necessary for pupils, after they have thoroughly mastered PART FIRST, to review frequently the more important elements of elocution. In PART SECOND, they should be required to study carefully each reading lesson, acquiring a knowledge of the pronunciation and definitions of doubtful words and of the important facts embraced in the notes, before attempting to read in the class. In order to secure a natural and easy style of delivery, let them often commence with the last word in a paragraph and pronounce back to the first, before reading from left to right. The judgment and taste of the pupils should constantly be called into exercise by requiring them to determine what principle, or principles, of elocution each reading lesson is best adapted to illustrate.

KEY TO THE USE OF MARKED LETTERS.

åge or āge, å or ăt, årt, âll, bâre, âsk; wè, or wē, ènd or ĕnd, hêr; îce or īce, în or ĭn; ôld or ōld, ôn or ŏn, dô; mûte or mūte, ûp or ŭp, fûll; this; azure; reäl, (not *rēl*); o'ver-shoot′; badnèss, (not *nĭss*); agèd, (not *ājd*).

PART II.
READINGS
AND
RECITATIONS.

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THE NATIONAL THIRD READER.

PART II.

READINGS AND RECITATIONS.

SECTION I.

I.

1. A GENTLEMAN.

"BE vĕry gentle with her, my son," said Mrs. Butler, as she tied on her little girl's bŏnnet, and sent her out to play with her elder[1] brother.

2. They had not been[2] out vĕry lŏng before a[3] cry was heard,[4] and presently Julius came in and threw[5] down his hat, saying, "I hate playing with girls! There's no fun with them: they cry in a minute."

3. "What have you[6] been doing to your sister? I see her lying there on the gravel walk: you have torn her frock and pushed her down. I am afraid you forgot my caution[7] to be gentle."

4. "Gentle! Boys can't[8] be gentle, mother; it's their nature[9] to be rough, and hardy,[10] and boisterous.[11] They are the stuff soldiers and sailors are made of. It's vĕry

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[1] **Eld'er**, older; having lived a longer time.

[2] **Been**, (bĭn).

[3] **A**, (å), see Rule 2, p. 23.

[4] **Heard**, (hẽrd).

[5] **Threw**, (thrô), see Rule 4, p. 24.

[6] **You**, (yô).

[7] **Caution**, (kå'shŭn), advice; warning.

[8] **Can't**, (kånt), can not.

[9] **Nature**, (nāt'yẽr), character.

[10] **Hard'y**, bold; brave; strong.

[11] **Boisterous**, (bŏis'tẽr ŭs), hasty; rough; noisy.

well to talk of ă gentle girl; but a gentle boy—it sounds ridiculous![1] I should be ready to knock a fĕllōw down for calling me so!"

5. "And yet, Julius, you would be vĕry angry, a few years hence, if any one were to say you were not a gentle man."

6. "A gentle man. I never thought of dividing the word in that way before. Being gentle always seems to me like being weak and womanish."[2]

7. "This is so far frŏm being the case, my son, that you will always find that the bravèst men are the mōst gentle. The spirit of chivalry[3] that you so much admire, was a spirit of the noblèst coŭrage and the utmōst gentlenèss combined.[4] Still, I dare say you would rather be called a manly than a gentle boy?" "Yĕs, indeed, mother."

8. "Well, then, my son, it is my greatèst wish that you should endĕavor to unite the two. Show yourself manly, when you are exposed to dānger or see others in pĕril;[5] be manly when called on to speak the truth,[6] though the speaking of it may bring reproach[7] upon you; be manly when you are in sicknèss and pain."

9. "At the same time be gentle, whether you be with females or with men; be gentle tōward all men. By putting the two qualities togĕther, you will deserve a name which, perhaps, you will not so greatly object to."

10. "I see what you mean, dear mother, and I will endĕavor to be what you wish—a gentlemanly boy."

T. S. Arthur.

II.

2. TRUE RICHES.

A LITTLE boy săt by his mother. He looked lŏng into the fire, and was silent. Then, as the deep thought passed away, his eye brightened, and he spoke: "Mother, I will be rich."

---

[1] **Ridiculous**, (rĭ dĭk'yŭ lŭs), fitted to cause laughter.

[2] **Womanish**, (wŭm' an ĭsh), having the qualities of a woman; not becoming a man.

[3] **Chivalry**, (shĭv' ăl rĭ), the manners, or customs of knights; military glory.

[4] **Com bined'**, joined together.

[5] **Per'il**, instant or quick danger.

[6] **Truth**, (trōth), see Rule 4, p. 24

[7] **Re proach'**, abuse or blame

2. "Why do you wish to be rich, my son?" And the child said, "Evèry one praises the rich. Every one asks after the rich. The strānger at our table yĕsterday, asked who was the rĭchèst man in the village.

3. "At school there is a boy who does not love to learn. He can not well say his lesson. Sometimes he speaks evil words. But the other childrèn do not blame him, for they say he is a wĕalthy[1] boy."

4. Then the mother saw that her child was in dānger of thinking that wealth might stănd in the place of goodnèss, or be an excuse for indolence,[2] or cause them to be held in honor who lead evil lives.

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[1] **Wealth'y**, rich; having much more property than is common.

[2] **In' do lence**, a habit of being idle; laziness.

5. So she said, "What is it to be rich?" And he answered,[1] "I do not know. Tell me what I must do to become rich, that all may ask after me and praise me."

6. The mother replied, "To become rich, is to gĕt money. For this you must wait until you are a man." Then the boy looked sŏrrōwful, and said, "Is there not some other way of being rich, that I may begin now?"

7. She answered, "The gain of money is not the only, nor the true wealth. Fires may burn[2] it, the floods drown it, the winds sweep it away. Mŏth[3] and rust waste it, and the robber makes it his prey.[4]

8. "Men are wearied with the toil of gĕtting it, but they leave it behind at last. They die, and carry nothing[5] away. The soul of the richèst prince goëth fōrth like that of the wayside beggar, without a garmènt.

9. "There is another kind of richès, which is not kept in the purse,[6] but in the heart. Those who possess them are not always praised by men, but they have the praise of Gŏd."

10. Then said the boy, "May I begin to găther this kind of richès now, or must I wait till I grow up, and am a man?" The mother laid her hand upon his little head, and said, "*To-day*, if ye will hear His voice; for He hath promised, those who seek early,[7] shall find."

11. And the child said earnestly,[8] "Teach me how I may become rich before Gŏd." Then she looked tenderly in his face, and said, "Kneel down, evèry night and morning, and ask that the love of the dear Saviour[9] may dwell in your heart. Obey His word, and strive all the days of your life to be good, and to do good to all. So, if you are poor in

---

[1] **Answered**, (ăn'sẽrd).

[2] **Burn**, (bẽrn).

[3] **Moth**, (mŏth), an insect that breeds in woolen garments, and eats holes in them.

[4] **Prey**, (prā), plunder; something stolen, or taken by force.

[5] **Nothing**, (nŭth'ing), not anything; no thing.

[6] **Purse**, (pẽrs), a small bag, the opening of which is made to draw up closely, used to carry money in.

[7] **Early**, (ẽr'lĭ), in good season; before the usual time.

[8] **Earnestly**, (ẽr' nẽst lĭ), eagerly; warmly.

[9] **Saviour**, (sāv' yẽr), Jesus Christ who died to save sinners.

this world,[1] you shall be rich in faith, and an heir[2] of the kingdom of heaven." MRS. SIGOURNEY.

III.

3. GOD IS EVERYWHERE.

"COME, Edith, and look at the ship sailing out of the bay,"[3] said Charles to his sister. "See how gracefully she floats upon the water. She is going far ăwāy, thousands of miles, and will not be back for many months."

2. "Perhaps she will never come back," said Edith, as she came to the windōw, and stood, with her brother, looking at the noble vessel, jŭst sailing out upon the broad, pathless,[4] stormy ocean. "I would not be in her for the world!"

3. "Why not, Edith?" asked Charles. "Oh! I am sure I should be drowned," replied the little girl.

4. "You would be jŭst as safe as you are here," said Charles. "You know, father tells us that we are as safe in one place as in another; for the Lord, who takes care of us, is everywhere."

5. "But think how many people are drowned at sea, Charles." "And think how many people are killed on the land," replied Charles. "Don't you remember the anecdote[5] father told us one day about a sailor?

6. "There was[6] a great storm, and the ship was in much dānger. Many of the passengers were terribly frightened, but this sailor was as calm as if the sun was shining above, and the sea undisturbed below.

7. 'Are you not afraid?' said one of the passengers. 'No,' replied the sailor, 'why should I be afraid?' 'We may all be drowned,' said the passenger. 'All of us have once to die,' calmly returned the sailor.

---

[1] **World**, (wėrld).

[2] **Heir**, (år), one who receives, or has the right to receive, property on the death of another.

[3] **Bay**, (bå), an inlet of the sea; a branch of some large body of water, extending into the land.

[4] **Pathless**, (påth' lĕs), having no path; untrodden.

[5] **Anecdote**, (ăn' ĕk dōt), a particular fact or single passage of private life; a short story.

[6] **Was**, (wŏz)

8. "The passenger was surprised to see the man's composure.[1] 'Have you followed the sea lŏng?' he asked. 'Ever since I was a boy; and my father followed it before me.'

9. "'Indeed! And where did your father die?' 'He was drowned at sea,' replied the sailor. 'And your grandfather, where did he die?' 'He was also drowned at sea, said the sailor. 'Father and grandfather drowned at sea! exclaimed the passenger in astonishment, 'and you not ăfrāid to go to sea?' 'No! Gŏd is evèrywhere,' said the sailor reverently.[2]

10. "'And now,' he added, after pausing a moment, 'may I ask you where your father died?' 'In his bed,' replied the passenger. 'And where did his father die?' 'In his bed,' was again answered. 'Are you not, then, afraid to go to bed,' said the sailor, 'if your father and grandfather bŏth died there?'"

11. "Oh yĕs! I remember it vĕry well now," said Edith. "I know that the Lord takes care of us always, wherever we may be. I know that he is everywhere present."

12. "And he will take as good care of the people in that ship as he does of those who are on the land," replied Charles. "Father says that we should always go where our duties call us, whether it be upon land or upon sea, for the Lord can and will protect us as much in one place as in another."

T. S. Arthur.

IV.

4. THE WILLOW, POPPY, AND VIOLET.

A CHILD held in his hand ă slīght,[3] leaflèss bough.[4] It was like a supple[5] green wand.[6] But it had been newly cut from the parent tree, and life still stirred in its little heart.

---

[1] **Composure**, (kŏm pō' zẽr), calmness; freedom from passion or fear.

[2] **Rev' er ent ly**, humbly; with great respect.

[3] **Slight**, weak; thin.

[4] **Bough**, (bou), a branch, or limb of a tree.

[5] **Sup' ple**, easily bent

[6] **Wand**, (wŏnd), a long, slender staff or rod.

2. He sought out ă sheltered spot, and planted it in the moist earth. Often[1] did he visit it, and when the rains of summer were withheld, he watered it at the cool sunset.

3. The sap, which is the blood of plants, began to flow freely through[2] its tender vessĕls. A tīny[3] root,[4] like a thread, crept downward; and ăround' the head there was a bursting fōrth of faint-green leaves.

4. Seasons passed over it, and it became a tree. Its slender branches drooped downward to the earth. The cheering sun shōne upon them, and the young birds sang ămong them—but they drooped still.

5. "My tree, why art thou always so sad and drooping? Am I not kind unto thee?" But it answered not. Only as it grew on, it drooped lower and lower; for it was a weeping wĭllōw.

6. The child cast ă seed into the sŏft garden mold.[5] When the time of flowers was come, a budding stalk stood there, with thin, serrated[6] leaves. Then a thick, red poppy came fōrth, glōrying in its gaudy[7] attire.[8]

7. At its feet grew[9] a purple[10] vīŏlet, which no hand had planted or cherished.[11] But it lived lovingly with the mŏsses, and with the flowers of the grass; not counting itself more excellent than they.

8. "Bright poppy," said the child, "why dost[12] thou spread out thy scarlet[13] dress so widely, and drink up all the sunbeams from the poor violet?"

9. Then the flaunting[14] flower opened its rich silk mantle still more broadly, as though it would have stifled[15] its

---

[1] **Often**, (ŏf' n), many times.

[2] **Through**, (thrō), from end to end of, or from side to side of.

[3] **Ti' ny**, very small; puny; little.

[4] **Root**, (rōt), that part of a plant which shoots into the earth, and feeds the upper parts.

[5] **Mold**, fine, soft earth.

[6] **Serrated**, (sĕr' rā ted), having sharp notches about the edge, pointing to the end; notched like a saw.

[7] **Gaudy**, (gâd' ĭ), very gay; showy.

[8] **At tire'**, clothes; rich dress.

[9] **Grew**, (grō), see Rule 4, p. 24.

[10] **Purple**, (pĕr' pl), a color made of blue and red,—most red.

[11] **Cherished**, (chĕr' ĭsht), treated with tenderness and care.

[12] **Dost**, (dŭst).

[13] **Scar' let**, of an orange-red color; bright-red.

[14] **Flaunting**, (flânt' ing), very vain and showy.

[15] **Sti' fled**, choked; concealed

humble[1] neighbors. Yĕt nothing[2] hindered the fragrance[3] of the viŏlet.

10. The little child was troubled, and at the hour of sleep he spake to his mother of the willow that wept, and of the poppy that overshadowed the violet.

11. Then she said, "There are some who are weepers all their lives lŏng, though they dwell in pleasant places, and the fair skies smile upon them. And there are others who are proud at heart, and despise the humble whom Gŏd regardèth.

12. "But keep thou ever in thy breast, gentle child, the spirit of the sweet and lowly viŏlet, that thou mayèst come at last to that place where pride can not enter, and where the voice of weeping is no more heard."

MRS. SIGOURNEY.

V.

5. THE GOOD ARE BEAUTIFUL.

"OH! what an ugly[4] little creature,"[5] said ă person, turning away from a vĕry hōmely[6] child, with a look of disgust[7] upon her face.

2. "She will be beautiful in heaven, ma'am,"[8] replied a plainly dressed woman, who overheard the remark.

3. "Will she, indeed!" returned the individual who spoke so lightly of the hōmely child. "I should like to know how you can tell that."

4. "In the other life," returned the woman, "the good are all beaūtiful, and the evil deformed[9] and ugly. No matter how fair[10] a face a person may have had in this life, it will, in the next world, be chānged into beauty or uglinèss, according as he has been good or evil."

---

[1] **Hum' ble**, modest; lowly.

[2] **Nothing**, (nŭth' ing), no thing.

[3] **Fra' grance**, sweet smell.

[4] **Ug' ly**, offensive to the sight.

[5] **Creature**, (krēt' yĕr), anything created; an animal, a man.

[6] **Home' ly**, of plain features; not handsome.

[7] **Dis gust'**, displeasure; dislike.

[8] **Ma'am**, (mām), madam; my lady.

[9] **De formed'**, marred, or changed in form; deprived of beauty.

[10] **Fair**, (fâr), free from spots, specks dirt, etc.; pleasing to the eye

5. "How do you know this?" inquired the first speaker. "Any one who opens his eyes may see and know that this will be true," was replied.

6. "Is not the most beautiful face rendered disagreeable when any bad passion is felt and exhibited?[1] And does not the hŏmeliest face become plĕasant to look upon when good affections are in the heart?

7. "In the other life, we shall all appear as we reăl̈ly are; and, of cōurse, evil passions will deform the face, and good affections make it beautiful. And she will be beautiful in heaven, for she is a good little girl, hŏmely as her face now is." T. S. Arthur.

SECTION II.

I.

6. THE VOICE OF SPRING.

I AM coming, little maiden,[2]
With the pleasant sunshine laden;
With the honey for the bee;
With the blossom for the tree;
With the flower and with the leaf:
Till I come the time is brief.[3]

2. I am coming, I am coming!
Hark! the little bee is humming;
See! the lark is sōaring[4] high
In the bright and sunny sky,
And the gnats[5] are on the wing:
Little maiden, now is Spring!

[1] **Exhibited**, (ĕgz hĭb' it ed), held forth or presented to view; shown.

[2] **Maiden**, (mād' n), an unmarried woman; a maid.

[3] **Brief**, (brēf), short; lasting but little time.

[4] **Soar' ing**, flying or mounting upward, as a bird in the air.

[5] **Gnat**, (nāt), a very small blood-sucking kind of fly. The females have stings and are very vexing. The males have no stings.

3. See the yĕllōw catkins[1] cover
All the slender wĭllōws over;
And on mŏssy banks so green
Starlike primroses[2] are seen;
Evèry little stream is bright;
All the orchard trees are white.

4. Hark! the little lambs are blēating,
And the cawing[3] rooks[4] are meeting
In the elms—a noisy crowd;
And all birds are singing loud;
And the first white butterfly
In the sun goes flitting by.

5. Turn thy eyes to earth and heaven:
Gŏd for thee the Spring has given,
Taught the birds their melodies,
Clothed the earth, and cleared the skies,
For thy plĕasure or thy food—
Pōur thy soul in gratitude![5]

MARY HOWITT.

II.

7. SPRING.

THOU lovely and glōrious Spring,
Descending to us from the sky,
I praise thee for coming to bring
Such beautiful things to my eye!

---

[1] **Cat′ kin**, a kind of a flower, consisting of a scaly sort of spike which hangs from the hazel, birch, oak, willow, poplar, etc.; so called from its looking somewhat like a cat's tail.

[2] **Prim′ rose**, an early flowering plant, closely related to the cowslip, of several kinds, as the white, the red, the yellow-flowered, etc.

[3] **Caw′ ing**, making a noise like the cry of a crow, or as if repeating the word *caw*.

[4] **Rook**, (rŭk), a bird that looks much like the crow, but which feeds mostly on seeds and grain, instead of the flesh of dead and decaying animals.

[5] **Grat′ i tude**, warm and friendly feeling toward a giver; thankfulness

2. For, bearing[1] thine arms full of flowers
To strew[2] ō'er the earth, hast thou come,
Adorning[3] this low world of ours
With brightnèss like that of thy home.

3. And thou hast brought back the gay birds,
Their sŏngs full of glădnèss to sing—
To give, in their musical words,
Their sweet little anthems[4] to Spring!

4. The roots thou hast watered and fed;
The leaves thou hast opened ănew;
The vīŏlet lifts its meek head,
And seems as 'twere praising thee too.

5. The hills thou hast made to rejoice,
And all their young buds to unfold:
The cowslips spring up at thy voice,
And dot the green mĕadōws with gold.

6. The brooks ō'er the pebbles that run
Are sounding thy praise as they go;
The grass points its blades to the sun,
And thanks thee for making them grow.

7. The rush and the delicate[5] reed
Are waving in honor of thee,—
The lambkins are learning to feed—
The honey-cup's filled for the bee.

8. The butterfly's out on the wing—
The spices are out on the breeze;
And sweet is the breathing of Spring
That comes through the blossoming trees!

---

[1] **Bearing**, (bâr' ing), carrying, or holding up.

[2] **Strew**, (strō), to scatter loosely.

[3] **Adorning**, (å dârn' ing), ornamenting; making beautiful.

[4] **An' them**, a piece of music set to verses from the Bible, used in church; a sacred song or hymn.

[5] **Del' i cate**, light and yielding.

9. The fŏrest,[1] the grove,[2] and the vine,
In festival[3] vestures[4] are clad,
To show that a presence like thine
Is making them grateful and glad.

10. The earth and the waters are bright—
The skies are all beaming[5] and mild;
And oh! with unmingled[6] delight
Thy charms fill the heart of the child!

11. Sweet Spring! 'twas my Maker made thee,
And sent thee to brighten our days!
Thine aim is his glōry, I see:—
I'll join thee in giving him praise.

12. My heart seems to sing like the birds;—
Like blossoms to open with love,
Which God will, as music and words,
Receive for my anthem above.

H. F. Gould.

III.

8. SPRING RAIN.

THE lark sits high on the walnut[7] tree,
And it rains, it rains, it rains;
A jolly[8] philosopher[9] sure[10] is he,
While it rains, it rains, it rains;

---

[1] **Forest,** (fŏr' est), a large wood. a large tract of land covered with trees.

[2] **Grove,** a cluster of shade trees; a group of trees, without underwood, smaller than a forest; a small wood.

[3] **Fes' ti val,** relating to a feast; joyous; gay.

[4] **Vestures,** (vĕst' yẽrz), dress; garments.

[5] **Beam' ing,** sending forth rays of light; shining.

[6] **Unmingled,** (ŭn mĭng' gld), separated; unmixed.

[7] **Walnut,** (wôl' nŭt).

[8] **Jol' ly,** full of life and mirth; merry.

[9] **Philosopher,** (fĭ lŏs' ō fẽr), one who searches into the reason of things; a wise person.

[10] **Sure,** (shôr), see Rule 4, p. 24.

Blithely[1] he looks at the mĕadōw[2] below,
Where the nest will be when the grass-blades grow,
And pōurs out his sŏng in a liquid[3] flow,
While it rains, it rains, it rains.

2. The crocuses[4] put up their little heads
While it rains, it rains, it rains,
And the pink spires spring from their chilly beds,
While it rains, it rains, it rains;
The peach blossoms whisper within their cells,
"We'll open our eyes, and peep from our bells,
While it rains, it rains, it rains."

3. All nature seems happy as happy can be
While it rains, it rains, it rains,
But restless mortals, like you and me,
While it rains, it rains, it rains,
Look out of the windōws in discontent,[5]
And wonder why showers *to-day* are sent,
Our plans and plĕasures to *so* prevent;—
Why, it rains, it rains, it rains.

4. The lark knows well that Gŏd knows best
The need of the spring-time rains,
That the summer sunshine will warm his nest
After the spring-time rains,
The grass in the meadow more greenly grow,
And the corn-blades wave in the valley below,
After these spring-time rains.

5. Let us, like him, look chēerily[6] on
While it rains, it rains, it rains;
Waiting with faith[7] till the storm is gŏne,
While it rains, it rains, it rains;

---

[1] **Blithely**, (blīth' lĭ), in a gay and joyful manner; cheerfully.

[2] **Meadow**, (mĕd' ō), a grass field from which hay is cut.

[3] **Liquid**, (lĭk' wĭd), flowing smoothly or easily, like water.

[4] **Cro' cus**, a beautiful plant that blossoms early in the spring.

[5] **Dis`con tent'**, not content; uneasy.

[6] **Cheer' i ly**, with good spirits.

[7] **Faith**, belief; trust.

We know that ăbove the cloud 'tis light,
And the heavens are shining in beauty bright,
While it rains, it rains, it rains.

IV.

9. THE RAIN-LESSON.

"MOTHER, it rains!" and tears like rain fell down.
"O, little daughter, see the plants rejoice;
The rose-buds blush, and in your garden-bed
The drooping vīŏlets look so gladly up,
Blessing our Gŏd for rain. He knows what's best."

2. "Yes, mother, he knows every thing. And so,
He surely knows there's but one afternoon
In all the week that I can have from school,
And 'tis the third that I've had leave to go
And plāy with Mary, if it did not rain,
And găther wild-flowers in her father's grove,
And now it rains again."[1]

3. The mother took
The mōurner[2] on her knee, and kissed ăwāy
The blinding grief. And then she told her tales
Of the great eastern deserts[3] parch'd and dry,
And how the traveler 'mid the burning sands
Watches for rain-clouds with a fainting gaze,
And show'd her pictures of the caravan,[4]
And the poor camel with his outstretch'd neck
Lŏnging for water.

4. And she told her, too,
Of the sad mother in the wildernèss,[5]

---

[1] **Again**, (å gĕn'), another time; once more.

[2] **Mourn' er**, one who grieves.

[3] **Deserts**, (dĕz' ĕrts), places where nothing grows; generally sandy or rocky places.

[4] **Caravan**, (kăr' a van), a company of travelers with their horses, camels, etc.

[5] **Wil der ness**, deserted places; wild woods, or wide, unfruitful plains, where man does not dwell.

And the spent water-bottle ; how she laid
Her darling son ămong the shrubs to die,
Bowing her head down that she might not see
The agony[1] of the lŏng death from thirst ;
And how the blessèd ăngel, when she pray'd,
Brought water from the skies, to save her child.

5. And other stories from the Book of Gŏd[2]
Breath'd that kind teacher to the listening[3] one
Seated so meek beside her ; how there fell
No rain in Israël,[4] till the grass decay'd

[1] **Ag' o ny**, extreme pain.
[2] **Book of God**, the Bible.
[3] **Listening**, (lĭs' n ĭng).
[4] **Israel**, (ĭz' rå ĕl).

And the brooks wasted, and the cattle died,
And good Elijah with his earnèst prayer
Besought the Lord, till the consenting cloud
Gave rain, and thankful earth her fruits[1] restor'd.

6. And then they sang a hymn, and full of joy
The baby, crowing from his nurse's arms,
Came in and join'd them, creeping mĕrrily
After his little sister, till her pain
Of disappointment all absorb'd[2] in love,
She thank'd her mother for the pleasant time
And for her tender lessons.

7. So, that night,
Amid her simple prayer, they heard her say
Words of sweet praise to Him whose mercy gives
The blessèd rain. "For now I know, dear Gŏd,
What pleasès Thee is best."

8. O Mother! seek,
Ever, through cloud and sunshine, thus to lead
Thy little hearts to love Him; so, the tear
Shall brighten like the rainbow here, and gleam
At last, a pearl-drop in thy crown of life.

MRS. SIGOURNEY.

SECTION III.

I.

10. THE TORTOISE AND THE SWALLOW.

A FABLE.[3]

ONE beautiful day in the spring, ă tortoise[4] crept out of his hole, where he had been sleeping all winter. He thrust his head out of the shell to search for the new grass,

[1] **Fruits**, (frōtz), see Rule 4, p. 24.

[2] **Absorbed**, (ăb sārbd'), swallowed up; wholly lost.

[3] **Fa'ble**, a false story, told as if true, intended to amuse or to teach something useful. All the lessons in this Section are fables.

[4] **Tortoise**, (tār'tĭs), a turtle,—commonly meaning a kind of turtle that lives on land.

and to feel the warm sun, and determined to take a turn round the garden in which he lived.

2. As the tortoise crawled slowly alŏng, he perceived a swallōw, that was flying far above his head, chirping the first notes he had heard. The swallow at the same moment espīed[1] the tortoise. She remembered to have seen him swimming in the brook which flowed at the bottom of the garden, and near which stood the summer-house where her own nest had been fixed for many seasons.[2] The swallow immediately descended to the ground, and addressed her old acquaintance.

3. "How fare you, my old friend? How have you lived since we parted last autumn?"[3] "Thank you," replied the tortoise, "I have kept house all winter, and never once stirred out, till the ice and snow disappeared. I have been very quiet and comfortable."

4. "I," continued the swallow, "do not love cold weather better than you; but as soon as I hear the loud wind of winter I fly to the south: in a few days I come to fresh flowers and green fields; there I chase the gay butterflies and the stinging gnats. I sleep among the trees, and sing my morning sŏng to my new friends. As soon as spring comes again, I seek my summer home; and now I rejoice to see this delightful garden once more."

5. "You take a great deal of trouble in your lŏng flights," answered the tortoise; "you are always chānging from one place to another: you had better, like me, go to sleep in some safe corner and take a half[4] year's nap."

6. "A pleasant nap, indeed," replied the swallow; "when I have nēither wings to fly, nor eyes to see, I may fŏllōw such a bright example. The use of life is to enjoy it; the use of time is to employ it properly. One might as well be quite dead as ăslēep half one's days, like you, you stupid[5]

---

[1] **Es pied'**, perceived with the eyes; caught sight of.

[2] **Season**, (sē' zn), one of the four parts of the year, spring, summer, autumn, winter; a portion of time.

[3] **Au' tumn**, the third season of the year, or the season between summer and winter.

[4] **Half**, (hăf).

[5] **Stu' pid**, very dull: idle and lazy.

dunce!"[1] Saying this, away he sōared, high in the sky, and left the contented tortoise to make the best of his way home.

7. Which, think you, is the happier—the tortoise or the swallow? Bōth are vĕry happy—each in his own way.

II.

11. THE ROOK AND THE LARK.

"GOOD-NIGHT, Sir Rook," said a little lark;
"The daylight fades—it will soon be dark:
I've bāthed my wings in the sun's last ray,
I've sung my hymn to the dying day;
So now I haste to my quiĕt nook[2]
In yŏn dewy mĕadōw;—good-night, Sir Rook."

2. "Good-night, poor Lark," said his titled[3] friend,
Wifh a haughty[4] tŏss and a distant bend;
"I also go to a rest profound,
But not to sleep on the cold, damp ground;
The fittèst place for a bird like me
Is the topmost bough of yon tall pine-tree.

3. "I opened my eyes at peep of day,
And saw you taking your upward way,
Dreaming your fond romantic[5] dreams,
An ugly speck in the sun's bright beams;
Sōaring too high to be seen or heard—
And I said to myself, What a foolish bird!

4. "I trod the park, wifh a princely air;
I filled my crop with the richèst fare;
I cawed all day 'mid a lordly crew,
And I made more noise in the world than you!

---

[1] **Dunce**, a person of weak mind; one who is slow to learn or understand.

[2] **Nook**, (nŏk), a corner; a concealed place.

[3] **Ti′ tled**, having a title,—called *Sir* Rook, because here regarded as superior. Rook is also the name of an important piece used in chess.

[4] **Haughty**, (hâ′ tĭ), high; proud and scornful.

[5] **Ro man′ tic**, wild; fanciful.

[6] **Park**, a piece of ground, fenced and kept for walking, riding, etc.

The sun shōne full on my ĕbon[1] wing;
I looked and wondered;—good-night, poor thing!"

5. "Good-night, once mōre," said the lark's sweet voice;
"I see no cause to repent of my choice;
You build your nest in the lŏfty pine,
But is your slumber more sŏft than mine?
You make more noise in the world than I,
But whose is the sweeter minstrelsy?"[2]

III.

12. THE HORSE AND THE GOOSE.

A GOOSE, that was plucking grass by the roadside, thought herself affronted[3] by a horse who fed near her, and in hissing accents thus addressed him: "I am

[1] **Eb'on**, dark; black as ebony.
[2] **Min'strel sy**, singing; music.
[3] **Affronted**, (af frŭnt' ed), insulted; treated with disrespect.

certainly a more noble and perfect animal than you: all your faculties[1] are confined to one element.[2]

2. "I can walk upon the earth as well as you; I have besides wings with which I raise myself in the air, and when I please I can spōrt in ponds and lakes, and refresh myself in the cool waters: I enjoy the differènt powers of a bird, a fish, and a quadruped."[3]

3. The horse replied with disdain,[4] "It is true you inhabit three elements, but you do not appear well in any of them. You fly, but can you compare your flight with the lark or the swallow?

4. "You can swim on the surface of the waters, but you can not live in them as fishès do; you can not find your food in them, nor glide smoothly alŏng the bottom of the waves.

5. "When you walk upon the ground with your broad feet, stretching out your lŏng neck, and hissing at every one who passes by, all beholders laugh at you.

6. "I confess I am only formed to walk on the ground, but how graceful is my shape! how well turned my limbs! how astonishing my speed! how great my strength! I had răther be confined to one element, and be admired in that, than be a *goose* in all."

IV.

13. THE BEE, CLOVER, AND THISTLE.

A BEE from the hive one morning flew,
A tune to the daylight humming;
And ăwāy she went ō'er the sparkling dew,
Where the grass was green, the vīŏlet blue,
And the gold of the sun was coming.

---

[1] **Faculties,** (făk' ul tĭz), powers of the mind and body.

[2] **El' e ment,** simple substance. It used to be thought that fire, air, earth, and water are elements. The goose could go in the air or on the water, and thus live in two elements, while the horse can live only in one, namely, the air.

[3] **Quadruped,** (kwŏd' rŏ pĕd), an animal having four feet.

[4] **Dis dain',** the regarding and declaring any thing as far beneath one; scorn.

2. And what first tempted the roving bee,
Was a head of the crimson clover.
"I've found a trĕasure betimes!" said she;
"And perhaps a greater I might not see,
If I traveled the field all over.

3. "My beautiful Clover, so round and red,
There is not a thing in twenty,
That lifts this morning so sweet a head
Above its leaves, and its earthy bed,
With so many horns of plenty!"[1]

4. The flow'rets were thick which the clover crowned,
As the plumes[2] in the helm[3] of Hector;[4]
And each had a cell that was deep and round,
Yet it would not impart, as the bee soon found,
One drop of its precious nectar.[5]

5. She cast in her eye where the honey lay,
And her pipe she began to mĕasure;
But she saw at once it was clear as day,
That it would not go down one half the way
To the place of the envied[6] trĕasure.

6. Said she, in a pet, "One thing I know,"
As she rose, and in haste departed,
"It is not those of the *greatest show*,
To whom for a favor 'tis best to go,
Or that prove most generous-hearted!"

7. A fleecy flock came into the field;
When one of its members followed
The scent of the clover, till between
Her nibbling teeth its head was seen,
And then in a moment swallowed.

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[1] **A Horn of Plenty**, sometimes called *cornucopia*, is a horn filled with good things, and is used as an emblem or sign of prosperity.

[2] **Plumes**, large feathers worn on helmets, military hats, and ladies' bonnets.

[3] **Helm**, a military cap worn to protect the head in battle.

[4] **Hec'tor**, the son of Priam, a brave Trojan warrior.

[5] **Nec'tar**, the drink of the gods; honey; any sweet drink.

[6] **En'vied**, strongly desired.

8. "Ha, ha!" said the bee, as the clover died,
"Her fortune's smile was fickle![1]
And now I can gĕt my wants supplied
By a hōmely flower with a rough outside,
And even with scale and prickle!"

9. Then she flew to one, that, by man and beast,
Was shunned for its stinging bristle;
But it injured not the bee in the least;
And she filled her pocket, and had a feast,
From thē bloom of the purple thistle.

10. The generous thistle's life was spared
In the home where the bee first found her,
Till she grew so old she was hoary-haired,[2]
And her snow-white locks with the silk compared,
As they shōne where the sun beamed round her.

H. F. Gould.

V.

14. CLASS OPINIONS.

A LAMB strayed for the first time into the woods, and excited[3] much discussion[4] among other animals. In a mixed company, one day, when he became the subject of ă friendly gŏssip,[5] the goat praised him.

2. "Pooh!" said the lion, "this is too absurd.[6] The beast is a pretty[7] beast enough, but did you hear him roar? I heard him roar, and, by the manes[8] of my fathers, when he roars he does nothing but cry bă-ă-ă!" And the lion blēated his best in mŏckery, but bleated far from well.

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[1] **Fick' le**, changeable; not continuing long of the same mind.

[2] **Hoar' y-haired**, having white or gray hairs.

[3] **Excited**, (ĕk sīt' ed), provoked; stirred up; awakened.

[4] **Discussion**, (dĭs kŭsh' un), debate; talking with others on any subject.

[5] **Gos' sip**, idle talk.

[6] **Absurd**, (ăb sĕrd'), foolish; plainly against reason or truth.

[7] **Pretty**, (prĭt' tĭ), neat; fine; pleasing.

[8] **Mane**, the long hair growing upon or about the neck of some animals. The *male* lions only have manes; hence, "*manes* of my *fathers*."

3. "Nay," said the deer, "I do not think so badly of his voice. I liked him well enough until I saw him leap. He kicks with his hind legs in running, and, with all his skipping, gĕts over vĕry little ground."

4. "It is a bad beast altogether," said the tiger. "He can not roar, he can not run, he can do nothing—and what wonder? I killed a man yĕsterday, and, in politenèss to the new-comer, ŏffered him a bit; upon which he had the impudence[1] to look disgusted,[2] and say, 'No, sir, I eat nothing but grass.'"

5. So the beasts criticised[3] the lamb, each in his own way; and yĕt it was a good lamb, nevertheless.

SECTION IV.

I.

15. THE BEGGAR AND THE GOOD BOY.

AMONG those who at one time obtained ă poor subsistence[4] by begging from door to door in the streets of London, was one who went by the name of Barber Mose. Vĕry old he seemed; and only agèd people could remember the (thŭ) period[5] when he was not a beggar, ragged and bowed down, almost too lame to crawl his daily round, and so blind as to be oblīged to feel his way with a staff.

2. These grandfathers and grandmothers used to tell a stōry that Barber Mose was born to ă fortune,[6] which, as soon as he possessed, he went ăbroad and squandered,[7] as was supposed; for he returned to serve an apprenticeship[8]

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[1] **Im' pu dence**, shamelessness; want of modesty.

[2] **Dis gust' ed**, offended; greatly displeased.

[3] **Crit' i cised**, judged; pointed out faults in.

[4] **Sub sist' ence**, means of living.

[5] **Pe' ri od**, time.

[6] **Fortune**, riches; great wealth.

[7] **Squan' dered**, spent foolishly.

[8] **Ap pren' tice ship**, time when a person is learning a trade; a state in which service is given for instruction

to a barber and hairdresser, and afterward opened a shop for himself.

3. Here he did a good business, yĕt always appeared poor: and when the infirmities[1] of age came upon him, so that he could no lŏnger pursue his employment, he betook himself to an obscure[2] gărret, where he had ever since lived on what was doled[3] out to him by the hand of charity.

4. One winter's day, as the old beggar-man was returning to the place he called home, as fast as his feeble, trembling limbs would let him, a number of boys, just out of school and eager for spōrt, găthered ăround him, thus preventing him from going on, spoke to him insultingly about his rags and poverty, and made believe they would rob him of the bit of cold meat his blue, bony fingers were clutching so closely.

5. Then there came up ănother boy, poorly clad, but with ă kinder heart in his bosom, who took the agèd beggar's part ăgainst his ăbūsers, and, in spite of the jeers[5] and laughter of the thoughtlèss, cruel lads, led Barber Mose carefully to his gărret. The beggar was vĕry grateful, and inquired what was the name of his young benefactor,[6] and who was his father.

6. The boy answered that his name was John, and that he was the son of Mr. Doane, the locksmith,[7] whose sign could be seen just round the corner. Then he left the beggar and went home.

7. Shortly after this Barber Mose died, when it proved that he was not poor, but a miser.[8] He left a will, which, only a few days before his death, he had caused to be drawn up in due form of law. In that will he bequeathed[9]

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[1] **In firm′ i ties**, weaknesses.

[2] **Obscure**, (ŏb skūr′), dark; retired; humble.

[3] **Doled**, given unwillingly in small quantities.

[4] **Char′ i ty**, love; kindness; whatever is given to the poor for their relief.

[5] **Jeers**, insulting words

[6] **Benefactor**, (bĕn′ e făk′ tăr), one who aids or benefits another.

[7] **Lock′ smith**, one who makes or repairs locks.

[8] **Mi′ ser**, one who loves money too well; one who in wealth suffers from the fear of poverty.

[9] **Bequeathed**, (bē kwēthd), to give or leave by will.

to John Doane, the boy who had once been kind to him, a bag of gold, all that he possessed.

8. From the midst of the heap of straw which had served him for a bed those many years, the money was taken; the miser had directed where to look for it; he could not bear to be without it while he lived. The bag was found to contain two hundred thousand pounds, which is nearly nine hundred thousand dollars.

9. All this large sum now rightly belŏnged to the poor locksmith's boy. I hope John's father was a wise and prudent[1] man, who helped his son to properly take care of so much money, and showed him how he might do good with it.

10. You ought always to be kind to the agèd and poor, and do all that you can for their comfort. It is not likely you will ever be paid for doing such a thing in the way that John Doane was; but the conscience[2] in your bosom will tell you that you have acted right, and you need not wish for any reward besides. MRS. GOODWIN.

II.

16. THE BEGGAR-MAN.

AROUND the fire, one winter night,
The farmer's rosy children sat;
The fagot[3] lent its blazing light,
And jōkes[4] went round, and carelèss chat.[5]

2. When, hark! ă gentle hand they hear
Low tapping at the boltèd door;
And thus to gain their willing ear,
A feeble voice was heard t' implore:[6]

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[1] **Prudent**, (prō′ dĕnt), careful; skillful in determining every line of conduct; frugal or saving; practically wise.

[2] **Conscience**, (kŏn′ shĕns), inward knowledge; knowledge that a person has with regard to good and evil, or right and wrong.

[3] **Fag′ot**, a bundle of sticks, twigs, or small branches of trees, used for burning; a single stick suited for burning.

[4] **Jokes**, funny sayings.

[5] **Chat**, free and lively talk.

[6] **Im plore′**, to ask earnestly; to entreat; to beg.

3. "Cold blows the blast[1] ăcrŏss the moor:[2]
The sleet[3] drives hissing in the wĭnd:
Yŏn toilsome mountain lies before;
A drēary, treelèss waste behind.

4. "My eyes are weak and dim with age;
No road, no path,[4] can I descry;[5]
And these poor rags ill stand the rage
Of such a keen, inclement[6] sky.

5 "So faint I am, these tottering feet
No more my feeble frame can bear;
My sinking heart forgĕts to beat,
And drifting snows my tomb[7] prepare.

6. "Open your[8] hŏspitable[9] door,
And shield me from the biting blast;
Cold, cold, it blows ăcrŏss the moor,
The weary moor that I have pass'd!"

7. With hasty step the farmer ran,
And close beside the fire they place
The poor half-frozen beggar-man,
With shaking limbs and pallid[10] face.

8. The little children flocking came,
And warm'd his stiffening hands in theirs;
And busily the kindly dame[11]
A comfortable mess prepares.

9. Their kindnèss cheer'd his drooping soul
And slowly down his wrinkled cheek

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[1] **Blast**, (blåst), a strong wind.
[2] **Moor**, (mŏr), extensive waste land, having a poor, light soil
[3] **Sleet**, frozen rain.
[4] **Path**, (påth).
[5] **De scry'**, discover with the eye.
[6] **In clem' ent**, not calm; stormy.
[7] **Tomb**, (tōm), a pit in which the dead body of a human being is buried; a grave.
[8] **Your**, (yŏr).
[9] **Hos' pi ta ble**, kind to strangers or guests.
[10] **Pal' lid**, pale; without color.
[11] **Dame**, mother; the mistress of a family, or of a school.

The big round tears were seen to roll,
And told the thanks he could not speak.

10. The children, too, began to sigh,
And all their mĕrry chat was o'er;
And yet they felt, they knew not why,
More glad than they had done before.

LUCY AIKIN

III.

17. THE TRUE SECRET OF HAPPINESS

PART FIRST.

"OH, I am so tired! I wish I had something to do!" said Jane Thompson to her mother, one day. "Then why dōn't you read?" asked her mother. "You have books."

2. "I'm tired of reading, and I'm tired of evèry thing." "You are a vĕry unhappy girl, Jane," said her mother.

3. "If I am, I can't[1] help it," replied Jane. "But I am sure[2] you could help it, if you would try, my daughter."

4. "How can I help it, mother? I am sure I should like very much to know." "By trying to be useful to others, my daughter."

5. "So you have said before. But I can't see any thing so vĕry pleasant in working for others. Nobody thinks of being useful to me."

6. "That is a vĕry selfish thought, Jane," her mother replied in a serious tone, "and the feeling that prŏmpted[3] that thought is the cause of all your unhappinèss. You must cease to think only of yourself, and have some kind of regard for others, or you will never be happy."

7. Jane did not understănd her mother, and therefore[4] could see no fôrce in what she said. And her mother perceived this, and so said no more then upon the subject. About an hour afterward she came into the room, where Jane sat idle and mōping,[5] and said: "Come, Jane, I want you to walk out with me."

8. "I dōn't care much about going, mother," Jane replied; "and, if you are willing, I would rather stay at home." "But I wish you to go with me, Jane; so come, dress yourself as quickly as you can, for you know it never takes me lŏng to gĕt ready."

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[1] **Can't**, (kånt), can not.

[2] **Sure**, shôr), certain.

[3] **Prompted**, (prŏmt' ed), suggested or caused.

[4] **Therefore**, (thêr' fôr), for that or this reason.

[5] **Moping**, (mōp' ing), in a half sleepy state.

9. Jane reluctantly[1] obeyed, and, when dressed, went out with her mother. She felt listless[2] and unhappy, for her mind was not employed upon any subject of interest. After walking for some ten or fifteen minutes, her mother stopped at a low frame building, and knocked at the door.

10. "What are you going in there for?" Jane asked in surprise. "I want to see a poor, sick woman, who lives here," said her mother, in a quiet tone.

11. "Oh, I wish I had stayed at home!" But before Jane could say any more, the knock was answered by a little girl about ten years old, whose uncombed head, soiled clothes and skin, showed that she needed the care of a mother's willing heart and ready hand.

IV.

18. THE TRUE SECRET OF HAPPINESS.

PART SECOND.

THE little girl conducted them into a back room, in which were a few scanty pieces of furniture, and a bed, upon which was propped up with pillows a sick woman, engaged in sewing.[3] Her face was pale and thin, and her eyes, bright and glistening, were sunk far into her head. The work dropped from her hand as her unexpected visitors entered, and then she looked up earnestly into the face of the elder of the two.

2. "You do not seem able to work, ma'am," said Jane's mother, advancing[4] to the bedside, and taking the small, thin hand that was offered her. "I am not very able, ma'am," she replied in a feeble tone. "But I have to do something."

3. "Is there no one to provide any thing for you in your feeble state?" asked her visitor. "No one, ma'am," was the simple, and, to Jane's mother, affecting response.[5]

4. "And how many hours through the day do you have

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[1] **Re luct' ant ly**, unwillingly.

[2] **List' less**, inattentive; not interested.

[3] **Sewing**, (sō' ing).

[4] **Ad vanc' ing**, going forward.

[5] **Re sponse'**, answer.

to sĭt up in bed and sew?" "All day, when I can, ma'am. And sometimes a good many hours at night. But I wouldn't care so much for that, if I was able to go about the room a little, and attend more to my child, who is, indeed, sadly neglected." And the tears came into the mother's eyes, as she cast a look of tendernèss upon her little girl.

5. Jane saw that look, and notèd the sad expression of the poor woman's voice, and bŏth touched her heart. "Can not we do something for them?" she whispered. "We must try," was the low response.

6. "I heard of your being ill this morning," Jane's mother said, "and have come over to see if I can do any thing for you. You must be relieved from your constant labor, for it is too much for your feeble frame. As soon as I return home, I will send you over as much food as you and your little girl will require for sevèral days, and my daughter here will be willing, I think, to come in to see you now and then, and give you such little assistance as you may require. Will you not, Jane?"

7. "Oh yes, mother. I will come most cheerfully." And the tone of her voice and the expression of her face showed that she was in earnèst. The poor woman could not find words to speak out her true feelings, but she looked her gratitude.

8. After Jane and her mother had left this miserable tenement,[1] the former said: "O mother, it makes my heart ache to think of that poor woman and her child! How can she possibly gĕt bread to eat, by the work of her own hands, and she almost dying?"

9. The sympathy[2] thus expressed pleased her mother vĕry much, and she encoŭraged the good impression. After she had returned home, she prepared a number of articles of food, such as she thought were required, and also a few delicacies[3] that she knew would be grateful to the sick woman. These she dispatched[4] by a servant.

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[1] **Ten' e ment**, house to live in.

[2] **Sym' pa thy**, partaking the feelings of another.

[3] **Del' i ca cies**, things which delight the taste.

[4] **Dis patched'**, sent.

10. About half an hour after, Jane, with a small bundle in her hand, went out ălōne, and turned her steps toward the cheerlèss hovèl[1] she had but a short time before visited. In this bundle was a chānge of clothing for the invalid,[2] which Jane assisted her to put on. And then she made up her bed for her, and beat up the pillōws, and fixed her as comfortably as possible.

11. Then she took the little girl, and washed[3] her, and combed her hair, and put on a clean frock that her mother told her she would find in the closet. After this she arrānged evèry thing in the room in order, and swept up the floor. And still further, went to work and got a nice cup of tea for the sick woman.

12. It would have done the heart of any one good to have seen how full of delight and gratitude was the countenance of the sick woman. Jane had never felt so happy in her life. When she came home her mother remarked her light step and cheerful air.

13. "You have at last learned how to be happy, Jane," said she. "The secret lies in our endeavoring[4] to be useful to others. All our unhappiness springs from some indulgence of selfishnèss, and all our true feelings of happiness from that benevolence which prŏmpts us to regard others."

14. Jane saw and felt the fōrce of her mother's remark, and never forgot it. The sick wòman, in whom she had become in'terested, afforded ample scope[5] for the exercise of her newly awakened feelings of benevolence, and thus they gained strength and grew into principles of action. May evèry one who reads this little stōry find the true secret of happinèss!

T. S. Arthur.

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[1] **Hov'el**, a poor or mean dwelling.

[2] **Invalid**, (ĭn'va lĭd), a person who is weak or sickly.

[3] **Washed**, (wŏsht).

[4] **En deav' or ing**, trying.

[5] **Scope**, space, or opportunity.

V.

19. THE COMPLAINTS OF THE POOR.

"AND wherefore[1] do the poor complain?"
The rich man asked of me:
"Come, walk abroad with me," I said,
"And I will answer thee."

2. 'Twas evening, and the frozen streets
Were chēerlèss[2] to behold;
And we were wrapped and cōated well
And yet we were a-cōld.

3. We met an old, bareheaded man,
His locks were thin and white;
I asked him what he did abroad
In that cold winter's night.

4. The cold was keen, indeed, he said—
But at home no fire had he;
And therefore he had come abroad
To ask for charity.

5. We met ă young barefooted child,
And she begged loud and bold;
I asked her what she did ăbroad
When the wind it blew so cold.

6. She said her father was at home,
And he lay sick ăbĕd;
And therefore was it she was sent
Abroad to beg for bread.

7. We saw a woman sitting down
Upon a stone to rest;
She had a baby at her back,
And another at her breast.

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[1] **Wherefore**, (whâr'fôr), for what or which reason.

[2] **Cheerless**, (chēr' lĕs), without joy, gladness, or comfort; gloomy.

8. I asked her why she loitered[1] there,
When the night-wind was so chill;
She turned her head, and bade the child
That screamed behind, be still—

9. Then told us that her husband served,
A soldier, far away;
And therefore to her parish[2] she
Was begging back her way.

10. I turned me to the rich man then,
For silently stood he;
"You ask me why the poor complain;
And these have answered thee!"

SOUTHEY.

VI.

20. THE PILGRIM AND THE RICH KNIGHT.

IN a noble castle[3] there once dwelt a very rich knight.[4] He expended much money in adorning and beautifying his dwelling; but he gave little to the poor.

2. A weary pilgrim[5] came to the castle, and asked for a night's lodging. The knight haughtily[6] refused him, and said: "This castle is not an *inn*."

3. The pilgrim replied: "Permit me only to ask you three questions, and I will depart." "Upon this condition, speak," said the knight. "I will readily answer you."

4. The pilgrim then said to him: "Who dwelt in this castle before you?" "My father," replied the knight.

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[1] **Loi'tered**, lingered or stopped idly for no particular purpose.

[2] **Parish**, (pår' ish), a portion of country, in England, the people of which belong to the same church.

[3] **Castle**, (kås' sl), a house armed for defense; the house of a nobleman or knight.

[4] **Knight**, (nīt), a military attendant; in England, a man on whom the king or queen has bestowed the honor of being addressed by the style of *Sir* before his Christian name.

[5] **Pil'grim**, one who slowly and heavily treads his way; a traveler; especially one who travels a great distance to visit a holy place.

[6] **Haughtily**, (hå' tĭ lĭ), proudly; with contempt.

5. The pilgrim asked ăgain: "Who dwelt here before your father?" "My grandfather," answered the knight.

6. "And who will dwell here after you?" still asked the pilgrim. The knight said: "With God's will, my son."

7. "Well," said the pilgrim, "if each dwells but his time in the castle, and in turn must depart and make way for ănoth'er, what are you otherwise here than guests?

8. "This castle, then, is truly an inn. Why, therefore, expend so much money in adorning[1] a dwelling which you will occupy but for a short season? Do good; be charitable; for 'he that hath pity upon the poor, lendèth unto the Lord; and that which he hath given, will he pay him again.'"

9. The knight took these words to heart; he gave the pilgrim shelter for the night, and was hĕncefôrth mōre charitable toward[2] the poor. MRS. ST. SIMON.

SECTION V.

I.

21. THE CHILD'S WISH IN JUNE.

MOTHER, mother, the winds are at play,
Prithee[3] let me be idle to-day:
Look, dear mother, the flowers all lie
Languidly[4] under the bright blue sky.

2. See, how slowly the streamlèt glides;
Look, how the vīölet roguishly hides;
Even the butterfly rests on the rose,
And scarcely spies[5] the sweets as he goes.

---

[1] **Adorning**, (ă dărn' ing), dressing with ornaments; making beautiful, or pleasing.

[2] **Toward**, (tō' ărd), in the direction of; with respect to

[3] **Prithee**, (prĭth' ē), I pray thee.

[4] **Languidly**, (lăn' gwĭd lĭ), weakly; droopingly; without strength.

[5] **Spies**, gains sight of; sees at a distance.

3. Poor Tray is ăslēep in the noon-day sun,
And the flies go about him one by one;
And pussy sits near with a sleepy grace,
Without ever thinking of washing her face.

4. There flies ă bird to a neighboring tree,
But vĕry lazily flieth he;
And he sĭts and twitters[1] a gentle note,
That scarcely[2] ruffles[3] his little throat.

5. You bid me be busy; but, mother, hear
How the hum-drum grasshopper soundèth near
And the sŏft west wind is so light in its play,
It scarcely moves a leaf on the spray.[4]

6. I wish, oh, I wish I was yŏnder cloud,
That sails ăbout with its misty shroud!
Books and work I no more should see,
And I'd come and float, dear mother, ō'er thee.

MRS. GILMAN.

II.

22. THE SUMMER-TIME.

WHAT child does not like the spring, the bright young spring, with its sŏft air, its tender grass, its tīny flowers, and its singing birds? Yĕt still more may the child love the pleasant summer-time, when the dark clouds and the cold rains and winds are all gŏne.

2. June comes. What a time it is! The happy children dance and sing for joy, on their way to school. The insects chirp in the grass. The birds sing. The trees are heavy

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[1] **Twitters**, (twĭt' tẽrz), sings interruptedly, or without a connected song.

[2] **Scarcely**, (skârs lĭ), with difficulty; hardly; barely.

[3] **Ruffles**, (rŭf flz), disturbs; makes uneven.

[4] **Spray**, a small shoot or branch of a tree; a number of small branches.

with leaves, and the low sound of the wind is heard in their branches. White clouds sail ălŏng the sky, and streaks of sunshine break through.

3. The gardens are full of blossoms, red and white. Yĕllōw butter-cups shine in the green meadōw, like buttons of gold. The sweet clover seems to blush with its red blossoms. The water in the brook loiters like an idle boy, just moving as though it were in no haste to leave the sweet meadow.

4. Soon the days become lŏnger, and the sun grows hot. It shines upon the houses and the paved streets. The hard walks burn your feet. The wind does not seem to blow. The schools in the city are closed. People drive out from town, with their children, to breathe the fresh country air, and be happy.

5. They stop at a farm-house to quench their thirst. The kind woman brings a pailful of clear, cold water, and gives them a tin cup to drink from. She gĕts some nice sweet milk for the children, and they are so happy that they forgĕt to thank her.

6. Men are at work in the mĕadōw. Some are cutting down the grass and spreading it, and others, in another part of the field where it is dry, are raking it up into large rows. The gentle wind blows over the meadow, and brings the sweet odor of new hay.

7. The wheat is not yĕt ripe. Its lŏng bēarded heads are now nearly white, but they will soon be yellow like gold. Then the men will cut it down and găther it into the barn.

8. The sun has now sĕt. It is no lŏnger day. Yŏu may sĭt at the open window. The red moon rises through the trees, and you can scarcely see the stars. The air is now cool, and the dews are falling.

9. You can not see the red and blue flowers in the garden, but you know they are there. All is still but the voice of the summer wind, which you may hear in the trees and the tall grass. The clock strikes nine, and your mother calls, "*To bed, my child.*"

III.

23. THE WHEAT-FIELD.

FIELD of wheat, so full and fair,
Shining with thy sunny hair,
Lightly waving ēither way,
Graceful as the breezes play—
Looking like a summer sea—
How I love to gaze at thee!
Pleasant art thou to the sight;
And to thought, a rich delight.
Then, thy voice is music sweet,
Sŏftly-sighing Field of Wheat.

2. Pointing to the genial[1] sky,
Rising straight, and aiming high,
Every stalk is seen to shoot
As an ărrōw from the root.
Like a well-trained company,
All, in uniform, agree,
From the footing to the ear;
All in order strict appear.

3. Marshaled[2] by a skillful hand,
All togĕther bow, or stand—
Still, within the proper bound;
None[3] ō'ersteps the given ground—
With its tribute[4] held to play
At His nod whom they obey.
Each the gems that stud its crown
Will ere lŏng for man lay down:
Thou with promise art replete[5]
Of the precious sheaves of wheat.

Genial, (jē' nĭ al), causing to produce; making cheerful.

[2] **Mar' shaled**, arranged, or put into order.

[3] **None**, (nŭn), not one.

[4] **Trib' ute**, something given or paid.

[5] **Re plete'**, full; completely filled.

4. How thy strength in weaknèss lies!
Not a robber-bird that flies
Finds suppōrt whereby to put
On a stalk her lawlèss foot;
Not a predatory[1] bēak
Plunges down, thy stōres to seek,
Where the guard of silver spears
Keeps the fruit, and decks the ears.
No vain insect, that could do
Harm to thee, dares venture through
Such an armory,[2] or eat
Off the sheath, to take the wheat.

5. What a study do we find
Opened here for eye and mind!
In it, who can ŏffer less
Than to wonder, and confess,
That on this high-favored ground,
Faith is blest, and *Hope* is crowned?
Charity her arms may spread
Wide from it, with gifts of bread.
Wisdom, Power, and Goodness meet
In the bounteous[3] Field of Wheat.

H. F. Gould.

IV.

24. SUMMER WOODS.

1.

COME ye into the summer woods; there enterèth no annoy;[4]
All greenly wave the chestnut-leaves, and the earth is full of joy.
I can not tell you half the sights of beauty you may see,
The bursts of golden sunshine, and many a shady tree.

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[1] **Pred′a to ry**, hungry; given to plunder.

[2] **Arm′o ry**, means of defense; arms; weapons of all kinds.

[3] **Boun′te ous**, generous; plentiful.

[4] **An noy′**, injury or trouble from frequent causes.

2.

There, lightly swung, in bowery glades,[1] the honey-suckles twine;
There blooms the pink sabbatiä, and the scarlet columbine;
There grows the purple vĭ'olet in some dusk woodland spot;
There grows the little Mayflower, and the wood forgĕt-me-not.

3.

And many ă mĕrry bird is there, unscared by lawlèss men;
The blue-winged jay, the woodpecker, and golden-crested wren
Come down, and ye shall see them all, the timid and the bold
For their sweet life of pleasantnèss, it is not to be told.

4.

I've seen the freakish[2] squirrels[3] drop down from their leafy tree.
The little squirrels with the old,—great joy it was to me!
And far within that summer wood, among the leaves so green,
There flows a little gurgling[4] brook, the brightèst e'er was seen.

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[1] **Glades**, open or cleared places in a forest or wood.

[2] **Freak′ ish**, playful; changing their play often.

[3] **Squirrel**, (skwûr′rel), sometimes pronounced (skwĭr′rel).

[4] **Gurgling**, (gûr′gling), running with a purling or murmuring noise.

5.

There come the little gentle birds, without a fear of ill,
Down to the murmuring water's edge, and freely drink their fill,
And dash about, and splash about,—the mĕrry little things,—
And look askance[1] with bright black eyes, and flirt their dripping wings.

6.

The nodding plants, they bowed their heads, as if, in heartsome cheer,
They spake unto those little things, "'Tis mĕrry living here!"
Oh, how my heart ran ō'er with joy! I saw that all was good,
And how we might glean up delight all round us, if we would!

MARY HOWITT.

SECTION VI.

I.

25. THE TWIN SISTERS

A PAIR of twin sisters were so much ălīke, that it was difficult to distinguish[2] them. Their little hearts were also blended[3] in the sweetèst love. Dressed always alike, they might usually be seen, hand in hand; and wherever one was, you might be sure that the other could not be far away.

2. When old enough to attend school, they săt side by side, studied from the same book, wrote the same copy, shaded with their pencils the same flower, warbled[4] the same sŏng, in the same key. They enjoyed the instructions of a vĕry faithful teacher, who sometimes, to test the thorough preparation of her pupils, called them to recite separately.

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[1] **Askance**, (å skåns'), aside; sideways.

[2] **Distinguish**, (dis tĭng' gwĭsh), to recognize or know by differences that can be noticed or seen.

[3] **Blend' ed**, joined together; united.

[4] **Warbled**, (wâr' bld), sung in a quavering or trilling manner, with many turns or variations.

3. On such an occasion, one of the twins having neglected her lesson, mistook, and faltered.[1] Tears started to her eyes, and the embarrassment[2] of betraying ignorance convulsed[3] her with shame. Just at that crisis[4] the teacher was called out.

4. The other sister, seated upon her bench, well prepared with her lesson, sympathized[5] in all the suffering of her second self. Her breast heaved, and her cheek was suffused[6] with crimson. Springing to the side of the tried one, she forced her backward into her seat, with a răpĭdity that overcame resistance, and stood up in her place.

5. The teacher returned, resumed[7] her examination, and found evèry question answered prŏmptly, and with perfect correctnèss. At first she was surprised, yĕt supposed a little interval[8] had enabled the pupil, by reflection, to collect her thoughts, or possibly to review those points of the lesson in which she was most deficient.[9]

6. But the expression of an approbation[10] which was not fairly earned, rankled[11] in the consciences of these pure-minded sisters. They could not be happy, thus to deceive their teacher.

7. Requesting to be permitted to stay after school, they approached her with tears, and confessed what they had done.

8. "I could not bear to see my poor sister in such pain," said the sweet one who rescued her. "*Forgive us, we are but one,*" said their little voices in unison.[12] "*God bless you,*" said their kind preceptress,[13] "*may you be one in Heaven!*"

MRS. SIGOURNEY.

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[1] **Fal' tered**, hesitated; was unable to go on.

[2] **Em bar' rass ment**, difficulty; confusion.

[3] **Con vulsed'**, shook; agitated.

[4] **Cri' sis**, moment; a point of time when something important is expected.

[5] **Sym' pa thized**, had a common feeling; was affected by feelings similar to those of others.

[6] **Suf fused'**, covered; having something poured over.

[7] **Re sumed'**, taken up again.

[8] **In' ter val**, a space of time between two other points.

[9] **De fi' cient**, wanting; faulty.

[10] **Ap pro ba' tion**, approval

[11] **Rankled**, (răṅk' ld), caused inflammation, or pain.

[12] **U' ni son**, together; as one.

[13] **Pre cep' tress** female teacher

II.

26. EMULATION[1] WITHOUT ENVY.

FRANK'S father was speaking to a friend, one day, on the subject of competitions[2] at school. He said "that he could answer for it, that envy[3] is not the necessary consequence of school competitions: he had been excelled by many, but he never recollected having felt envious of his successful rivals;[4] nor," added he, "did my winning many a prize from my friend Birch ever diminish his friendship for me."

2. In support of the truth of what Frank's father had asserted,[5] the friend who was present related an anecdote, which had fallen under his own observation,[6] in a school in his neighborhood. At this school, the sons of sevèral wealthy farmers, and others who were poorer, received instruction together. Frank listened with great attention while the gentleman gave the following account of the two rivals.

3. "It happened that the son of a rich farmer and of a poor widow came in competition for the monitorship[7] of their class; they were so nearly equal, that the master could scarcely decide between them; some days one, and some days the other, gained the head of the class. It was determined, by seeing who should be at the head of the class for the greater number of days in the week.

4. "The wĭdōw's son, by the last day's answer, gained the victory, and maintained his place the ensuing week, till the school was dismissed for the vacation or holidays.

5. "When they met again, he did not appear, and the farmer's son being next in excellence,[8] might now have

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[1] **Em u la' tion**, a warm desire of excelling, or becoming superior.

[2] **Competition**, (kom pe tĭsh' un), seeking with others to gain a prize.

[3] **En' vy**, unhappiness caused by the prosperity of another person.

[4] **Rivals**, (rī' vălz), persons desiring to do or to obtain the same thing.

[5] **As sert'ed**, said with confidence

[6] **Ob ser va' tion**, the act of seeing or taking notice.

[7] **Mon'i tor ship**, the ŏffice of one who is set over others to observe what is done amiss.

[8] **Excellence**, (ĕks'sĕl lĕns), great merit: worth.

been at the head of his class; but instead of seizing that vacant[1] place, which had devolved[2] to him by the non-appearance of his rival, he went to the widow's house to inquire what could be the cause of her son's absence.

6. "Poverty was the cause: she found that she was not able, with her utmōst endeavors, to continue to pāy for his schooling, and for the necessary books, and the poor boy had returned to day-labor, as it was his duty, for her support.

7. "The farmer's son, out of the allowance of pocket-money which his father gave him, and without letting anybody but the widow and her son know what he did, bought all the necessary books, and paid for the schooling of his rival, and brought him back again to the head of his class, where he continued to be monitor, for a considerable time, at the expense of his genèrous rival."

8. Frank clapped his hands at hearing this story. Mary came up to ask what pleased him so much, and he repeated it to her with delight. "That farmer's boy," added he, "must have had a strŏng mind, for my father's friend, who told the anecdote, said that people of strŏng minds are never envious: that weak minds only are subject to that unhappy infirmity."[3] MISS EDGEWORTH.

III.

27. HOW TO BE HAPPY.

PART FIRST.

EVERY child must have observed how much happier and more belovèd some children are than others. There are some children whom you always love to be with. They are happy themselves, and they make you happy.

2. There are others, whose society you always avoid.[4] The vĕry expression of their countenances produces unpleasant feelings. They seem to have no friends.

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[1] **Va′cant**, not occupied or filled.

[2] **De volved′**, rolled onward or downward; passed from one person to another; handed down.

[3] **In firm′i ty**, weakness; defect; failing.

[4] **A void′**, to shun; to keep at a distance from or away from.

3. No person can be happy without friends. The heart is formed for love, and can not be happy without the opportunity[1] of giving and receiving affection.[2]

4. But you can not receive affection, unless you will also give it. You can not find others to love you, unless you will also love them. Love is only to be obtained by giving love in return. Hence the importance of cultivating a cheerful and obliging disposition. You can not be happy without it.

5. I have sometimes heard a girl say, "I know that I am very unpopular[3] at school." Now, this is a plain confession that she is very disobliging and unamiable in her disposition.

6. If your companions do not love you, it is your own fault. They can not help loving you, if you will be kind and friendly. If you are not loved, it is a good evidence[4] that you do not deserve to be loved. It is true, that a sense of duty may, at times, render it necessary for you to do that which will be displeasing to your companions.

7. But, if it is seen that you have a noble spirit, that you are above selfishness, that you are willing to make sacrifices of your own personal convenience to promote the happiness of your associates[5] you will never be in want of friends.

8. You must not regard it as your *misfortune* that others do not love you, but your *fault*. It is not beauty, it is not wealth, that will give you friends. Your heart must glow with kindness, if you would attract[6] to yourself the esteem and affection of those by whom you are surrounded.

9. You are little aware how much the happiness of your whole life depends upon the cultivation of an affectionate and obliging disposition. If you will adopt the resolution that you will confer favors whenever you have an opportunity, you will certainly be surrounded by ardent[7] friends.

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[1] **Op por tu' ni ty**, occasion; chance; means.

[2] **Af fec' tion**, warm or tender regard; a settled good-will love.

[3] **Un pop' u lar**, not having the favor of others: disliked.

[4] **Ev' i dence**, that which proves the truth: witness.

[5] **Associates**, (ås sō shĭ åts), companions.

[6] **At tract'**, draw.

[7] **Ar' dent**, warm; loving.

10. Begin upon this principle in childhood, and act upon it through life, and you will make yourself happy, and promote the happiness of all within your influence.

IV.

28. HOW TO BE HAPPY.

PART SECOND.

YOU go to school on a cold winter morning. A bright fire is blazing upon the hearth,[1] surrounded with boys struggling to gĕt near it to warm themselves. After you gĕt slightly warmed, another school-mate comes in, suffering with cold. "Here, James," you pleasantly call out to him, "I am almost warm; you may have my place."

2. As you slip aside to allow him to take your place at the fire, will he not feel that you are kind? The worst-dispositioned boy in the world can not help admiring such generosity.[2]

3. And even though he be so ungrateful as to be unwilling to return the favor, you may depend upon it that he will be your friend as far as he is capable[3] of friendship. If you will habitually[4] act upon this principle,[5] you will never want friends.

4. Suppose, some day, you were out with your companions, playing ball. After you had been playing for some time, another boy comes ălŏng. He can not be chosen upon either side, for there is no one to match him. "Henry," you say, "you may take my place a little while, and I will rest."

5. You throw yourself down upon the grass, while Henry, fresh and vigorous,[6] takes your bat and engages in the game. He knows that you gave up to accommodate him; and how can he help liking you for it.

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[1] **Hearth,** (hårth), the floor of brick or stone in a chimney, on which fire is made.

[2] **Generosity,** (jĕn'ẽr ŏs'ĭ tĭ), open-heartedness; a hearty willingness to give or aid.

[3] **Ca' pa ble,** able to do a thing.

[4] **Ha bit' u al ly,** by habit; always doing a thing at certain times, or in a certain way.

[5] **Prin' ci ple,** reason for doing, or not doing.

[6] **Vig' or ous,** full of strength or active force

6. The fact is, that nēither man nor child can cultivate such a spirit of generosity and kindness, without attracting affection and esteem.

7. Look and see which of your companions have the most friends, and you will find that they are those who have this noble spirit; who are willing to deny themselves, that they may make their associātes happy.

8. This is not peculiar to childhood: it is the same in all periods of life. There is but one way to make friends; and that is, by being friendly to others.

9. Perhaps some child who reads this feels conscious[1] of being disliked, and yĕt desires to have the affection of his companions. You ask me what you shall do. I will tell you.

10. I will give you an infallible[2] rule. Do all in your power to make others happy. Be willing to make sacrifices of your own convenience, that you may promote the happinèss of others.

11. This is the way to make friends, and the only way. When you are playing with your brothers and sisters at home, be always ready to give them more than their share of privileges.

12. Manifest an obliging disposition, and they can not but regard you with affection. In all your intercourse with others, at hŏme or abroad, let these feelings influence you, and you will receive a rich reward.

V.

29. KNOCK AGAIN.

PART FIRST.

I REMEMBER having been sent, when I was a little boy, with a message from my father to a particular friend of his, who resided in the suburbs[3] of the town in which my par'ents[4] then lived.

2. This gentleman occupied an old-fashioned house, the

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[1] **Conscious**, (kŏn' shŭs), knowing; having an inward knowledge.

[2] **In fal' li ble**, certain: sure not to disappoint or fail.

[3] **Sub' urbs**, places near to a city or town.

[4] **Parent**, (pâr' ent), a father or mother.

door of which was approached by a broad flight of stone steps of a semicircular[1] form. The brass knocker was an object of much interest to me in those days; for the whim[2]

of the maker had led him to give it the shape of an elephant's head, the trunk of the animal being the movable portion.

3. Away, then, I scampered in great haste; and having reached the house, ran up the stone steps as usual, and,

[1] **Sem i cir' cu lar**, having the form of half of a circle

[2] **Whim**, a freak; a humor: an odd fancy.

seizing the elephant's trunk, made the house re-echo to my knocking. No answer was returned.

4. At this my astonishment[1] was considerable, as servants, in the times I write of, were more alert[2] and attentive than they are at present. However, I knocked a second time. Still no one came.

5. At this I was much more surprised. I looked at the house. It presented no appearance of a desertion.[3] Some of the windōws were open to admit the fresh air; for it was summer: others of them were closed. But all had the aspect[4] of an inhabited dwelling.

6. I was greatly perplexed, and looked ărŏund, to see if any one was near who could advise me how to act. Immediately ă vĕnerable[5] old gentleman, whom I had never seen before, came ăcrŏss the wāy, and, looking kindly in my face, advised me to knock again.

7. I did so without ă momènt's hesitation,[6] and presently the door was opened, so that I had an opportunity of delivering my message. I afterward learned that the servants had been engaged in removing a heavy piece of furniture[7] from one part of the house to the other; an operation which required their united strength, and prevented their opening the door.

VI.

30. KNOCK AGAIN.

PART SECOND.

AS I was tripping lightly homeward, I passed the kind old gentleman ăbout half way down the street. He took me gently by the arm; and, retaining his hold, began to address me thus, as we walked on togĕther:

[1] **As' ton' ish ment**, confusion of mind from fear or surprise; wonder.

[2] **Alert**, (ă lĕrt'), watchful; active.

[3] **Desertion**, (de zĕr' shŭn), the state of being forsaken.

[4] **As' pect**, appearance to the eye or mind; look.

[5] **Ven' er a ble**, deserving of great respect.

[6] **Hesitation**, (hĕz' ĭ tā' shun), the act of pausing; a stopping in doubt.

[7] **Furniture**, (fĕr' nĭ tūr), whatever is necessary or convenient in a house or a room for house-keeping.

2. "The incident,[1] my little friend, which has just occurred,[2] may be of some use to you in after life, if it be sūitably improved. Young people are usuălly vĕry enthusiastic[3] in all their undertākings, and in the same propōrtion are very easily discoŭraged.

3. "Learn, then, from what has taken place this morning, to persevere[4] in the business which you have commenced, provided it be laudable[5] in itself, and, ten to one, you will succeed. If you do not at first obtain what you aim at, *knock again.* A door may be opened when you least expect it.

4. "In entering on the practice of a profession,[6] engaging in trade, or what is usually called settling in the world, young people often meet with great disappointmènts.

5. "Friends, whom they naturally expected to employ them, not unfrequently prefer others in the same line; and even some professors of religion do not seem to consider it a duty to promote the temporal[7] interèst of their brethren in the Lord.

6. "Nevertheless, industry,[8] sobriety,[9] and patience, are usually accompanied by the Divine blessing. Should you, therefore, my little friend, ever experience disappointments of this kind, think of the brass knocker: *knock again:* be sober, be diligent, and your labors will be blessed.

7. "In the pursuit of knowledge many difficulties are encountered. These the student must expect to meet; but he must not relinquish the investigation[10] of truth because

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[1] **In'ci dent**, an event; that which happens or falls out.

[2] **Occurred**, (ok kĕrd'), appeared; happened.

[3] **Enthusiastic**, (ĕn thū' zĭ ăst' ĭk), highly excited; hoping and expecting too much.

[4] **Per'se vere'**, to go on in any course or business in spite of discouragements; not to abandon or give over what is undertaken.

[5] **Laud' a ble**, deserving praise.

[6] **Profession**, (prō fĕsh' un), the business which one claims to understand and follow for a living,—especially the business of the clergyman, the lawyer, or the physician.

[7] **Tem' por al**, relating to the present life, or this world.

[8] **In' dus try**, steady attention to business.

[9] **So' bri' e ty**, the habit of soberness or temperance, as to the use of spirituous liquors; calmness.

[10] **In ves' ti ga' tion**, the act of following up or searching into; study

it seems to elude[1] his search. He may knock at the gate of science, and appar'ently without being heard; but let him *knock again*, and he will find an entrance."

VII.

31. SIR EDMUND SAUNDERS.

MANY years ăgō there was ă little boy in London, who, from his earlièst infancy, had never known any other condition than that of beggary. His rags barely sufficed[2] to cover him, but could not protect him from the bitter blast. His food was the scraps dōled[3] out by the hand of charity, and his bed was some wretched hovèl,[4] or ŏf*t*en the open street.

2. Of his parents he knew nothing;[5] for when he was but six years old his wretchèd mother, ēither by accident or design,[6] had separated from him in a crowd, and he had never since beheld her.

3. By some providential[7] circumstance,[8] the poor boy found his way to a cer'taĭn part of the city which was then, as it is now, the principal resort of lawyers, and entirely occupied by their ŏffices.

4. Here his ăgĭlity[9] and obligĭng temper made him quite useful. He became a sort of ĕrrand-boy among the clerks, and was rewarded for his services by receiving broken victuals, and occasionally a bed of straw beneath the shelter of a roof.

5. His extraordinary[10] docility,[11] his extreme diligence,[12]

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[1] **E lude'**, to evade or escape from.

[2] **Sufficed**, (sŭf fīzd'), answered; were sufficient.

[3] **Doled**, dealt out in small portions; given with a sparing hand.

[4] **Hov' el**, an open shed; a small, mean house.

[5] **Nothing**, (nŭth'ing), not anything; no thing.

[6] **Design**, (de sīn'), a plan formed in the mind of something to be done; intent.

[7] **Prov i den' tial**, ordered by God himself.

[8] **Circumstance**, (sĕr' kŭm stăns) one of the things surrounding us in our path of life.

[9] **A gil' i ty**, quickness in action.

[10] **Extraordinary**, (ĕks trăr' dĭ na rĭ), out of the common course; more than common.

[11] **Do cil' i ty**, ability to receive instruction.

[12] **Dil' i gence**, steady attention.

and his remarkable intelligence,[1] at length ĭn'terĕsted the society in his favor. He had learned to read by means of a few tōrn pages of an old law-book, with the occasional aid of a good-natured clerk; and he was now vĕry desirous to learn writing.

6. One of the lawyers, compassionating[2] the forlorn[3] boy, had a board nailed up beneath a windōw on the top of a staircase, and upon this rude desk he took his first lessons in writing, by copying the law-papers and other things which the clerks lent him. He soon made himself quite expert[4] with the pen, and was finally enabled to earn a little money as a copier.

7. Being thus relieved from his former servile[5] duties, he gave his whōle attention to his new employmènts, and from pōring[6] over interminable[7] legal[8] documents,[9] he at last proceeded to the study of law itself. It was a matter of much ămūsemènt among his early friends, the clerks, when they found the little beggar-boy applying to them for the loan of books; but perseverance overcame evèry dif'ficulty, and in the cōurse of time he succeeded far beyŏnd the expectations of any one.

8. He became a special-pleader, then a counselor[10] at large, and finally was called to the bar, where he had a large practice in the King's Bench Cōurt. Roger North, son of the Lord Keeper North, who personally knew him, says: "As to his ordinary dealing, he was as honest as the driven snow is white; as for his parts, none[11] had them more lively than he; and while he sat in the Court of

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[1] **In tel' li gence**, the ability to know or understand.

[2] **Com pas' sion a ting**, feeling compassion or pity for.

[3] **Forlorn**, (fôr lôrn'), deserted; destitute or forsaken.

[4] **Expert**, (eks pẽrt') well instructed; skillful.

[5] **Servile**, (sẽrv'îl), slavish; mean; relating to, or befitting a servant or slave.

[6] **Poring**, (pōr'ing), looking with steady, continued attention.

[7] **Interminable**, (in tẽr' mi na bl), without limit; endless.

[8] **Le' gal**, relating to the law.

[9] **Doc' u ments**, papers.

[10] **Coun' sel or**, an adviser; one whose business is to give advice in law, and manage causes for others in court.

[11] **None**, (nŭn), not one; not any.

King's Bench, he gave the rule to the general satisfaction of the lawyers."

9. That poor bĕggàr-boy was Sir Edmund Saunders, Chief Justice of the Cōurt of King's Bench, in the reign of Charles the Second. Such were the results of perseverance.

EMMA C. EMBURY

VIII.

32. COUNSELS TO THE YOUNG.

YOU were made to be clean and neat in your person and in your dress, and gentlemanly and lady-like in your manners. If you have not been bitten by ă mad dŏg, dōn't be ăfrāid of fresh water.

2. There is enough water in the world to keep evèrybody clean; but there is a great deal of it never finds its right place. Take as much as you need. The people of the West bōast of their great rivers—I would rather they would boast of using a large tub-full of their water evèry day.

3. Contract no such filthy and offensive habit as chewing or smoking tobacco. So lŏng as a man chews or smokes, though a vĕry Chesterfield[1] in every thing else that pertains to his appearance, he can never be *quite* a gentleman.

4. You were made to be kind, and generous,[2] and magnanimous.[3] If there is ă boy in the school who has a club-foot,[4] don't let him know that you ever saw it. If there is a poor boy with ragged clōthes, don't talk ăbout rags when he is in hearing. If there is a lame boy, assign him some part of the game which does not require running.

5. If there is a hungry boy, give him a part of your dinner. If there is a dull one, help him get his lessons. If

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[1] **Lord Chesterfield** was an English nobleman, noted for his fine manners; hence, any one who is noted for the same thing, may be called *a Chesterfield.*

[2] **Gen' er ous**, free; liberal; willing to give freely, without expecting any thing in return.

[3] **Mag nan' i mous**, of a noble mind; having high intentions.

[4] **Club'-foot**, a short, deformed foot, usually so from birth.

there is a bright one, be not envious[1] of him; for if one boy is proud of his talents, and another is envious of them, there are two great wrŏngs, and no more talents than before.

6. If a larger or strŏnger boy has injured you, and is sŏrry for it, forgive him, and request the teacher not to punish him. All the school will show by their countenances how much better it is to have a great soul than a great fist.

7. You were made to learn. Be sure you learn something evèry day. When you go to bed at night, if you can not think of something new which you have learned during the day, spring up and find a book, and gĕt an ideä before you sleep. If you were to stop eating, would not your bodies pine and famish? If you stop learning, your minds will pine and famish too.

8. You all desire that your bodies should thrive and grow, until you become as tall and large as your fathers or mothers, or other people. You would not like to stop growing where you are now—at three feet high, or four feet, or even at five. But if you do not feed your minds as well as your bodies, they will stop growing; and one of the poorèst, meanèst, most dĕs'picable[2] things I have ever seen in the world, is a little mind in a great body.

9. Suppose there was a musē'um[3] in your neighborhood, full of all rare and splendid curiosities—should you not like to go and see it? Would you not think it unkind if you were forbidden to visit it?

10. The creätion is a muse'um, all full and crowded with wonders, and beauties, and glōries. One door, and only one, is open, by which you can enter this magnificent[4] temple: it is the door of knowledge. The learnèd laborer, the learnèd pĕasànt, or slave, is ever made welcome at this door, while the ĭgnoràmt, though kings, are shut out.

HORACE MANN.

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[1] **Envious**, (ĕn' vĭ ŭs), repining, or feeling uneasy, at a view of the goodness, success, or happiness of another.

[2] **Despicable**, (dĕs' pi ka bl), vile; contemptable; worthless.

[3] **Museum**, (mū' zē' um) a place where curious things are kept for exhibition.

[4] **Mag' nif i cent**, imposing with splendor; splendid; on a grand scale; grand in appearance.

IX.

33. THE WHISTLE.

WHEN I was ă child ăbout′ seven years of age, my friends, on a hŏliday, filled my pocket with half-pence. I went dĭrĕct′ly[1] toward a shop, where toys were sold for children; and being charmed with the sound of a *whistle*,[2] that I met by the way, in the hands of another boy, I voluntarily[3] ŏffered him all my money for it.

2. I then came home, and went whistling over the house, much pleased with my *whistle*, but disturbing all the family. My brothers, and sisters, and cousins, understanding the bargain I had made, told me I had given four times as much for it as it was worth. This put me in mind what good things I might have bought with the rest of the money; and they laughed at me so much for my folly, that I cried with vexation.[4]

3. My reflections[5] on the subject gave me more chagrin[6] than the *whistle* gave me plĕasure. This little event, however, was afterward of use to me, the impression[7] continuing on my mind; so that ŏften, when I was tempted to buy some unnecessary thing, I said to myself, *Do not give too much for the whistle*, and so I saved my money.

4. As I grew up, came into the world, and observed the actions of men, I thought I met with many, vĕry many, who *gave too much for the whistle.*

5. When I saw any one too ambitious[8] of cōurt-favor, săcrificing his time in attendance on levees,[9] his repose, his

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[1] **Directly**, (dĭ rĕkt′lĭ), in a straight course or line; without delay; at once; straightway.

[2] **Whistle**, (whĭs′ sl).

[3] **Vol′ un ta ri ly**, of one's own will; without being influenced, moved, or compelled by others.

[4] **Vexation**, (vĕks ā′ shŭn), the act or state of being made angry by little provocations.

[5] **Reflection**, (rē flĕk′ shun), the act of throwing or turning back the thoughts upon any thing; continued thought.

[6] **Chagrin**, (shă grĭn′), vexation ill-humor; shame.

[7] **Impression**, (im prĕsh′ un), mark, influence, or effect.

[8] **Ambitious**, (am bĭsh′us), strongly desirous of office, honor, or superiority.

[9] **Lev′ ee**, a morning assembly of visitors; company received by persons in high station.

liberty, his virtue, and perhaps his friends, to attain it, I said to myself, *This man gives too much for his whistle.*

6. When I saw another fond of popularity,[1] constantly employing himself in political bustles, neglecting his own affairs, and ruining them by that neglect; *He pays indeed,* said I, *too much for his whistle.*

7. If I knew a miser, who gave up every kind of comfortable living, all the plĕasure of doing good to others, all the esteem of his fellow-citizens, and the joys of benevolent friendship, for the sake of accumulating[2] wealth; *Poor man,* said I, *you indeed pay too much for your whistle.*

8. When I met a man of plĕasure, săcrificing every laudable improvement of mind, or of fortune, to mere sensual[3] gratifications; *Mistaken man!* said I, *you are providing pain for yourself, instead of pleasure; you give too much for your whistle.*

9. If I saw one fond of fine clothes, fine furniture, fine equipage,[4] all above his fortune, for which he contracted debts, and ended his career[5] in prison; *Alas!* said I, *he has paid dear, very dear, for his whistle.*

10. In short, I conceived that great part of the miseries of mankind are brought upon them by the false estimate they make of the value of things, and by their giving too much for their *whistles.* DR. FRANKLIN.

SECTION VII.

I.

34. WE ARE SEVEN.

I MET ă little cottage girl;
She was eight years old, she said;
Her hair was thick with many a curl
That clustered round her head.

[1] **Pop' u lar' i ty**, favor of the people; the state of being highly esteemed or beloved by the people.

[2] **Ac cu' mu lat ing**, heaping up.

[3] **Sensual**, (sĕn' shō al), bodily.

[4] **Equipage**, (ĕk' we paj), horses and carriages.

[5] **Ca reer'**, a way; course.

2. She had a rustic, woodland air,
And she was wildly clad;
Her eyes were fair, and vĕry fair:
Her beauty made me glad.

3. "Sisters and brothers, little Maid,
How many may you be?"
"How many? Seven in all," she said,
And wondering looked at me.

4. "And where are they? I pray you tell."
She answered, "Seven are we:
And two of us at Conway dwell,
And two are gŏne to sea.

5. "Two of us in the churchyard lie—
My sister and my brother;
And in the churchyard cottage, I
Dwell near them with my mother."

6. "You say that two at Conway dwell,
And two are gŏne to sea;
Yet ye are seven! I pray you tell,
Sweet Maid, how this may be."

7. Then did the little Maid reply:
"Seven boys and girls are we;
Two of us in the churchyard lie,
Beneath the churchyard tree."

8. "You run about, my little Maid,
Your limbs they are alive;
If two are in the churchyard laid,
Then ye are only five."

9. "Their graves are green, they may be seen,"
The little Maid replied;
"Twelve steps or more from my mother's door,
And they are side by side.

10. "My stockings there I ŏften knit,
My kerchief there I hem;
And there upon the ground I sĭt—
I sĭt and sing to them.

11. "And ŏften after sunset, sir,
When it is light and fair,
I take my little pŏrringer,
And eat my supper there.

12. "The first that died was little Jane;
In bed she moaning lay,
Till Gŏd released her of her pain,
And then she went ăwāy.

13. "So in the churchyard she was laid;
And when the grass was dry,
Together round her grave we played,
My brother John and I.

14. "And when the ground was white with snow,
And I could run and slide,
My brother John was fŏrced to go,
And he lies by her side.

15. "How many are you then," said I,
"If they two are in heaven?"
The little Maiden did reply,
"Oh, Master, we are seven!"

16. "But they are dead: those two are dead,
Their spirits are in heaven!"
'Twas throwing words away; for still
The little Maid would have her will,
And said, "NAY, WE ARE SEVEN!"

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

II.

35. CHASE OF THE PET FAWN.

A PRETTY little fawn had been brought in from the woods when vĕry young, and nursed and petted until it had become perfectly tame. It was graceful as those little creatures always are, and so gentle and playful that it became a great fāvorīte, following the different members of the family ăbout the village.

2. One morning, after gamboling[1] about as usual until weary, it threw itself down in the sunshine, at the feet of one of its friends, upon the steps of the store. There came ălŏng a countryman, who, for several years, had been a hunter, and who still kept several dŏgs. One of the hounds came with him to the village on this occasion. The dog as it approached the spot where the fawn[2] lay, suddenly stopped. The little animal saw him and darted to its feet. Notwithstanding it had lived more than half its life among the dogs of the village, and had appar'ently lŏst all fear of them, yĕt it seemed now to know instinctively[3] that an enemy was at hand. In an instant, a change came over it; it was the rousing of instinct in that beautiful creature.

3. In a second its whōle character and appearance seemed chānged; all its past habits were forgotten, every wild impulse was ăwāke; its head erect, its nŏstrils dilated,[4] its eye flashing. In another instant, before the spectators had thought of the dānger, before its friends could secure it, the fawn was leaping wildly through the street and the hound in full pursuit. The bystanders were eager to save it. Several persons instantly followed its track. The friends who had lŏng fed and fondled it, calling the name it had hitherto known, but in vain.

4. The hunter endeavored to whistle back his dŏg, but with no better success. In half a minute the fawn had turned the first corner, dashed onward toward the lake, and thrown itself into the water. For a moment the startled creature believed itself safe in the cool bosom of the lake; but it was soon undeceived: the hound followed in hot and eager chase, while a dozen villagers joined blindly in the pursuit.

5. Quite a crowd collected on the bank, men, women, and children, anxious for the fate of the little animal so well known to them all. Some jumped into boats, hoping

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[1] **Gam' bol ing**, leaping and skipping about in sport.

[2] **Fawn**, a young deer, a deer of the first year.

[3] **In stinct' ive ly**, without instruction; taught by nature.

[4] **Dilated**, (di lāt' ed), spread out enlarged in all directions.

to intercept[1] the hound before he reached his prey. The plăshing of the oars, the eager voices of the men and boys, and the barking of the dŏgs, must have filled the beating heart of the poor fawn with terror and anguish,[2] as though evèry creature where it once had been caressed and fondled, had suddenly turned into a deadly foe.

6. It was soon seen that the little animal was directing its cōurse ăcrŏss a bay toward the nearèst borders of the fŏrest, and immediately the owner of the hound crŏssed the bridge, running at full speed in the same direction, hoping to stop his dŏg as he landed. On the fawn swam, as it never swam before, its delicate head scarcely seen above the water, but leaving a disturbed track, which betrayed its course alike to anxious friends and fierce enemies.

7. As it approached the land, the exciting interèst became intense.[3] The hunter was already on the same line of shōre, calling loudly and angrily to his dŏg, but the animal seemed to have quite forgotten his master's voice in the pĭtilèss pursuit. The fawn touched the land: in one leap it crŏssed the line of beach, in another instant it was in the woods.

8. The hound followed, true to the scent, aiming at the same spot on the shōre. His master, anxious to meet him, had run at full speed, and was now coming up at a most critical[4] moment. Would the dŏg hearken to his voice, or could the hunter reach him in time to seize and control him?

9. A shout from the village bank proclaimed that the fawn had passed out of sight into the fŏrest; at the same instant, the hound, as he touched the land, felt the hunter's strŏng arm clutching his neck. The worst was believed to be over: the fawn was leaping up the mountain-side, and its enemy under restraint. The other dogs, seeing their leader cowed, were easily managed.

10. A number of persons, men and boys, dispersed them-

[1] **In`ter cept'**, to stop on its passage; to take or seize by the way.

[2] **Anguish**, (ăng'gwish), very great pain, either of body or mind.

[3] **In tense'**, strained; tightly drawn; very close.

[4] **Crit' ic al**, important; decisive; dangerous.

selves through the woods in search of their favorite; but without success. They all returned to the village, repōrting that the animal had not been seen by them. Some persons thought that after its fright had passed over, it would return of its own accord. It had worn a pretty collar, with its owner's name engraved upon it, so that it could be easily known from any other fawn that might be straying about the woods.

11. Before many hours had passed, ă hunter presented himself to the lady whose pet the little creature had been, and, showing a collar with her name upon it, said that he had been out in the woods, and saw a fawn in the distance; the little animal instead of bounding away as he had expected, moved toward him, and he took aim, fired, and shot it to the heart. When he found the collar about its neck, he was very sŏrry that he had killed it.

12. And thus the poor little thing lŏst its life. One would have thought that such a terrible chase would have made it ăfrāid of man; but no, it forgot the evil and remembered the kindnèss only, and came to meet as a friend the hunter who shot it. MISS COOPER.

III.

36. LUCY GRAY.

NO mate, no cŏmrāde,[1] Lucy knew;
She dwelt on a wide moor;[2]
The sweetèst thing that ever grew
Beside a cottage door!

2. You may spy[3] the fawn at play,
The hare[4] upon the green;
But the sweet face of Lucy Gray
Will never more be seen.

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[1] **Com' rade**, associate, mate, or companion.

[2] **Moor**, meadow-land of great extent, having a poor, light soil.

[3] **Spy**, gain sight of; discover at a distance; see.

[4] **Hare**, (hâr), a small, timid animal.

3. "To-night will be ă stormy night,
You to the town must go;
And take a lantern, child, to light
Your[1] mother through[2] the snow."

4. "That, father, I will gladly do:
'Tis scarcely[3] afternoon—
The minster[4] clock has just struck two,
And yŏnder is the moon."

5. At this the father raised his hook,
And snapped a fagot band;
He plied his work, and Lucy took
The lantern in her hand.

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[1] **Your**, (y^{3}ŏr).
[2] **Through**, (thrŏ).
[3] **Scarcely**, (skârs' lĭ), hardly.
[4] **Min' ster**, church.

6. Not blither[1] is the mountain roe:[2]
With many a wanton[3] stroke,
Her feet disperse[4] the powdery snow,
That rises up like smoke.

7. The storm came on before its time:
She wandered up and down,
And many a hill did Lucy climb,
But never reached the town.

8. The wretched par'ents all that night
Went shouting far and wide;
But there was nēither sound nor sight
To serve them for a guide.

9. At daybreak on a hill they stood,
That overlooked the moor;
And thence they saw the bridge of wood,
A furlŏng[5] from the door.

10. They wept, and, turning homeward, cried,
"In heaven we all shall meet"—
When in the snow the mother spied
The print of Lucy's feet!

11. Half breathlèss, from the steep hill's edge
They tracked the footmarks small;
And through the broken hawthorn hedge,[6]
And by the lŏng stone wall;

12. And then an open field they crŏssed—
The marks were still the same;
They track them on, nor ever lŏst,
And to the bridge they came.

13. They followed from the snowy bank
Those footmarks, one by one,
Into the middle of the plank—
And further there were none!

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[1] **Blither**, (blĭth' er), more joyous; more gay

[2] **Roe**, the female deer.

[3] **Wanton**, (wŏn' tun), playful.

[4] **Dis perse'**, scatter.

[5] **Furlong**, (fĕr' lŏng), forty rods; the eighth part of a mile.

[6] **Hedge**, (hĕj), very many shrubs and trees growing; a fence formed of growing bushes.

14. You yĕt may spy the fawn at play,
The hare upon the green;
But the sweet face of Lucy Gray
Will never more be seen.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

IV.

37. THE LITTLE BOY THAT DIED.

I AM all ălōne in my chămber now,
And the midnight hour is near,
And the fagot's crack, and the clock's dull tick,
Are the ōnly sounds I hear;
And over my soul, in its solitude,[1]
Sweet feelings of sadnèss glide;
For my heart and my eyes are full, when I think
Of the little boy that died.

2. I went one night to my father's house—
Went home to the dear ones all,
And sŏftly I opened the garden gate,
And softly the door of the hall:
My mother came out to meet her son,
She kissed me, and then she sighed,
And her head fell on my neck, and she wept
For the little boy that died.

3. And when I gazed on his innocent face,
As still and cold he lay,
And thought what a lovely child he had been,
And how soon he must decay:
"O Death! thou lovèst the beautiful,"
In the woe of my spirit I cried;
For sparkled the eyes, and the fŏrehead[2] was fair,[3]
Of the little boy that died.

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[1] **Sol'i tude**, the state of being alone; loneliness.

[2] **Forehead**, (fŏr' ed).

[3] **Fair**, (fâr).

4. Again[1] I will go to my father's house,
Go home to the dear ones all,
And sadly I'll open the garden gate,
And sadly the door of the hall:
I shall meet my mother, but never more
With her darling by her side;
But she'll kiss me, and sigh and weep again
For the little boy that died.

5. I shall miss him when the flowers come
In the garden where he played;
I shall miss him more by the fireside,
When the flowers have all decayed;
I shall see his toys and his empty chair,
And the horse he used to ride;
And they will speak with a silent speech,
Of the little boy that died.

6. I shall see his little sister again
With her playmates about the dōor,
And I'll watch the children in their spōrts,
As I never did before;
And if in the group[2] I see a child
That's dimpled and laughing-eyed,
I'll look to see if it may not be
The little boy that died.

7. We shall all go home to our Father's house—
To our Father's house in the skies,
Where the hope of our souls shall have no blight,[3]
And our love no broken ties:
We shall roam on the banks of the River of Peace,
And bathe in its blissful tide;
And one of the joys of our heaven shall be
The little boy that died!

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[1] Again, (å gĕn).

[2] Group, crowd; a number assembled.

[3] Blight, mildew; decay; anything nipping or blasting; that which impairs or destroys

8. And therefore when I'm sĭtting ălōne,
  And the midnight hour is near,
When the fagot's crack and the clock's dull tick
  Are the ōnly sounds I hear,
Oh! sweet ō'er my soul in its solitude
  Are the feelings of sadnèss that glide,
Though my heart and my eyes are full when I think
  Of the little boy that died.

J. D. ROBINSON.

V.

38. THE CHILD IS DEAD.

IT is hard to believe it: that we shall no more hear the glad voice, nor meet the mĕrry laugh that burst so ŏften from its glad heart.

2. Child as it was, it was ă pleasant child, and to the partial par'ent there are traits of lovelinèss that no other eye may see. It was a wise ordering of Providènce that we should love our own childrèn as no one else loves them, and as we love the children of none besides. And ours was a lovely child.

3. But the child is dead. You may put away its playthings. Put them where they will be safe. I would not like to have them broken or lŏst; and you need not lend them to other children when they come to see us. It would pain me to see them in other hands, much as I love to see children happy with their toys.

4. Its clothes you may lay aside; I shall ŏften look them over, and each of the colors that he wore will remind me of him as he looked when he was here. I shall weep often when I think of him; but there is a luxury[1] in thinking of the one that is gŏne, which I would not part with for the world. I think of my child now, a child always, though an ăngel ămong angels.

[1] **Luxury**, (lŭk' shŏ rĭ), any very nice food or drink; too free indulgence in costly food, clothes, etc.; that which is delightful to the senses.

5. The child is dead. The eye has lŏst its luster.[1] The hand is still and cold. Its little heart is not beating now. How pale it looks! Yĕt the vĕry form is dear to me. Evĕry lock of its hair, every feature of its face, is a trĕasure that I shall prize the more, as the months of my sŏrrōw come and go.

6. Lay the little one in his cŏffin. He was never in so cold and hard a bed; but he will feel it not. He would not know it, if he had been laid in his cradle, or in his mother's arms. Throw a flower or two by his side: like them he withered.

7. Carry him out to the grave. Gently. It is a hard road this to the grave. Evĕry jar seems to disturb the infant sleeper. Here we are at the brink of the sepulcher.[2] Oh, how damp, and dark, and cold! But the dead do not feel it. There is no pain, no fear, no weeping there. Sleep on now, and take your rest.

8. Fill it up! Ashes to ashes, dust to dust! Evĕry clod seems to fall on my heart. Every smothered sound from the grave is saying, Gŏne, gone, gone! It is full now. Lay the turf[3] gently over the dear child. Plant a myrtle[4] among the sods, and let the little one sleep among the trees and flowers. Our child is not there. His dust, precious dust, indeed, is there, but our child is in heaven. He is not here: he is risen.

9. I shall think of the form that is mōldering here among the dead; and it will be a mōurnful comfort to come, at times, and think of the child that was once the light of our house, and the idol[5]—ah! that I must own the secret of this sŏrrōw—the idol of my heart!

S. I. Prime.

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[1] **Lus' ter**, brightness.

[2] **Sep' ul cher**, a tomb; a grave; the place in which a human being is buried, or a place intended for that purpose.

[3] **Turf**, (tẽrf), that upper part of earth or mold which is filled with the roots of grass and other small plants so as to hold together and form a kind of mat; sward; sod.

[4] **Myrtle**, (mẽr' tl), a kind of flowering shrub, or small tree, having evergreen leaves and small pale flowers.

[5] **I' dol**, that on which the affections are too strongly set.

VI.

39. EVA'S HOME.

A COTTAGE in a peaceful vale,
A jasmine[1] round the door,
A hill to shelter from the gale,
A silver brook before.

2. Oh, sweet the jăsmĭne's buds of snow,
In mornings sŏft with May!
Oh, silver-clear the waves that flow,
Reflecting[2] heaven, away!

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[1] **Jasmine**, (jăz' mĭn), a climbing plant of a peculiarly sweet smell.

[2] **Re flect' ing**, throwing back light, heat, etc.

3. A sweeter bloom to Eva's youth
Rejoicing Nature gave;
And heaven was mirrored[1] in her truth
More clear than on the wave.

4. Oft to that lōne sequestered[2] place
My boyish steps would roam,
There was a look in Eva's face
That seemed a smile of home.

5. And ŏft I paused to hear at noon
A voice that sang for glee;
Or mark the white neck glancing down,
The book upon the knee.

6. The cottage in the peaceful vale,
The jasmine round the door,
The hill still shelters from the gale,
The brook still glides before.

7. Still sweet the jasmine's buds of snow,
But 'neath the yew-tree's shade,
Where silver-clear the waves still flow,
Her holy dust is laid.

ALTERED FROM LYTTON.

VII.

40. THE CHILD AND THE MOURNERS.

A LITTLE child, beneath ă tree
Sat and chanted[3] chēerily
A little sŏng, a pleasant song,
Which was—she sang it all day lŏng—
"When the wind blows the blossoms fall;
But a good Gŏd reigns over all."

2. There passed a lady by the way,
Moaning[4] in the face of day:

[1] **Mir'rored**, reflected or exhibited as in a mirror.

[2] **Sequestered**, (se kwĕs' terd), separated from others for the sake of privacy; retired.

[3] **Chanted**, (chănt' ed), uttered with a melodious voice; sung.

[4] **Moan'ing**, making a low, dull sound of grief or pain; complaining.

There were tears upon her cheek,
Grief in her heart too great to speak;
Her husband died but yĕster-morn,
And left her in the world forlorn.[1]

3. She stopped and listened to the child
That looked to heaven, and singing, smiled,
And saw not for her own despair,[2]
Another lady, young and fair,
Who, also passing, stopped to hear
The infant's anthem[3] ringing clear.

4. For she but few sad days before
Had lŏst the little babe she bore;
And grief was heavy at her soul
As that sweet memory ō'er her stole,
And showed how bright had been the past.
The present drear[4] and overcast.

5. And as they stood beneath the tree
Listening, soothed and placidly,[5]
A youth[6] came by, whose sunken eyes
Spake of a load of miseries;
And he, arrested[7] like the twain,[8]
Stopped to listen to the strain.

6. Death had bowed the youthful head
Of his bride beloved, of his bride unwed:
Her marriage robes were fitted on,
Her fair young face with blushes shŏne,
When the destroyer smote her low,
And changed the lover's bliss to woe.

7. And these three listened to the sŏng,
Silver-toned, and sweet, and strŏng,

---

[1] **For lorn'**, forsaken; without friends.

[2] **Des pair'**, the loss of all hope.

[3] **An' them**, any church music adapted to passages from the Bible; a song.

[4] **Drear**, dismal; gloomy.

[5] **Plac' id ly**, calmly; mildly.

[6] **Youth**, (yŏth).

[7] **Ar rest' ed**, held or restrained from moving.

[8] **Twain**, two.

Which that child, the lĭvelŏng day,
Chanted to itself in play—
"When the wind blows the blossoms fall,
But a good Gŏd reigns over all."

8. The widōw's lips impulsive[1] moved;
The mother's grief, though unreproved,
Sŏftened, as her trembling tongue
Repeated what the infant sung;
And the sad lover, with a start,
Conned[2] it over in his heart.

9. And though the child—if child it were,
And not a sĕraph[3] sitting there—
Was seen no more, the sorrowing three
Went on their way resignedly,
The sŏng still ringing in their ears:
Was it music from the spheres?[4]

10. Who shall tell? They did not know.
But in the midst of deepèst woe
The strain recurred[5] when sŏrrōw grew;
To warn them, and console[6] them too—
"When the wind blows the blossoms fall,
But a good Gŏd reigns over all."

CHARLES MACKAY.

SECTION VIII.

I.

41. DISOBEDIENCE.

YOU have never disobeyed your parents, or your teachers, or any who have been placed in authŏrity[7] over you, without being uncomfortable and unhappy!

[1] **Im pul' sive**, with quick force.
[2] **Conned**, studied; considered.
[3] **Ser' aph**, an angel of the highest order.
[4] **Spheres**, (sfērs), worlds. The ancients had an ideä that the sun, moon, and stars made music as they moved; hence, *music of the spheres*.
[5] **Recurred**, (re kĕrd'), came again.
[6] **Con sole'**, to comfort.
[7] **Authority**, (å thŏr' ĭ tĭ), rightful power; a right to act or to command.

Obedience,[1] in a child, is one of the most necessary qualities; for it protects him from all the evils of his want of experience,[2] and gives him the benefit of the experience of others.

2. One fine summer's day, I went to spend an afternoon at a house in the country, where some young people were enjoying a hŏliday.

3. They were running cheerfully up and down a mĕadōw, covered over with yĕllōw crocuses, and other flowers; and I looked on them with delight, while they gamboled and made posies, as they felt disposed.

"Here sister with sister roamed over the mead,[3]
And brother plucked flow'rets with brother;
And playmates with playmates ran on with such speed
That the one tumbled over the other."

4. Now, they all had been told to keep ăwāy from the ditch at the bottom of the field; but, notwithstanding this injunction,[4] one little urchin,[5] of the name of Jarvis, seeing a flower in the hedge on the opposite bank, which he wished to găther, crept nearer and nearer to the ditch. The closer he got to the flower, the more beautiful it appeared to be, and the strŏnger the temptation[6] became to pluck it.

5. Now, what right had he to put himself in the way of temptation? The field, as I said before, was covered over with flowers; and that in the hedge was no better than the rest, only it was ă forbidden flower, and when any thing is forbidden it becomes, on that vĕry account, a greater temptation to a disobedient heart.

6. Jarvis had găthered a whōle handful of flowers before he saw the one growing in the hedge; but he threw all

[1] **O be di ence**, the state of being willing to obey; a ready compliance with that which is required by rightful authority.

[2] **Ex pe' ri ence**, frequent trial of a matter; wisdom gained by experience; useful knowledge taught by the changes and trials of life.

[3] **Mead**, a meadow.

[4] **Injunction**, (ĭn jŭnk' shŭn), order or command.

[5] **Urchin**, (ĕr' chin), a pert or rough little fellow; a child.

[6] **Temp ta' tion**, the state of being tempted, or enticed to evil; that which tempts.

these ăwāy, so much was his mind set on gĕtting the one which he wanted.

7. Unluckily for him, on getting down the bank his foot slipped, and down he rolled into a bed of stinging nettles, at the bottom of the ditch which fortunately happened to have in it but little water.

8. Jarvis screamed out with might and main, as he lay on his back; for, whichever way he turned, his cheeks and his fingers brushed ăgainst the nettles.

9. His cries soon brought his companions ăround him; but, as they were all young, they knew not how to render him assistance, on account of the stinging nettles, and the depth of the ditch.

10. I ran to the spot, and pulled up Master Jarvis in a pı etty state, his jacket and trowsers plastered with mud, and his hands and face covered with blotches. Here was the fruit of disobedience! And as it was with Jarvis, so will it be with evèry one who acts disobediently.

11. Whenever you feel a temptation to disobey God; to disobey his holy word; to disobey the admonitions[1] of your own conscience;[2] to disobey your parents, your teachers, or any in authority over you, be sure that a punishment ăwāits you, if you do not resist it.

II.

42. THE TWO SCHOOLMATES.

IN ă pleasant village on the east bank of the Hudson, on a sunny, sandy spot, stood the old yĕllōw school-house. Among the many laughing children that played ăround it thirty-five years ăgō, were two boys, Frank and Edward.

2. They were nearly of the same age; they sat on the same seat, studied the same lessons, and read from the same book. Their fathers were bōth rich, were vĕry fond of their sons, and hoped they would grow up wise and good men.

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[1] **Admonition**, (ăd' mō nĭsh' ŭn), caution against a fault or error; gentle or friendly reproof.

[2] **Conscience**, (kŏn' shĕns), the power or principle within us which decides on the lawfulness or unlawfulness of our actions and affections and approves or condemns them.

3. Edward could learn vĕry easily. If he only read over his lesson once or twice, he could recite it well; so that he had a great deal of time to play, even in school-hours.

4. Wĭth Frank it was quite otherwise. Evèry thing he learned was by hard study. While thē[1] other boys were playing and shouting at recess,[2] he was at his books.

5. When strangers visited the school, they would say: "What ă bright boy Edward is! How well he knows his lesson! What a fine man he will be!" But no such compliment[3] was ever heard for poor Frank.

6. The boys grew to be young men, and their fathers sent them to college. Here it was just the same. Edward did not study much, yĕt he gĕnèrally recited well; Frank was never idle, and yĕt he was ŏften called dull.

7. Time passed on. The young men left college and commenced businèss. Then their friends found they had been mistaken. Edward had formed bad habits; he had grown idle and carelèss, and too fond of plĕasure.

8. Wĭth these faults no man can succeed in business, and thus he sadly disappointed all the fond hopes of his friends. Frank, on the other hand, was patient and industrious. "Try, try again," had always been his mŏttō, and Gŏd blessed his efforts.

9. He is now an eminent[4] physician in one of our largèst cities; while his early playmate, the bright, but idle Edward, is a disgrace to his family—a worthlèss drunkàrd.

III.

43. THE FOSTER-CHILD.

PART FIRST.

A POOR woman entered the parlor of ă lady for whom she had sometimes worked. She led by the hand a little boy, poorly clad, and of a sad countenance. To the questions addressed to her, she mournfully replied:

[1] **The**, see Rule 3, p. 24.

[2] **Re cess'**, a withdrawing or retiring; a moving back; an intermission; a short delay or rest.

[3] **Com' pli ment**, words of praise said merely to please.

[4] **Em' i nent**, above others; much esteemed.

2. "He is my child. His father has been dead since he was ă baby. Six months since, I married ăgain. He seems not to be welcome to his new father. It grows worse and worse. Sometimes he goes hungry, and sometimes he is badly beaten."

3. Then weeping, she added, "I can not deny that my husband, now and then, drinks too much. Then it is bad for us bŏth, but worst of all for the poor boy. When I go out to work, I can not leave him at home, for fear he might be killed while I am gŏne. The people who hire me, do not like to have me bring a child with me.

4. "Oh dear măd'am, will you not let him live with you? Take him, I pray, and do what you will with him, for our misèry is great. I feel that I can not live lŏng, and my only fear of death is, that I must leave him ălōne to suffer. O, lady! lady! you, whose two sweet childrèn are in the grave, have pity on us."

5. And as the boy looked timidly up, there was ă large, round tear in each blue eye, like a dew-drop upon a vīolet. The heart of the bereaved[1] one yearned[2] over him; and she bădе the poor mother bring him ăgain to-mŏrrōw. That night, she consulted her husband, and he said, "Do as thou wilt in this matter, for the Lord is with thee."

6. The next morning the sad pair presented themselves. The lady took the child by the hand, and said, "I will be ă mother to him. So help me, Gŏd." The poor woman fell on her knees, and praised the Lord, saying, that now she was ready to die in peace.

7. The boy was overjoyed to find that a bath,[3] and a sūit of neat clothes, and a comfortable meal awaited him. Still more oppressed[4] was he with wonder, when the gentleman came home, and he was told he might call him father. He

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[1] **Be reaved'**, made destitute; one from whom a loved object has been taken

[2] **Yearned**, (yẽrnd), was filled with longing desire; was moved by feelings of affection or tenderness.

[3] **Bath**, (bȧth), a vessel of water for persons to plunge or wash their bodies in.

[4] **Op pressed'**, overwhelmed; bowed down; burdened or constrained; overpowered.

bowed himself low, as he uttered the word, and turning to his kind benefactrèss, whispered: "He will not beat me, when he gets back to-night, will he?"

8. When he was led, at retiring, to ă little chămber, and a nicer bed than, perhaps, he had ever before seen, he kneeled beside it, as his poor mother had taught him, and murmured, "What shall I say? Oh, what shall I say? My old prayers wŏn't do." So filled was he with amazemènt and gratitude, that his few words were in sobs: "Oh, good Lord! good Lord! Take care of poor mother, and dōn't ever let me go back any more."

IV.

44. THE FOSTER-CHILD.

PART SECOND.

HIS zeal to serve and please those who so nobly sheltered him, knew no bounds. "What shall I do for you, my lady—mother, I mean? Please let me do something."

2. His earnèst application[1] in learning to read, and committing[2] verses and hymns, creätèd some anxiety, lest his health should suffer. His judicious[3] fŏster-mother[4] devised[5] modes of exercise and light labor for him, and wished to allure[6] him to athletic[7] plays; but he never seemed so happy as when near her side.

3. He was fond of repeating to himself, after he had retired, passages from the Bible, which he committed to memòry. It would seem that he dwelt most upon those which seemed to have reference to his own past or present condition. He was heard many times to say in his

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[1] **Ap pli ca' tion**, the act of fixing the mind; close attention.

[2] **Com mit' ting**, learning.

[3] **Judicious**, (jū dĭsh' us), according to sound judgment; discreet; prudent: wise.

[4] **Fos' ter-moth' er**, one in the place of a mother.

[5] **De vised'**, made; found out; planned.

[6] **Al lure'**, entice; draw; attract

[7] **Ath let' ic**, vigorous; strong.

solitary[1] ăpart'mènt,[2] with tender intonations,[3] "*I was brought low, and He helped me.*"

4. The ĕxcellènt pair, who extended to him their kind protection,[4] felt for the āmiăble[5] child a true parental regard. Gŏd's blessing seemed to descend into their hearts, and comfort them for the chĭldrèn they had lŏst, with a a quiet joy in the one they had found. Yĕt they could not repress their anxiety at the increasing indications[6] of his failing health.

5. Whether it was the result of ă naturally feeble constitution, or of the hardships he had endured from an intemperate man's tyranny,[7] the physicians were not agreed. His poor mother had died a few months after his adoption. It was Gŏd's will that in less than a year he should follow her. Evèry care that skill and affection could devise, was lavished[8] on the orphan,[9] but in vain.

6. When so weak, as to be unable to walk, he steadfastly regarded the bed on which he was laid, and said, "Is this my death-bed? *my death-bed?*" He seemed to have imbibed[10] the impression that it would differ in aspect[11] from other places of repose, having heard it spoken of with solemnity.[12] Having scanned[13] it with attention, he laid down his head, repeating: "Jesus can make a dying bed feel sŏft as downy pillows are."

7. To his kind fŏster-mother, as she watched over him, he said, once at midnight, "I shall go to your boy and girl. Will they be angry with me, because I lived in their house,

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[1] **Sol' i ta ry**, single; not much visited; being by one's self.

[2] **A part' ment**, a division or room in a building.

[3] **In to na' tions**, sounds of the voice made in a musical manner.

[4] **Pro tec' tion**, the act of preserving from loss, annoyance, or injury, shelter.

[5] **A' mi a ble**, worthy of love; deserving of affection.

[6] **In di ca' tion**, mark; something which points out.

[7] **Tyranny**, (tĭr' an nĭ), cruel government; severity.

[8] **Lav' ished**, expended or given very freely.

[9] **Or' phan**, a child who has lost both father and mother.

[10] **Im bibed'**, drunk in; swallowed; taken.

[11] **As' pect**, appearance.

[12] **So lem' ni ty**, gravity; steady seriousness.

[13] **Scanned**, gone over and examined point by-point.

and used some of their playthings? Will they kiss me, and hold out their hand to me, as you do?"

8. The work of death was lingering, and severe; but he was patient and lamb-like. He seemed to have no will of his own. All that troubled him was, to see the grief of his par'ents.

9. "Oh, sir, my good father—dear mother, dōn't cry, don't cry. It is all light overhead. The Saviour will save me." And so, the gentle orphan, whose short life had comprised so much of sŏrrōw and of joy, went home to the Father of his spirit.

10. Tenderly loved, and truly mourned was he by those who had nobly rescued him from penury[1] and injustice; and in his brief course of budding lovelinèss and fervent gratitude, they found full payment for their liberality. But a rapturous[2] plaudit[3] awaits them hereafter, from lips divine: "*Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto me.*" MRS. SIGOURNEY.

V.

45. THE CROP OF ACORNS.

THERE came ă man in days of old,
To hire a piece of land for gold,
And urged his sūit in accents meek,
"*One crop ălōne* is all I seek;
The harvèst ō'er, my claim I yield,
And to its lord resign the field."

2. The owner some misgivings felt,
And coldly with the strānger dealt;
But found his last objection fail,
And honeyed eloquence[4] prevail;
So took the proffered price in hand,
And, for "*one crop*," leased out the land.

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[1] **Pen' u ry**, poverty; want.

[2] **Rapt' ur ous**, very joyous.

[3] **Plau' dit**, a mark or expression of applause; praise given.

[4] **El' o quence**, such an utterance of one's thoughts, feelings, or desires, as awakens a perfect sympathy, or corresponding emotions in a listener

3. The wĭly[1] tenant sneered with pride,
And sowed the spot with acorns wide:
At first like tĭny shoots they grew,
Then broad and wide their branches threw;
But lŏng before those oaks sublime,
Aspiring reached their fŏrest prime,
The cheated landlord moldering lay,
Forgotten, with his kindred clay.

4. O ye, whose years, unfolding fair,
Are fresh with youth and free from care,
Should vice or indolence desire,
The garden of your souls to hire,
No parley[2] hold—reject the suit,
Nor let one seed the soil pollute.[3]

5. My child, the first approach beware;
With firmnèss break the insidious[4] snare
Lest, as the acorns grew and throve
Into a sun-excluding grove,
Thy sins, ă dark ō'ershadōwing tree,
Shut out the light of Heaven from thee.

MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY

VI.

46. AN EASTERN FABLE.

ABDALLAH sat at his morning meal, when there ălīghted on the rim of his goblet ă little fly. It sipped an atom of sĭrup and was gŏne. But it came next morning, and the next, and the next ăgain, till at last the scholar noticed it. Not quite a common fly, it seemed to know that it was beautiful, and it soon grew vĕry bold.

2. And lo! a great wonder: it became daily larger and yĕt larger, till there could be discęrned,[5] in the size, as of a

[1] **Wi'ly**, crafty; deceitful; artful; sly.

[2] **Par'ley**, a talk with another; a conference, or a hasty and informal treaty between enemies.

[3] **Pol lute'**, to soil; make impure.

[4] **In sid'i ous**, lying in wait; sly; deceitful.

[5] **Dis cerned'**, discovered; made out and distinguished by the eye.

locust, the appearance of a man. From a hand-breadth, it reached the stature[1] of a cubit;[2] and still so winning were its ways, that it found more and more favor with this son of infatuation.[3] It frisked like a sātyr,[4] and it sang like a pērĭ,[5] and like a mŏth of the evening it danced on the ceiling, and, like the king's gift, whithersoever it turned, it prospered.

3. The eyes of the simple one were blinded, so that he could not, in all this, perceive the subtlety[6] of an evil gēniüs.[7] Therefore the lying spirit waxed bolder and yĕt bolder, and whatsoever his soul desired of dainty meats, he freely took; and when the scholar waxed wroth,[8] and said, "This is my daily pōrtion from the table of the mufti[9]—there is not enough for thee and me," the dŏg-faced deceiver played some pleasant trick, and caused the silly one to smile; until, in prŏcess of time, the scholar perceived that, as his guest grew strŏnger and stronger, he himself waxed weaker and weaker.

4. Now, also, there ărōse frequent strife betwixt the dēmon and his dupe,[10] and at last the youth smote the fiend so sore that he departed for a season. And when he was gŏne, Abdallah rejoiced, and said, "I have triumphed over mine enemy, and whatsoever time it pleasèth me, I shall smite him so that he die. Is he not altogĕther in mine own power?"

5. But after not many days, the tempter came back

[1] **Stature**, (stăt' yŏr), tallness; height of an animal body.

[2] **Cu' bit**, the measure of a man's arm from the elbow to the end of the middle finger.

[3] **In fat u a' tion**, extreme or very great folly.

[4] **Sa tyr**, a fabulous deity or monster of the wood, half man and half goat, noted for its undue merriment.

[5] **Pe' ri**, in the East, a spirit supposed to be shut out of heaven, for some fault, till it is made pure by pain or suffering.

[6] **Subtlety**, (sŭt' tl tĭ), slyness: artfulness; cunning.

[7] **Genius**, (jē' ne us), a good or evil spirit or demon, who was supposed, in ancient times, to direct and rule a man through life.

[8] **Wroth**, (răth), full of wrath; very angry.

[9] **Muf ti**, a Mohammedan high-priest; a Turkish name of a doctor of the law of the Koran, or Mohammedan bible.

[10] **Dupe**, one who is duped, deceived, or easily misled

ăgain; and this time he was arrayed in goodly garmènts, and he brought a present in his hand, and he spake of the days of their first friendship, and he looked so mild and feeble, that his smooth words wrought upon this dove without a heart, and saying, "Is he not a little one?" he received him again into his chămber.

6. On the mŏrrōw, when Abdallah came not into the assembly of studious youth, the mufti said, "Wherefore tarriëst the son of Abdul? Perchance he sleepèth." Therefore they repaired even to his chămber; but to their knocking he made no answer. Wherefore the mufti opened the door, and, lo! there lay on the divan[1] the dead body of his disciple.

7. His visage was black and swollen, and on his throat was the pressure of ă finger broader than the palm of a mighty man. All the stuff, the gold, and the chănges of raiment belŏnging to the haplèss one were gŏne, and in the sŏft earth of the garden were seen the footsteps of a giant. The mufti mĕasured one of the prints, and, behold! it was six cubits lŏng.

8. Reader, canst thou expound the riddle? Is it the bottle or the betting-book? Is it the billiard-table or the theater? Is it smoking? Is it lazinèss? Is it novèl-reading? But know that an evil habit is an elf constantly expanding. It may come in at the keyhole, but it will soon grow too big for the house. Know, also, that no evil habit can take the life of your soul, unless you yourself noŭrish it and cherish it, and, by feeding it with your own vitality,[2] give it a strength greater than your own.

VII.

47. THE OLD OAKEN BUCKET.

HOW dear to this heart are the scenes of my childhood,
When fond recollection presents them to view!
The orchard, the mĕadōw, the deep-tangled wild wood,
And every loved spot which my infancy knew;

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[1] **Divan**, (dĭ vȧn'), a cushioned seat placed against the wall of a room.

[2] **Vi tal' i ty**, life; the power or means of maintaining life

The wide-spreading pond, and the mill which stood by it.
The bridge and the rock where the cataract[1] fell;
The cot of my father, the dairy-house[2] nigh it,
And e'en the rude buckèt which hung in the weĭl:
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The mŏss-covered bucket, which hung in the well.

2. That mŏss-covered vessèl I hail as a trĕasure;
For ŏften, at noon, when returned from the field,

[1] **Cat' a ract**, a great cascade or waterfall.

[2] **Dai' ry-house**, a house set apart for the management of milk, or in which milk, butter, and cheese are kept.

I found it the sŏurce of an ex'quisite plĕasure,
The purèst and sweetèst that nature can yield.
How ardènt I seized it, with hands that were glowing!
And quick to the white-pebbled bottom it fell;
Then soon, with the emblem[1] of truth overflowing,
And dripping with coolnèss, it rose from the well:
The old oaken buckèt, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket ărōse from the well.

How sweet from the green mŏssy brim to receive it,
As poised on the curb it inclined to my lips!
Not a full blushing goblet[2] could tempt me to leave it,
Though filled with the nectar[3] that Jupiter sips.
And now, far removed from the loved situation,
The tear of regret will intrusively[4] swell,
As fancy reverts to my father's plantation,[5]
And sighs for the buckèt which hangs in the well:
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket, which hangs in the well.

SAMUEL WOODWORTH.

SECTION IX.

I.

48. DELAY.

TO-MORROW, mŏrrōw, not to-day!
'Tis thus the idle ever say.
To-morrow I will strive ănew,

Em' blem, a thing thought to resemble some other thing in its leading qualities, and so used to represent it. Water is called *the emblem of truth* because of its clearness and purity.

[2] Gob' let, a kind of cup or drinking vessel without a handle.

[3] Nec' tar, the drink of the heathen gods, of which Jupiter was the chief or highest; honey; any sweet drink.

[4] Intrusively, (ĭn trō͞o' sĭv lĭ), without invitation, right, or welcome.

[5] Plan ta' tion, a place planted; a large cultivated farm.

To-morrow I will seek instruction,
To-morrow I will shun seduction,
To-morrow this and that will do.

2. And wherefore not to-day? to-mŏrrōw
For thee will also be too nărrōw;
To every day its task allot![2]
Whate'er is done, is done forever,
Thus much I know; but whatsoever
May hap to-morrow know I not.

3. On! on! or thou wilt be retreating;
For all our moments, quickly fleeting,
Advance, nor backward more incline,
What we possess ălōne is ours,
The use we make of present hours;
For can I call the future mine?

4. And every day, thus vainly fleeing,
Is in the volume of my being
A page unwritten, blank and void.
Men write on its unsullied[3] pages
Deeds to be read by coming ages!
Be every day alike employed!

FROM THE GERMAN OF WEISSE.

II.

49. ONE BY ONE.

ONE by one the sands are flowing,
One by one the moments fall;
Some are coming, some are going;
Do not strive to grasp them all.

2. One by one thy duties wait thee;
Let thy whōle strength go to each:
Let no future dreams elate[4] thee;
Learn thou first what these can teach.

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[1] **Se duc tion**, act of leading away from duty; that which is adapted or employed to lead astray.

[2] **Al lot'**, to divide or distribute, as by lot; to give or appoint.

Un sul' lied, pure; without spot or stain.

[4] **E late'**, to make glad or joyous; to elevate or flush with success; to puff up: to make proud.

3. One by one (bright gifts of heaven)
Joys are sent thee here below:
Take them readily when given,—
Ready, too, to let them go.

4. One by one thy griefs shall meet thee;
Do not fear an armèd band:
One will fade as others greet thee,—
Shadōws passing through the land.

5. Do not look at life's lŏng sŏrrōw;
See how small each momènt's pain;
Gŏd will help thee for to-mŏrrōw;
Every day begin again.

6. Every hour that fleets so slowly,
Has its task to do or bear;
Luminous[1] the crown, and holy,
If thou set each gem with care.

7. Do not linger with regretting,
Or for passing hours despond;[2]
Nor, thy daily toil forgetting,
Look too eagerly beyŏnd.

8. Hours are golden links, God's token,[3]
Reaching heaven; but one by one
Take them, lest the chain be broken,
Ere thy pilgrimage[4] be done.

III.

50. NOW, TO-DAY

1.

ARISE! for the day is passing, and you lie dreaming on;
Your brothers are cased in armor, and fōrth to the fight are gone!
A place in the ranks ăwaĭts you; each man has some part to play;
The Past and the Future are nothing in the face of stern *to-day*.

[1] **Lu' min ous**, bright; emitting or sending out light.

[2] **De spond'** to be cast down; to lose courage; to give up.

[3] **Token**, (tō' kn), something intended to represent another thing.

[4] **Pil' grim age**, a long wearisome journey.

2.

Arise from your dreams of the Future,—of gaining some hard-fought field,
Of storming some airy fortress, or bidding some giant yield;
Your Future has deeds of glōry, of honor, (Gŏd grant it may!)
But your arm will never be strónger, or needed as *now*,—*to-day*.

3.

Arise! if the Past detain you, her sunshine and storms forgĕt;
No chains so unworthy to hold you as those of a vain regret;
Sad or bright, she is lifelèss ever; cast her phantom[1] arms away,
Nor look back, save to learn the lesson of a nobler strife *to-day*.

4.

Arise! for the day is passing; the sound that you scarcely hear,
Is the enemy marching to battle! *Rise!* Rise! for the foe is near!
Stay not to sharpen your wĕapons, or the hour will strike at last,
When, from dreams of a coming battle, you may wake to find it past!

Adelaide A. Procter

SECTION X.

I.

51. THE HALF IS BETTER THAN THE WHOLE.

THE sun was pōuring its meridian[2] rays upon the Arabian desert, when ă căr'avan halted for refreshmènt and repose. The tents were arranged for shade, the camels were unladen, and each tired Mussulman,[3] reclining upon the sand, enjoyed his favorite luxury of the pipe, or listened to one of those lŏng, dull tales, with which the inhabitants of thē[4] East are wont[5] to ămūse each other in their journeyings through the desert.

2. Two little boys, the only children in the whōle com-

[1] Phan' tom, shadowy; having only an apparent existence.

[2] Me rid' i an, mid-day.

[3] Mus' sul man, a Mohammedan; one who believes Mohammed to have been a prophet.

[4] The, (thē), see Rule 3. p. 24.

[5] Wont, (wŭnt), used; accustomed

pany, ălōne were restlèss, active, and impatient of restraint. As they were not ăllowed to smoke, and had no taste for the tedious[1] stōries that ămūsed their elders, they wandered ămong the camels, and climbed upon their backs togĕther, and, at last, for want of other entertainment, quarreled, and then separated, to find each his own ămūsemènt[2] apart.

3. Sēlĭm, the younger, resolving heartily never to play again with Ali,[3] scampered ŏff toward a cluster of low rocks that, at a short distance, emerged from the plain of sand, and formed the only object that broke the uniformity of the prospect. Having reached the rocks, he had nothing to do but return, and endure again the dullnèss of the caravan, and the provoking temper of Ali. His spirit sunk at the thought of the odious[4] necessity, when turning a corner of the rocks, that were rather higher than himself, he came suddenly on a prize that made him cry out for joy.

4. Taking root in a fissure[5] of the rock, ă stunted[6] date-tree had pushed its puny[7] limbs into the sunshine, and bōre on its dwarfish[8] head a handful of over-ripened fruit. A small, but clear spring of water trickled through the crevice,[9] and, supplying moisture to the tree, glistened ălŏng the thirsty sands for a moment, and then disappeared.

5. A fountain of fresh water! What ă transpōrting[10] discovery! For weeks, poor Sēlĭm had tasted no drink except rare and stinted draughts[11] from the heated contents of the water-skins, that had been brought on the camels' backs from Mohadin.

6. He could scarcely believe his eyes. He looked anxiously toward the car'avan, fearing that he might have been followed, and that his rich prize might be taken from

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[1] **Te' di ous**, dull; tiresome from length or slowness.

[2] **A muse' ment**, that which affects us lightly and pleasantly; pastime; sport.

[3] **Ali**, (ā' lē).

[4] **O' di ous**, hāte ful; disagreeable.

[5] **Fissure**, (fĭsh' ŭr), a split, or narrow opening.

[6] **Stunt' ed**, stopped in its growth.

[7] **Pu' ny**, little and weak.

[8] **Dwarf' ish**, smaller than its natural size.

[9] **Crev' ice**, a crack.

[10] **Trans port' ing**, carried beyond one's self for joy.

[11] **Draught**, (drăft), that which is drawn in at once in drinking.

him, or at least shared, by that odioüs brother. But no one came to interrupt, or to partake of his happinèss;—the cool water and the luscious[1] fruit were all his own.

7. For a moment, the fancy of Sēlĭm rĕveled[2] in the anticipation[3] of the delicious draught, and of the rich repast before him, and, in his happiness, he found that he

[1] **Luscious,** (lŭsh' us), sweet; delightful.

[2] **Rev' eled,** moved playfully.

[3] **An tic i pa'tion,** expected pleasure or pain felt before its arrival; a taking beforehand.

had forgiven Ali. His plĕasure was so ex'quisite,[1] that he wanted to shout it to the rocks; and even the fiercely-glaring sun, he thought, might sympathize in his delight.

8. But the first draught was scarcely swallowed, before Sēlĭm began to find that something was wanting to complete his enjoymènt. What could it be, whose absence was causing the refreshing water to pall[2] upon his appetite.

9. He wondered that he was not perfectly happy in the sole possession of such trĕasures. He pondered,[3] and considered in vain. But his untutored heart whispered to him the truth. He paused. He sighed; then ran, like an antelope,[4] over the hills to the tent where his brother had laid himself down to sleep.

10. Back the two brothers hastened to the rocks. Sēlĭm enjoyed the surprise, the delight of Ali, at the sight of the fountain and the tree. He found his own plĕasure doubled in witnessing that of his brother. The water seemed cooler, the fruit had a higher flavor,[5] when Ali joined his praises of bōth. The glare[6] of the sun was less regarded.

11. They talked, and laughed; they ate, and drank. Sēlĭm's enjoymènt was now perfect; and from that day to the end of his life, he never forgot, that, of whatever fountains of plĕasure or fruits of joy we may find on our pĭlgrimage through the world, the half is better—much better—than the whōle.

II.

52. THE BOY WHO KEPT HIS PURPOSE.

PART FIRST.

"I WOULD not be so mean," said George Ward to a boy who stood by while he put the candy he had just bought into his pocket. "You have no right to call me

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[1] **Exquisite**, (ĕks' kwĭ zit), carefully selected or sought out; hence, very nice; very great; giving rare satisfaction.

[2] **Pall**, lose strength or taste.

Pon' dered, thought.

An' te lope, a kind of goat or deer with wreathed or ringed horns.

[5] **Fla' vor**, that quality of any thing which affects the smell or taste; that which gives to any thing a very pleasant odor or taste.

[6] **Glare**, (glâr), bright light.

mean," replied Reuben[1] Pōrter, "because I don't spend my money for candy."

2. "You never spend it for any thing," continued George, tauntingly.[2] It was true: Reuben did not spend his money. Do you suppose it was because he loved it more than other boys do?

3. Reuben turned slowly ăwāy, meditating[3] upon what had occurred. "I will not care for what George thinks," he at length said to himself; "I have four dollars now, and when I have sold my cabbages, I shall have another dollar. *I shall soon have enough;*" and his heart bounded joyfully, his step recovered its elasticity,[4] and his pace quickened, as the pleasant thought removed the sting the accusation[5] of meannèss had inflicted[6] on his sensitive[7] spirit.

4. "Enough" did not mean the same with Reuben as with grown people. It had a limit. He hastened cheerfully home, or to the place he called home. He had no father or mother there, but kind and loving friends in their stead.

5. Mr. Pōrter had died two years before, leaving a wife and four childrèn, without property to sustain them. Reuben was the eldèst, and, as he was old enough to assist in the labors of a farm, it was thought best he should leave his mother. Mr. Johnson, a neighbor, took him into his family, where he soon became a fāvorīte.

6. There was one thing ăbout the boy, however, which good Mrs. Johnson regardèd as ă great fault. It was what she called "a spirit of hōarding." She said she never gave him an ŏrange, or an apple, that he did not carry it to his room, instead of eating it. Perhaps his sisters at home, or dear little brother Charles, could tell what became of them.

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[1] **Reuben,** (rō͝' ben).

[2] **Tauntingly,** (tânt' ĭng lĭ), in an insulting manner.

[3] **Med' i ta ting,** dwelling on any thing in thought; turning any subject in the mind; thinking.

[4] **E las tic' i ty,** in this place means easiness of motion; its proper meaning is, ability of a thing to return to its form or shape when compressed or expanded.

[5] **Ac' cu sa' tion,** the act of accusing or charging with a crime; that of which one is accused.

[6] **In flict' ed,** bestowed, or given, or struck.

[7] **Sen' si tive,** that which quickly feels.

7. Mrs. Johnson had noticed, too, in his drawer, ă box, which was quite heavy with money. She did not believe he had bought so much as a fish-hook since he had been in their family. If he should go on in this wăy, he will grow up to be a miser.

8. Mr. Johnson smiled at his wife's earnestnèss, and remarked, that, with such an example of generosity as Reuben had constantly before him, he could not believe the child was in much danger from the fault she feared. "It must be remembered," he said, "that Reuben has his own way to make in life. He must early learn to save, or he will always be poor. There are his mother and sisters, too, who need his aid."

III.

53. THE BOY WHO KEPT HIS PURPOSE.

PART SECOND.

IN vărious ways Reuben added to his stōre.[1] When the snow came he made nice broad paths about the house, which so attracted the notice of ă neighbor, that she asked if he might be allowed to make paths for her. He rose early, that he might have time for this extra[2] work, and was well paid for his efforts. The box grew heavier from week to week. *Reuben had almost enough.*

2. One day there was a barrel of flour left at Mrs. Pōrter's. She thought there must be some mistake about it; but the man said he was directed at the stōre to take it to that house.

3. Mrs Porter went immediately to learn about it, and what was her surprise on finding her son had been the purchaser. How could he pay for a whōle barrel of flour? "The money," said the merchant, "he brought in a box. It was in small bits, which took me some time to count; but there was enough."

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[1] **Store**, a source from which supplies may be drawn; fund; any place where goods are sold.

[2] **Extra**, (ĕks' trå), over and above; beyond what is due, appointed, or expected.

4. The mother called, with a full heart, at Mrs. Johnson's, and related what had occurred. Reuben wondered why his mother should cry so. He thought she would be happy. He was sure *he* was. He had been thinking two years of that barrel of flour, and now he felt more like laughing than crying.

5. Those tears, noble boy, are not tears of sŏrrōw, but of the deepèst, fullèst joy. You are more than repaid for your self-denial. You have persevered in your determination; you have resisted evèry temptation to deviate[1] from the cōurse which you marked out as right. You have bōrne meekly[2] the charge of meannèss, so galling[3] to your generous spirit, and now you receive your reward. You are happy, and so is your mother, and so are your kind friends, Mr. and Mrs. Johnson.

6. That night Mr. Johnson remarked to his wife, as they săt togĕther before the cheerful fire, that he had some ideă of keeping the little *miser* and educating him. "A boy who could form such a purpose and keep it, will in all probability make a useful man."

7. After-years proved the correctnèss of this conclusion. Reuben is now a man of intelligence and wealth. He is one whom the world delights to honor; but ămong his pleasantèst memories, I doubt not, is that of the barrel of flour he bought for his belovèd mother.

8. "Filial love will never go unrewarded." The youth[4] who devotes his early thoughts and plans to the gratification and happinèss of his parents, will grow up loving all mankind, and people will return this love and friendship in such a manner as to render him happy, successful, and useful in life.

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[1] **De′ vi ate**, to go out of the way.
[2] **Meek′ ly**, patiently; without complaint.
[3] **Gall′ ing**, rubbing so as to cause soreness; vexing; annoying.
[4] **Youth**, (yŏth.

IV.

54. ANECDOTE OF FREDERICK THE GREAT.

FREDERICK the Great, king of Prŭssiă, having rung his bell one day, and nobody answering, opened the dōor where his page[1] was usually in waiting, and found him ăslēep on a sōfa.

2. He was going to ăwāke him, when he perceived the end of a billet or letter hanging out of his pocket. Having the curiosity to know its contents, he took and read it, and found it was a letter from his mother, thanking him for having sent her a part of his wages to assist her in her distress, and concluding with beseeching Gŏd to bless him for his filial attention to her wants.

3. The king returned sŏftly to his room, took a purse of dŭcats,[2] and slid them with the letter into the page's pocket. Returning to his ăpartment, he rung so viölently that the page ăwōke, opened the dōor, and entered.

4. "You have slept well," said the king. The page made an ăpŏlogy, and, in his embarrasmènt,[3] happened to put his hand into his pocket, and felt with astonishmènt the purse. He drew it out, turned pale, and looking at the king, burst into tears, without being able to speak a word.

5. "What is the matter?" asked the king; "what ails you?" "Ah, sir," said the young man, throwing himself at his feet, "somebody has wished to ruin me. I know not how I came by this money in my pocket."

6. "My friend," said Frederick, "Gŏd ŏften sends us good in our sleep. Give the money to your mother; salute her in my name, and assure her that I shall take care of *her* and *you*."

7. This stōry furnishes an excellent instance of the grat-

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[1] **Page**, a youth or attendant on a wealthy person; a serving-boy.

[2] **Duc' at**, a piece of money, either of silver or gold, of several countries in Europe. The silver ducat is about equal to an American dollar, and the gold ducat of twice the value.

[3] **Em bar' rass ment**, a state of confusion, as of mind or manners.

itude and duty which children owe to their agèd, infirm, or unfortunate parents.

8. And, if the children of such parents will follow the example of Frederick's servant, though they may not meet with the reward that was conferred on him, they shall be amply recompensed[1] by the pleasing testimony of their own minds, and by that Gŏd who approves, as he has commanded, every expression of filial love.

V.

55. HUMANITY REWARDED.

JOSEPH Second, Emperor of Germany, once received ă petition[2] in favor of a poor and superannuated[3] ŏfficer, with a family of ten children, who was reduced to the utmost poverty.

2. After making inquī'ries respecting the man, and satisfying himself of his worth, the Emperor determined to judge of his necĕssities by personal observation.

3. Accordingly, he went ălōne to the house of the ŏfficer, whom he found seated at table, with *eleven* children ăround him, dining upon vegetables of his own plănting.

4. The Emperor, who was disguised as a private citizen, after some genèral conversation with the ŏfficer, said: "I heard you had *ten* children, but I see here *eleven*."

5. "This," replied the ŏfficer, pointing to one, "is a poor orphan, whom I found at my door. I have endeavored to obtain for him the assistance of persons who could better afford to provide for him, but have not been able to succeed; and of cōurse I could do no better than to share my little pōrtion with him."

6. The Emperor, admiring the generous humanity[4] of the poor man, immediately made himself known to him,

[1] **Rec' om pensed**, rewarded; repaid; given something of a like value for service, loss, etc.

[2] **Pe ti' tion**, a paper containing a request.

[3] **Su per an' nu a ted**, grown too old to work.

[4] **Hu man' i ty**, the kind feelings, dispositions, and sympathies of man; kindness; fellow-feeling.

and said, "I desire that all these children may be my pensioners,[1] and that you will continue to give them examples of virtue and honor.

7. "I grant you *one hundred* flŏrins[2] per annum, for each, and also, an addition of *two hundred* florins to your pension. Go to-mŏrrōw to my trĕasurer,[3] where you will receive the first quarter's payment, togĕther with a *lieū*tenant's commission for your eldèst son. Henceförth I will be the father of all the family." EMMA C. EMBURY.

VI.

56. THE BASKET-MAKER.

A RICH man, whose ignorance and pride were at least equal to his riches, had a house on the sea-side, where he spent much of his time in hunting and fishing. It happened that a poor, but honèst basket-maker, owned a small hovel, and a nărrow strip of marsh land, between his mansion[4] and the sea. Of the flags which this land produced, the poor man made baskets, and other articles, in a neat and peculiar manner, and by the sale of these he suppōrted himself and sevèral small children.

2. The rich man, after trying in vain to induce[5] the basket-maker to sell his marsh,[6] at last was so incensed[7] at his refusal, that he set fire to the dwelling, and burnt that and all the rushes flat to the ground. The poor man complained to the king of the country, who ordered bōth the gentleman and the basket-maker to be stript naked and set ăshōre on a savage island near the coast.

3. The place where they were landed was ă marsh, over-

[1] **Pen' sion ers**, persons who receive money from others.

[2] **Flor' in**, a silver coin of Florence, noted for its beauty. It varies in value from twenty-three to fifty-four cents.

[3] **Treas' ur er**, an ŏfficer who has charge of money.

[4] **Man' sion**, a place of residence, a large house.

[5] **In duce'**, to lead on; to prevail on; to persuade.

[6] **Marsh**, a piece of low land, often covered with water; a swamp.

[7] **In censed'**, enkindled or inflamed to fierce anger; enraged.

grown with flags, under cover of which the gentleman tried to conceal himself from the savages, as well as from his companion, of whose company he was ăshāmed. But the savages had seen the lights of the vessels, and, setting up a dreadful yell, they surrounded the spot, and discovered the two strāngers, whom they seemed determined to dispatch with their clubs.

4. Half dead with fear and cold, the gentleman fell behind the poor sharer of his fate, and was willing to trust for protection to one whom, a minute before, he thought it a disgrace to consider as a companion. The basket-maker, who was accustomed to exposure, and whom a life of pain had reconciled to death, felt no alarm, and would have made no effort to check the savages, had not the thought of his children come over his mind, and urged him to save himself, in the hope of again seeing them.

5. He therefore plucked a handful of rushes, and, making signs to the savages that he would show them something, he began to weave a kind of cŏronèt,[1] and, when it was finished, he respectfully approached one of them, and placed it on his head. No sooner did the savages behold this new ornamènt,[2] than they threw down their war-clubs, and formed a dance ăround the author of so prized a favor.

6. The poor basket-maker had his hands full of employmènt; and the savages, seeing one quite idle, while the other was so busy in their service, took up their clubs, and began to beat the gentleman most unmercifully. The basket-maker's pity was moved, and he ărōse, and, making signs to them that his companion was ignorant of his art, but could be useful in găthering flags for him, they allowed him to live, but considered him as very inferior to his master, their benefactor.[3]

7. Men, women, and children, from all corners of the island, came in crowds for cŏronets; and, setting the gentleman to work in găthering boughs of trees, they made a

[1] Cor' o net, an inferior crown.

[2] Or' na ment, a thing to adorn or give beauty.

[3] Ben e fac' tor, one who confers a benefit or does good; one who gives for public or private use.

fine hut to lodge the basket-maker. They also brought him abundance of such provisions as they thought he would like, taking care never to ŏffer the imagined servant any thing, till his master had done eating.

8. Three months' reflection on his altered condition, gave a new and just turn to our gentleman's thoughts; and, one night, when they were lying ăwāke, he said to the basket-maker, "I have been to blame, and wanted judgment to distinguish between birth and riches, which are accidental, and true mĕrit, which ălōne is entitled to honor. I am ăshāmed when I compare my malice[1] with your humanity, and, if ever I should recover my rank and riches, you shall be the sharer of bōth."

9. He performed his promise; for the king, soon after, sent the same ŏfficer who had landed them, with presents to the savages, and ordered him to bring them back again. The savages were vĕry unwilling to part with a man whom they considered next to their chief, but they did not dare to oppose the wishes of the powerful king who claimed him.

10. The gentleman kept his word with the basket-maker; and, in that country, it continues to be the custom to this day to say, when they see a gentleman who can give no better reason for his pride than that he was born to do nothing, "*Send him to the basket-maker!*"

VII.

57. WORK PROCLAIMS A WORKMAN.

A CERTAIN băron[2] had an ōnly son, who was not only a comfort to his father, but a blessing to all who lived on his father's land. Once, when this young man was ăwāy from home, a gentleman called to see his father, and using the name of Gŏd irreverently,[3] the good old baron reproved[4] him.

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[1] **Mal' ice**, thinking or acting with wicked intentions.

[2] **Bar' on**, a nobleman; in England, a nobleman of the lowest grade of rank in the House of Lords.

[3] **Ir rev' er ent ly**, in a manner that does not show a due regard to the Supreme Being; disrespectfully

[4] **Re proved'**, blamed; found fault with.

2. "Are you not ăfrāid," said he, "of offending the great Being who reigns above, by thus using his name in vain?" The gentleman said he nēither feared nor believed in a being he could not see.

3. The next morning the băron showed the gentleman a beautiful painting that adorned his hall. The gentleman admired the picture vĕry much, and, when told by the baron that his son painted it, "Your son is an excellent painter," said he.

4. The băron then took his visitor into the garden, and showed him many beautiful flowers, arranged in the most perfect order. "Who has the direction of this garden?" said the gentleman. "My son," said the baron. "Indeed!" said the gentleman; "I begin to think he is something uncommon."

5. The băron then took him into the village, and showed him a small, neat cottage, where his son had established a school, in which a hundred orphans were fed and taught at his expense. "What a happy man you are," said the gentleman, "to have so good a son!"

6. "How do you know that I have so good a son?" replied the băron. "Because I have seen his works," said the gentleman, "and I know he must be talented and good." "But you have never seen *him*," said the baron. "I have seen what he has done, and am disposed to love him, without having seen him," said the gentleman.

7. "Can you see any thing from that wĭndōw?" said the băron. "The landscape is beautiful," said the gentleman; "the golden sun, the mighty river, the vast fŏrest, are ăd'mirable.[1] How lovely, and pleasant, and cheerful, evĕry object appears!"

8. "How happens it," said the băron, "that you could see such proof of my son's existence, in the imperfect work of his hands, and yĕt you can see no proof of the existence of a Creätor, in the wonders and beauties which are now

[1] **Ad' mi ra ble**, worthy to be admired: having qualities to awaken a wonder joined with agreeable feelings.

before you? Let me, my good friend, never hear you say again that you believe not in the existence of Gŏd, unless you would have me believe that you have lŏst the use of your senses."

SECTION XI.

I.

58. CHILDREN IN EXILE.[1]

FAR in the dark old fŏrest glades,
Where kalmias[2] bloom ărŏund,
They had their place of youthful spōrt,
Their childhood's hunting-ground;
And swinging lightly in the vines
That ō'er the wigwam[3] hung,
The golden robins, building near,
Above their dwelling sung.

2. Each morn their little dusky feet
Sprang down the sparkling lea,[4]
To plunge beneath the glowing stream
Beside the chestnut tree;
And when the hīding squirrel's nest[5]
They sought, far up the hills,
They bathed their reeking fŏreheads cool
Among the mountain rills.

3. They saw the early silver moon
Peep through her wavy bower,

[1] **Two Indian boys** were carried to London, not long ago, for exhibition, and both died soon after their arrival. It is said that one of them, during his last moments, talked of the scenes and sports of his distant home, and that both wished to be taken back to their native woods.

[2] **Kal' mi a**, a kind of evergreen shrub, having beautiful white or pink flowers;—also called *laurel, ivy bush, calico-bush*, etc.

[3] **Wigwam**, (wĭg' wŏm), an Indian hut or cabin.

[4] **Lea**, (lē), a meadow or grass land; a field.

[5] **Illustration**, see the *Frontispiece* facing the title-page.

And in her beams they chased the bat
Around his leafy tower;
And, when the stars, all silently,
Went out ō'er hill and plain,
They listened low to mĕrry chimes
Of summer-evening rain.

4. These haunts[1] they missed,—the city air
No healthful music brings,—
They lŏnged to run through woodland dells[2]
Where Nature ever sings;
And, drooping, 'mid the noise and glare,
They pined for brook and glen,[3]
And, dying, still looked fondly back,
And asked for home again. J. T. Fields.

II.

59. THE DAISY AND THE LARK.

PART FIRST.

OUT in the country, close by the road, stands a handsome house. Before it there is a garden with flowers, and a painted railing; and just outside the railing, among beautiful green grass, grew a little daisy.

2. The sun shone upon it as warmly and kindly as upon the large, splendid[4] flowers in the garden; and so it grew from hour to hour, till one morning it stood fully unfolded, with its small, pure white petals[5] in a ring round the little yellow sun in the middle.

3. The daisy thought that no one saw it there ămong the grass, and that it was a poor, despised[6] flower; but it was vĕry contented, turned its face to the warm sun, looked up to it, and listened to the lark singing high in the air.

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[1] **Haunts**, (hânts), places often visited.

[2] **Dell**, a small, retired valley.

[3] **Glen**, a retired and narrow valley; a narrow space between hills.

[4] **Splen'did**, very bright; showy.

[5] **Petal**, (pĕt'al), one of the inner or colored leaves of a flower.

[6] **De spised'**, looked down upon as mean and worthless; slighted.

4. Inside the railing stood a great many stiff, genteel[1] flowers: the less fragrance they had, the prouder they were of their fine dress. The pēönies blew themselves up, in order to be bigger than the rose; but size is nothing! The tulips had the mōst beautiful colors, as they vĕry well knew; and, therefore, they held themselves up very straight, that people might have a good sight of them.

5. They never looked at the little daisy outside; but the daisy looked all the mōre at them, and thought within itself, "How rich and beautiful they are! Certainly the lark will come down and pay them a visit. How glad I am that I am so near them! for I shall be near that fine musician[2] too."

6. Just at that momènt, tee-wheet! down flew the lark, but not to the peonies and tulips; oh, no! down into the grass[3] beside the poor daisy, which was so astonished[4] and so delighted[5] that it did not know what to think.

7. The bird[6] danced round about it, and sang, "How sŏft the grass is! and see, what a lovely little flower, with a golden heart, and a silvery white dress!" Nobody can imagine how happy the little daisy was. The lark kissed it with its bill, sang to it, and then flew up to the blue sky again.

8. It was ă full quarter of an hour before the daisy could compose itself; then it turned round to see what the garden flowers were doing: "surely," it thought, "they must have been delighted to see a little flower so happy." But the tulips stood as stiff as before, and their lips were drawn together in ă pout, and they were red in the face; for, the fact was, they had been angry.

9. The pēönies hung their heavy heads in ă vĕry sulky[7] manner, and it was as well they could not speak; otherwise the daisy would have got a severe scolding. Just then a little girl came into the garden with a bright, sharp pair of

[1] **Gen teel**, elegant in appearance.
[2] **Musician**, (mu zĭsh' an), one skilled in music; a fine singer.
[3] **Grass**, (grăss), see Note 3, p. 15.
[4] **As ton'ished**, greatly surprised.
[5] **De light' ed**, highly pleased.
[6] **Bird**, (bĕrd), see Note 2, p. 16.
[7] **Sulk' y**, sullen; sour.

scissors, and went straight to the tulips, which she snipped[1] off one after the other.

10. "Oh dear," sighed the daisy, "it is all over with them now." The girl went ăwāy with the tulips; but the daisy was glad that *its* head had not been snipped off, and vĕry thankfully folded up its pĕtals as the sun was setting, and fell asleep, and dreamed the whōle night about the sun and the lark.

III.

60. THE DAISY AND THE LARK.

PART SECOND.

NEXT morning, as the flower was stretching out all its white pĕtals, like so many little arms, to the air and light, it recognized[2] the bird's voice; but the voice was vĕry mournful now. The poor lark had, indeed, good reason for singing a sad sŏng; for it had been taken prisoner, and put into a cage, which hung beside an open wĭndōw of the house.

2. The little daisy wished vĕry much to help its friend the lark; but how was it to manage that? Yĕs, it was a difficult affair. The flower quite forgot how beautiful evèry thing was all ăround it, and how warmly the sun shōne, and could think of nothing but the captive bird.

3. Two little boys now came out of the garden, one of them with a knife in his hand, and they came directly towards the daisy, which could not conceive[3] what they meant.

4. "Here we can cut out a beautiful piece of turf for the lark," said the boy with the knife, and immediately began to cut out a square turf, with the daisy exactly in the middle of it.

5. "Tear the flower off," said thē other boy; and then the daisy began to tremble with fear. To be torn ŏff was to lose its life; and it was so anxious to live, that it might

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[1] **Snipped**, (snĭpt), clipped; cut off at once.

[2] **Rec'og nized**, knew again.

[3] **Con ceive'**, think; understand

come with the turf into the cage of the captive lark! "No, let it stay," said the first boy, "it makes the turf so pretty."

6. The daisy was accordingly spared, and arrived with the turf in the cage of the prisoner. But the poor bird lamented[1] loudly over its lŏst freedom, and flapped with its wings ăgainst the wires of the cage; and the little daisy could not speak, could not say a word of comfort, willing as it was to do so. Thus passed the whōle forenoon.

7. "There is no water here," said the imprisoned[2] lark; "they have all gŏne, and have forgotten to give me a drop of water to drink. My throat is dry and burning—ah! I must die." Then it bored its bill into the cool turf to refresh itself a little, and its eyes fell upon the daisy.

8. The bird nodded to the flower, kissed it with its bill, and said, "Poor little flower, you will grow dry and wither ăwāy here too. They have given me only you, and your little spot of green grass, instead of the whōle world that I had outside! Ah! you ōnly remind me how much I have lŏst."

9. "Oh, if I could only comfort him!" thought the daisy. Evening came, but still no one brought the poor bird a drop of water. It stretched out its pretty wings, and shook them in a quivering way that was painful to the daisy to see. Its sŏng was now a mournful[3] chirp, its little head bent over the flower, and the bird's heart broke for want and lŏnging. The flower could not now, as on the evening before, fold its pĕtals together and sleep: it hung sickly and sad toward the ground.

10. The boys did not come till next morning, and when they saw the bird dead they cried, and shed many tears; and they dug it a neat little grave, which they decked[4] with flowers. They had put the dead bird into a pretty red box, for they were resolved to give it a fine burial.

11. Poor lark! while he lived and sang they forgot him,

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[1] **La ment' ed**, mourned; wailed.

[2] **Imprisoned**, (im prĭz' nd), put into or confined in a prison.

[3] **Mourn' ful**, full of sorrow; sad.

[4] **Decked**, arrayed very finely; adorned.

let him sit in his cage and suffer thirst, and now, when he was dead, they gave him tears and ornaments.[1]

12. The turf, with the daisy in the middle of it, was thrown out into the dusty road, and nobody thought of the one that had felt most pity for the poor bird, and had been most anxious to comfort it. HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

IV.

61. THE ADOPTED CHILD.

LADY, Why would'st thou leave me, O gentle child?
Thy home on the mountain is bleak[2] and wild—
A straw-roofed cabin with lowly wall:
Mine is ă fair and pillared[3] hall,
Where many an image of marble gleams,[4]
And the sunshine of pictures for ever streams.

Child. Oh! green is the turf where my brothers play,
Through the lŏng bright hours of the summer day;
They find the red cup-mŏss where they climb,
And they chase the bee ō'er the scented thyme,[5]
And the rocks where the heath-flower blooms they know—
Lady, kind lady! O, let me go.

Lady. Content thee, boy! in my bower to dwell,
Here are sweet sounds which thou lovèst well;
Flutes on the air in the stilly noon,
Harps which the wandering breezes tune;
And the silvery wood-note of many ă bird,
Whose voice was ne'er in thy mountains heard.

Child. Oh! my mother sings at the twilight's[6] fall,
A sŏng of the hills far mōre sweet than all;

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[1] **Or' na ment**, that which enriches, or adds grace or beauty.

[2] **Bleak**, swept by cold winds; cheerless.

[3] **Pil' lared**, supported by pillars, or ornamental posts.

[4] **Gleam**, to shine; to cast light faintly but distinctly.

[5] **Thyme**, (tīm), a plant of a very sweet smell. The garden thyme is a sweet-scented, warm, and pungent or biting plant, used to give a relish to seasoning, and soups.

[6] **Twi' light**, the faint light seen before the rising and after the setting of the sun.

She sings it under our own green tree,
To the babe half-slumbering on her knee:
I drĕamt last night of that music lōw—
Lady, kind lady! O, let me go.

Lady. Thy mother is gŏne[1] from her cares[2] to rest;
She hath taken the babe on her quiet breast;
Thou would'st meet her footstep, my boy, no mōre,
Nor hear her sŏng at the cabin door.
Come thou with me to the vĭneyards[3] nigh,
And we'll pluck the grapes of the richèst dye.

Child. Is my mother gŏne from her home ăwāy?—
But I know that my brothers are there at plāy—
I know they are găthering the foxglove's[4] bell,
Or the lŏng fern leaves by the sparkling well;
Or they launch[5] their boats where the bright streams flow—
Lady, kind lady! O, let me go.

Lady. Fair child, thy brothers are wanderers now;
They spōrt no mōre on the moun'taĭn's brow;
They have left the fern by the spring's green side,
And the streams where the faĭry[6] barks were tied.
Be thou at peace in thy brighter lot,
For thy cabin home is a lonely spot.

Child. Are they gŏne, all gone from the sunny hill?—
But the bird and the blue-fly rove ō'er it still;
And the red-deer bound in their gladnèss free,
And the heath[7] is bent by the singing-bee,
And the waters leap, and the fresh winds blow—
Lady, kind lady! O, let me go.

MRS. FELICIA HEMANS.

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[1] **Gone**, (gŏn), see Note 2, p. 16.

[2] **Care**, (kâr), see Note 2, p. 15.

[3] **Vineyard**, (vĭn' yârd), a yard for grape-vines; a field of vines producing grapes.

[4] **Foxglove**, (fŏks' gluv), a handsome flowering plant whose leaves are used as a medicine.

[5] **Launch**, (lânch), to cause to move or slide from the land into the water.

[6] **Fairy**, (fâr' ĭ), relating or belonging to fairies. Fairies were not real but imaginary spirits once thought to be able to take a human form, either male or female, and to meddle for good or evil in the affairs of mankind.

[7] **Heath**, a plant which bears beautiful flowers. Its leaves are small, and continue green all the year.

SECTION XII.

I.

62. THE MOCKING-BIRD.

A MOCKING-BIRD was he, in a bushy, blooming tree
Imbosomed by the foliage[1] and flower.
And there he sat and sang, till all around him rang,
With sounds from out the merry mimic's[2] bower.

2. The little satirist[3] piped, chattered, shrieked, and hissed;
He then would moan, and whistle, quack, and caw;
Then, carol, drawl, and croak, as if he'd pass a joke
On every other winged one he saw.

3. Together he would catch a gay and plaintive[4] snatch,[5]
And mingle notes of half the feathered throng;[6]
For well the mocker knew, of every thing that flew,
To imitate the manner and the song.

4. The other birds drew near, and paused awhile to hear
How well he gave their voices and their airs.
And some became amused; while some, disturbed, refused
To own the sounds that others said were theirs.

5. The sensitive were shocked, to find their honors mocked
By one so pert[7] and voluble[8] as he;
They knew not if 'twas done in earnest or in fun;
And fluttered off in silence from the tree.

6. The silliest grew vain, to think a song or strain
Of theirs, however weak, or loud, or hoarse,
Was worthy to be heard repeated by the bird;
For of his wit they could not feel the force.

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[1] **Fo' li age**, leaves; a cluster of leaves and branches.

[2] **Mim' ic**, one who does as another does.

[3] **Sat' ir ist**, one who judges severely of another, or ridicules him.

[4] **Plaint' ive**, serious; sad.

[5] **Snatch**, a hasty catch or seizing; a small piece, fragment, or quantity.

[6] **Throng**, company.

[7] **Pert**, smart; saucy.

[8] **Vol' u ble**, talking or acting quickly and easily.

7. The charitable said, "Poor fellow! if his head
Is turned, or cracked, or has no talent left;
But feels the want of powers, and plumes[1] itself from ours,
Why, we shall not be losers by the theft."

8. The haughty said, "He thus, it seems, would mimic us,
And steal our sŏngs, to pass them for his own!
But if he only quotes[2] in honor of our notes,
We then were quite as honored, let ălōne."

9. The wisèst said, "If foe or friend, we still may know,
By him, wherein our greatèst failing lies:
So, let us not be moved, since first to be improved
By evèry thing, becomes the truly wise."

HANNAH F. GOULD.

II.

63. THE MOCKING-BIRD.

THE mŏcking-bird is one of the[3] mōst wonderful of all the feathered tribe. His plumage has nothing grand nor brilliant in it; but his figure is light and graceful, well formed, and even handsome.

2. He is remarkable for thē ease and grace of his movemènts. He displays great skill in learning lessons in sweet music, from evèry creature that he hears. But he is not always judicious in selecting his sŏngs.

3. He can imitate every bird that he hears, but he seems to be as well pleased with crowing like ă cock, or grunting like a pig, as with singing the sweet notes of the canary-bird or the nightingale.

4. He whistles, and the dŏg thinks his master is calling, and runs to him. He clucks like a hen, and the little chickens run to their mother, supposing it to be the old hen calling them.

5. He barks like a dŏg. He mews like a cat. He wails

[1] **Plume**, to pick and adjust the plumes or feathers; to pride; to value; to boast.

[2] **Quotes**, (kwōts), takes from the words of another.

[3] **The**, (thŭ), see Rule 3, p. 24.

like a puppy. He makes a sound like the creaking of a wheelbarrow or the grating of a saw. He imitates the warbling of the robin and the canary, the glad notes of the lark, and the wild sŏngs of the wood-thrush, in a manner so superior to them, that, mortified and astonished, they fly from his presence, or listen in silence, as he continues to triumph over them.

6. His motions are easy, rapid, and graceful. He looks as if he understood evèry thing that he does, and why he does it. In short, the mŏcking-bird is one of the mōst in'teresting of all the feathered tribes, not because he is a handsome bird, with bright feathers and a gay dress, but because of his skill in imitating every sound that he hears.

7. And now, my young readers, I wish you to think how in'teresting a boy or girl is, who, though not very handsome or gayly dressed, can do whatever he or she is taught to do, in a pleasing manner.

8. The peacock has vĕry beautiful feathers, and so, also, have very many other birds. But the mŏcking-bird, though his feathers are not so gay, is prized more highly than all other birds, because his musical powers surpass them all.

III.

64. BIRDS IN SUMMER.

HOW pleasant the life of ă bird must be,
Flitting ăbout in each leafy tree:
In the leafy trees, so broad and tall,
Like a green and beautiful palace hall,
With its airy chămbers, light and boon,[1]
That open to sun and stars and moon,
That open unto the bright blue sky,
And the frolicsome winds as they wander by!

2. They have left their nests in the fŏrest bough,
Those homes of delight they need not now;
And the young and the old they wander out,
And traverse[2] their green world round about;

[1] **Boon**, gay; merry.

[2] **Trav' erse**, wander over.

And hark! at the top of this leafy hall,
How one to the other they lovingly call:
"Come up, come up!" they seem to say,
"Where the topmost twigs in the breezes sway!"

3. "Come up, come up! for the world is fair,
Where the mĕrry leaves dance in the summer air!"
And the birds below give back the cry,
"We come, we come, to the branches high!"
How pleasant the life of ă bird must be,
Flitting about in a leafy tree;
And ăwāy through the air what joy to go,
And to look on the green bright earth below!

4 How pleasant the life of a bird must be,
Skimming about on the breezy sea,
Cresting[1] the billows like silvery foam,
And then wheeling away to its cliff-built home!
What joy it must be, to sail, upbŏrne
By a strŏng free wing, through the rosy morn,
To meet the young sun face to face,
And pierce like a shaft[2] the boundlèss space!

5. How pleasant the life of a bird must be,
Wherever it listèth, there to flee;
To go when a joyful fancy calls,
Dashing ădown 'mong the waterfalls,
Then wheeling ăbout with its mates at plāy,
Above and below, and among the spray,
Hither and thither, with screams as wild
As the laughing mirth of a rosy child!

6. What a joy it must be, like a living breeze,
To flutter ăbout 'mong the flowering trees;
Lightly to sōar, and to see beneath
The wastes of the blossoming purple heath,
And the yĕllōw furze, like fields of gold,
That gladden some fairy region old!
On mountain tops, on the billowy sea,
On the leafy stems of the fŏrest tree,
How pleasant the life of a bird must be!

MARY HOWITT.

IV.

65. BIRDS OF AUSTRALIA.

PART FIRST.

THE fŏrests of Austrālĭă are vĕry monotonous;[3] but the birds do their best to give life and variety to them. Oh! there are hundreds of different kinds of birds, and

[1] **Crest' ing**, standing or resting on the top; serving as a crest or ornament for.

[2] **Shaft**, (shåft), an ărrow.

[3] **Mo not' o nous**, presenting a tiresome sameness.

many of them very beautiful. Părrots, blue, green, gray, and red; rich-coated little paroquets;[1] cockatoos, white and gray cranes, pelicans, turkeys, wild ducks and geese, black swans, and emus,—these are some of the feathered citizens of the Australian woods.

2. What I like in the birds is, that except the morepork, a small owl, the curlews, and a few others, they all come out in the day-time, while, oddly enough, nearly all the animals of Austrālīă are nocturnal.[2] Besides the kangaroos and kangaroo rats, nearly all the animals only come out in the night.

3. But of all the birds the most ămūsing are the piping crow, the leatherhead, and the laughing jackass. These three birds are the universal[3] companions of travelers. Evèrywhere they greet you, and everywhere are mōst ămūsing.

4. There is a piping crow and a laughing jackass in the Zōōlogical[4] Gardens, in London; and I used to hear the latter ha, ha, ha-ing! when I crŏssed the Regent's Park. But it is only in the Austrālĭăn woods that one hears them in perfection. There they are jolly, and full of fun. There you see their antics,[5] and hear their mĕrry, quaint[6] voices, in all their fullnèss and variety. These birds ăwāke you at the earliĕst peep of day, and by the time the sun rises there is a general chorus[7] of them all ăround you.

5. The piping crows, or, as they will call them here, the whistling magpies—though to my eye they have nothing of the magpie but their pīed[8] feathers ăbout them—whistle ăwāy like a lot of school-boys, only with much deeper and more musical tones. Their warbling is the oddèst thing in the world; part of it so rich, so mĕllōw, so

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[1] **Paroquets**, (păr' o kĕts), small kind of parrots.

[2] **Noc tur' nal**, having a habit of seeking food or being active at night.

[3] **Universal**, (yū' nĭ vĕrs' al), affecting the whole; general.

[4] **Zo' o log' ic al**, belonging to the life of animals. The Zoological Gardens are gardens where many kinds of living creatures are kept.

[5] **An' tics**, funny tricks.

[6] **Quaint**, odd or uncommon; queer and laughable, but not foolish.

[7] **Cho' rus**, union of voices.

[8] **Pied**, marked with different colors; spotted.

melodious ;[1] and then again such an outbreak of croaks, and screeches, and *crowish* noises! But they seem delighted with their own music, and do not sing, like our birds, only while the hen-bird is sitting, but all through the lŏng summer, and, as I am told, through the whōle year.

6. There are thousands of them all over the colony,[2] and their black and white colors give a līvelĭnèss to the dim woods. They have none of the tail-flirting motions and jaunty[3] ways of the magpie, but are about the size, and much the same shape, as our wood-pigeons. They have a sober and somewhat heavy flight; but I am told that they have many odd ways when tamed and left to run ăbout near a house.

7. One gentleman told us that one that he kept, used to ămūse itself by ŏffering to the cat a piece of the meat given to it, and when the cat attempted to take it, pulling it ăwāy again, with evidence of vast delight. It would tease the cat thus for hours, but always ending by generously giving it the meat at last.

8. The leatherhead is a vĕry odd bird. It is as large as a fieldfare,[4] with ash-colored back and whitish stomach; but the singularity of it lies in the head, which is destitute of feathers, and covered with a brown skin, resembling leather —whence its name—drawn tight on its skull. As you see it sitting, its head and bēak look like a brown pointed stick, and it opens its beak wide, and makes the most odd gestures, when it utters its vārious strānge notes.

9. It is evidently a bird of imitative powers, and the variety of its notes is endlèss. Near Kilmore you hear it continually crying, "Kilmore! Kilmore!" a word that it must have picked up there from constantly hearing it. You

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[1] **Me lo′ di ous**, agreeable to the ear by a succession of sweet sounds; musical.

[2] **Col′ o ny**, a company of people that remove to a distant country, though still living under the laws or control of their native land; the country thus occupied: a settlement.

[3] **Jaunty**, (jân′ tĭ), airy; showy; fluttering.

[4] **Fieldfare**, (fēld′ fâr), a small bird, of the thrush family, the head ash colored, the body chestnut, and the tail black. It passes the summer in the north of Europe, but visits Great Britain in winter.

never hear the leatherhead say "Kilmore" anywhere else. At Spring Creek, at the Ovens, there was one that was constantly crying, "Quite well! quite well!" It said this as distinctly as you could do, and another answered, "Quite! quite!" One day we heard one there trying to say, "Quite correct!" but it did it with difficulty: "Quite cor—cor—quite correc— quite correct!"

10. These words and notes it utters in a sŏft, shrill voice, like that of a child calling from a distance; but it has a number of notes that are much harder and odder, and that seem to come out of an instrument[1] that moves with some difficulty. Yĕt at the same time these notes are very jovial:[2] "Ry tockede rock, ick de dock, rytick de rock de rock." I think these birds must speak the native language, they talk ăwāy in so odd and grotesque[3] a style.

11. His performances are always in the jolly and comic[4] style. Occasionally bōth he and the piping crow bark like dŏgs, to their own great delight; and the laughing jackasses look out and laugh at them altogether in the mōst hearty "Ha, ha, ho, hoo, hoo, hoo!" and with a vast deal of chuckling and giggling in a lower tone ămongst themselves.

V.

66. BIRDS OF AUSTRALIA.

PART SECOND.

I HAVE heard a shepherd, who, on first going into the bush,[5] was confounded by the sudden wild outburst of the laughing jackasses, and ran to the station for his life, declaring that the natives were in full chase after him, and had been hooting and laughing behind him, in the wildèst and most frightful manner, all the way. These are

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[1] **Instrument**, (ĭn' strŏ ment), that by which work is performed, or any thing is done; a tool; something contrived or made by which musical sounds are produced.

[2] **Jo' vi al**, gay; merry; joyous.

[3] **Grotesque**, (grō tĕsk'), like the figures found in grottoes or caves; wildly formed; droll; laughable.

[4] **Com' ic**, raising mirth; fitted to cause merriment or laughter.

[5] **Bush**, a thicket or wood.

pre-eminently[1] the mĕrry birds of the Australĭăn bush, and just such as in fairy tales you hear of as talking, and some privileged person understănding them.

2. There are other magpies, or crows; for they are mōre like the latter. There is the gray magpie, which, they say, learns to talk when tamed; and there is the black magpie, with some white on its wings. These birds haunt together like rooks, and make the most dismal wailing, something like our starlings. They build, also, the oddèst nests,—exactly like black hats with the brims cut ŏff. These they balance, in some extraordinary way, on the boughs of the lŏftièst trees. They are made of mud, and stand erect on the boughs, for all the world like hat-crowns.

3. Besides these, there are the carrion[2] crows. These birds are my aversion.[3] They resemble our carrion crows in appearance, but they have a cry just like a spoiled child, "Ha, ha, ha!" ending in a most pathetic[4] and dŏl'orous[5] lŏng-drawn "ho!"—"Ha, ha, ha, ho!" You would think them the most injured of individuals. Never was any thing so mŏck-heroically[6] pleading and complaining as their cry. We ŏften could not refrain[7] from laughing at the sound of it.

4. Yet they are by no means sentimental[8] creatures: on the contrary, they are ămongst the mōst cruel and mĭs'-chievous birds in the colony. They pluck out the eyes of young lambs the moment they are born, and are detested[9] by the squatters.[10] Nēither are they vĕry nice in their food. They are the real scavengers[11]—the vultures—of Australĭă,

[1] **Pre em' i nent ly**, above all others; surpassing others.

[2] **Car' ri on**, feeding on carrion or worthless flesh.

[3] **Aversion**, (a vĕr shun), a fixed or constant dislike; the object of constant dislike.

[4] **Pa thet' ic**, moving the tender emotions, feeling

[5] **Dol' o rous**, full of dolor or grief; sorrowful; sad.

[6] **Mock'-he ro' ic al ly**, with mock bravery; imitating in a weak, laughable way, the character, manner, or actions of heroes.

[7] **Re frain'** to curb; forbear hold back.

[8] **Sen ti ment' al**, having much feeling, affectedly tender.

[9] **De test' ed**, greatly hated.

[10] **Squat' ters**, persons who occupy lands to which they have no lawful right.

[11] **Scav' en gers**, persons employed to sweep the streets of a city and carry off the filth.

and snuff up in a moment the least or most distant scent of putrescent[1] meat. Nay, they scent out good meat too, and come flying from all quarters, led by the sāvory odors of our camp-oven, or our steaks in the frying-pan.

5. One day we hung ă quarter of mutton on a tree. At that time not one of these birds was to be seen or heard; but in few minutes they were heard cawing in the distance, and came right on to the tree, where they settled in numbers, making the most pathetic appeals to us to go ăwāy and leave the mutton; but as these crows had nēither bought it nor paid for it, while we had, we declined to comply.

6. Frequently Alfred amuses himself by imitating their lack-a-daisical[2] note, and brings them in scōres about us on the trees. Their anxious and inquisitive[3] looks, on such occasions, are vĕry amusing. They evidently think that we have got some one of their āmiāble community in captivity, and hang on the boughs around, and turn down their black heads, and their black, sparkling eyes, in the most impish and uncanny[4] way.

7. They have many vĕry beautiful smaller birds. There is a black-and-white bird which they call the magpie-lark. To me it more resembles a small, gentle dove, only it has not pigeons' legs. The colors are vĕry delicate and clean, and its manner very gentle. It is always found near streams, and is very tame. It makes a ringing cry of "chain! chain!" and looks very beautiful on the boughs of the green trees.

8. There are fine pigeons, also, called the bronze-wingèd pigeons, and a host of birds making the oddèst noises. One has a note just like a cart-wheel that wants greasing, and another like a wheel'bărrŏw that wants greasing; another, called the whip-bird, seems always to be switching a whip-lash about with the sharpèst whip-cord on it. There are tree-creepers, too, that make a "pee! pee! pee!" that never ceases. You can not tell when the bird takes its

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[1] **Pu tres' cent**, decayed; growing offensive.

[2] **Lack'-a-dai' si cal**, affectedly sad; sentimental.

[3] **In quis' i tive**, apt to ask many questions.

[4] **Un can' ny**, unskillful; wicked; out of the way.

breath, for it never pauses for a minute for a quarter of an hour together.

9. Very amusing birds, too, are the razor-grinders, a species of black-and-white fly-catchers, with long tails that they flit about in the oddest way. These birds are very familiar, and hop about the horses as they graze, often flying at their noses—I suppose to catch flies,—and the horses never attempt to hurt them.

10. But among the most beautiful of small birds is the Australian robin. This robin is less than ours, and is a bird of much gayer colors. On the back he is more like a chaffinch, and the red on his breast is of a very light and brilliant color.

11. There is a very brilliant little bird, too, called the superb warbler. The cock bird is about the size of a tom-tit, or rather larger, and is a very splendid fellow. His head and neck are of bright and glittering blue, with lines of black on each side of his head. His back, wings, and tail, are brown. As he flies about, he looks like a flying gem. The hen bird of this gaudy little fellow is of a sober brown, and her breast and stomach of ash-color. She is very like some of our willow wrens. WILLIAM HOWITT.

VI.

67. THE BUZZARD.

THE buzzard is a kind of falcon,[1] or hawk; but he is a clumsy and lazy bird, and can not fly so well as other kinds of hawks. He catches frogs and mice, and such insects as he can take without the trouble of flying after them

2. The[2] buzzard is found in Europe, and in some parts of America. Count Buffon, who lived in France, and wrote many excellent books about birds and other animals, tells us that one of his friends had a[3] tame buzzard, which was taken in a snare,[4] and given to Buffon's friend.

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[1] **Falcon**, (fâ' kn), a bird of prey, often trained to catch other birds, or game.

[2] **The**, (thŭ), see Rule 3, p. 24.

[3] **A**, (å), see Rule 2, p. 23.

[4] **Snare**, (snâr), net or trap.

3. At first he was wild and ferōcious;[1] but, on leaving him without food for a time, he became more tame, and would eat out of the hand. In about six weeks he became quite familiar,[2] and was allowed to go out of doors, though with his wings tied to prevent his flying ăwāy. In this condition he walked about the garden, and would return when called to be fed.

4. After some time he became quite tame, and seemed to be attached to his master, and then his wings were untied, a small bell was tied to his leg, and a piece of copper was fastened around his neck, with the owner's name marked on it. He was then given full liberty to go where he pleased, which, however, he soon ăbūsed by flying ăwāy into the woods.

5. The gentleman now gave up his buzzard as lŏst, but in four hours afterwards he rushed into the house, followed by five other buzzards, from whose attacks he was glad to seek a place of safety. After this caper[3] he became more familiar than before, and so attached himself to his master as to sleep evèry night in his bed-room.

6. He was always present at dinner, and sat on one corner of the table. He would caress[4] his master with his head and bill, but would do this to no other person. One day, when the gentleman rode on horseback, the buzzard followed him sevèral miles, constantly flying near him, or over his head.

7. This bird did not like ēither dŏgs or cats, but was not the least ăfrāid of them. Sometimes he had battles with these animals, but always came ŏff victorious. To try his coŭrage, four strŏng[5] cats were collected togĕther in the garden with the bird, and some raw meat thrown to them. The bird beat them all, so that they were glad to retreat, and then took all the meat himself.

8. The buzzard had such hatred to red caps, that he

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[1] **Ferocious**, (fe rō′ shus), cruel and bloodthirsty.

[2] **Fa mil′ iar**, tame; easily managed; accustomed to the family.

[3] **Ca′ per**, a frolicsome leap or spring; a strange act.

[4] **Ca ress′**, show signs of love.

[5] **Strong**, see Note 2, p. 16.

would not suffer one to be on the head of any person in his presence. And he was so expert at taking them ŏff, that the laborers in the field, who wōre them, ŏften found themselves bare-headed, without knowing what became of their caps. He now and then would also snatch away wigs, without doing the wearer any other injury than stealing his property. These caps and wigs he always carried into a tree, the tallèst in the neighborhood, which was the place where he deposited[1] all his stolen goods.

9. He would never suffer any other bird of the rapācious kind to stay near his dwelling, but would attack them boldly, and put them to flight. He did no mischief ămong his master's poultry,[3] nor were the chickens and young ducks, after ă while, ăfrāid of him. But he was not so kind to the hens and chickens of his neighbors, and would sometimes pounce[4] upon them, so that his master was ŏften obliged to advertīse[5] that he would pay for all the mischief his buzzard might be guilty of. He was, however, frequently fired at, and, at different times, received fifteen musket shots, without, however, having a bone broken.

10. Once, while flying near a forest, he dared to attack a young fox, which, being seen by a man, he was fired at twice. The fox was killed by the shot, and the bird had his wing broken, but contrived to escape from the man, and was lŏst for seven days. The man knowing, by the noise of the bell on the bird, to whom he belŏnged, went and informed the owner what he had done. Search was made, but the buzzard could not be found.

11. A whistle, used to call him home, was blown evèry day for six days, but the bird made no answer. On the seventh day, however, he answered with a feeble cry, and was soon found, with his wing broken, being vĕry weak and

[1] **De pos' it ed**, laid down; put away.

[2] **Rapacious**, (ra på' shus), living on plunder; accustomed to seize for food.

[3] **Poultry**, (pōlt' rĭ), tame fowls which are kept for the table, and for their eggs, feathers, etc., such as cocks and hens, capons, turkeys, ducks and geese.

[4] **Pounce**, to fall suddenly; to fall and seize with the claws.

[5] **Ad ver tise'**, give public notice, make known; publish.

lean. He had walked a mile and a-half from the place where he was wounded, and had nearly reached his master's house. In six weeks his wounds were healed, and he began to fly about, and follow his old habits as before. Thus he continued for about a year, when he disappeared, never to return. Whether he was killed, or escaped from choice, was not known. COMSTOCK.

SECTION XIII.

I.

68. THANKSGIVING STORY.

"MARY!" said the younger of two little girls, as they nestled[1] under a cōarse coverlet, one cold night in December, "tell me ăbout Thanksgiving-day, before papa[2] went to heaven. I'm cold and hungry, and I can't go to sleep: I want something nice to think about."

2. "Hush!" said the elder child, "dōn't let dear mamma[3] hear you: come nearer to me;" and they laid their cheeks together.

3. "I fancy papa was rich. We lived in a vĕry nice house. I know there were pretty pictures on the wall; and there were nice velvet chairs, and the carpet was thick and sŏft, like the green mŏss-patches in the wood; and we had pretty gold-fishes on the side-table, and Tony, my black nurse, used to feed them.

4. "And papa!—you can't remember papa, Letty,—he was tall and grand, like ă prince, and when he smiled he made me think of ānge1s. He brought me toys and sweetmeats, and carried me out to the stable, and set me on Romeö's live back, and laughed because I was ăfrāid! And

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[1] **Nestled**, (nes' ld), lay close and snug, as a bird in her nest.

[2] **Papa**, (pa pä'), father.

[3] **Mamma**, (mam mä'), mother;—a word of tenderness, used mostly by young children

I used to watch to see him come up the street, and then I ran to the door to jump into his arms: he was a dear, kind papa," said the child in a faltering[1] voice.

5. "Dŏn't cry," said the little one; "please to tell me some mōre." "Well, Thanksgiving-day we were so happy! We sat ărŏund such ă large table, with so many people--aunts, and uncles, and cousins—I can't think why they never come to see us now, Letty. And Betty made such sweet pies! And we had a big—big turkey.

6. "Papa would have me sit next to him, and gave me the wish-bone, and all the plums out of his pudding; and after dinner he would take me into his lap, and tell me about 'Red Riding-Hood,' and call me his 'pet,' and 'bird,' and 'fairy.' Oh, Letty, I can't tell any mōre; I believe I'm going to cry."

7. "I'm vĕry cold," said Letty. "Does papa know, up in heaven, that we are poor and hungry now?"

8. "Yes—no—I can't tell," answered Mary, wiping ăwāy her tears; unable to reconcile[2] her ideäs of heaven with such a thought. "Hush!—mamma will hear!"

9. Mamma had "heard." The cōarse garmènt, upon which she had toiled sĭnce sunrise, dropped from her hands, and tears were fōrcing themselves, thick and fast, through her closed eyelids. The simple recĭtal[3] found but too sad an echo in that widōwed heart

FANNY FERN.

II

69. THE SALE OF THE PET LAMB.

1.

OH! poverty is a wēary thing; 'tis full of grief and pain;
It bowèth down the heart of man, and dulls his cunning[4] brain;
It makèth even the little child with heavy sighs complain.

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[1] **Faltering**, (fâl' tẽr ing), falling short; trembling; hesitating.

[2] **Rec' on cile'**, bring back to union and friendship; cause to agree.

[3] **Re cit' al**, a telling the particulars of any thing.

[4] **Cun' ning**, knowing; skillful; artful.

2.

The childrèn of the rich man have not their bread to win;
They scarcely know how labor is the penalty[1] of sin;
Even as the lilies of the field, they nēither toil nor spin.

3.

And year by year, as life wears on, no wants have they to bear
In all the luxury of the earth they have abundànt share;
They walk ălŏng life's pleasant ways, where all is rich and fair.

4.

The childrèn of the poor man, though they be young each one,
Must rise betimes each morning, before the rising sun;
And scarcely when the sun is set their daily task is done.

5.

Few things have they to call their own, to fill their hearts with pride,
The sunshine and the summer flowers upon the highway side,
And their own free companionship on heathy commons wide.

6.

Hunger and cold and wearinèss, these are a frightful three;
But another curse there is besides, that darkens poverty—
It may not have one thing to love, how small soe'er it be.

7.

A thousand flocks were on the hills, a thousand flocks and mōre,
Feeding in sunshine pleasantly: they were the rich man's stōre.
There was the while one little lamb beside a cottage dōor;

8.

A little lamb that rested with the children 'neath the tree,
That ate, meek creature, from their hands, and nestled[2] to their knee;
That had a place within their hearts, one of the family.

9.

But want, even as an armèd man, came down upon their shed:
The father labor'd all day lŏng that his children might be fed,
And, one by one, their household things were sold to buy them bread.

[1] **Pen'al ty**, punishment for crime, or for any violation of law.

[2] **Nestled**, (nĕs'sld), lay close and snug

10.

That father, with a downcast eye, upon his threshold[1] stood,
Gaunt[2] poverty each pleasant thought had in his heart subdued.
"What is the creature's life to us?" said he; "'twill buy us food

11.

"Ay,[4] though the children weep all day, and with down-drooping head
Each does his small task mournfully, the hungry must be fed;
And that which has a price to bring must go to buy us bread."

[1] **Threshold**, (thrĕsh' ōld), the door-sill; the entrance to a door; the stone, plank, or other timber which lies under a door.

[2] **Gaunt**, (gânt), pinched and grim; lean, as with suffering or hunger.

[3] **Sub dued'**, conquered; overcome.

[4] **Aye**, (āĭ), yes; yes

12.

It went. Oh! parting has ă pang the hardèst heart to wring;
But the tender soul of a little child with fervent[1] love doth cling,
With love that hath no feignings false, unto each gentle thing.

13.

Therefore most sŏrrowful it was those children small to see,
Most sorrowful to hear them plead for the lamb so piteously:
"O! mother dear, it lovèth us; and what besides have we?"

14.

"Let's take him to the broad green hill!" in his impotent[2] despair,
Said one strŏng boy: "let's take him ŏff, the hills are wide and fair;
I know a little hiding-place, and we will keep him there."

15.

Oh vain! They took the little lamb, and straightway tied him down,
With a strŏng cord they tied him fast; and ō'er the common brown,
And o'er the hot and flinty roads, they took him to the town.

16.

The little children through that dāy, and throughout all the mŏrrōw,
From evèry thing ăbout the house a mournful thought did bŏrrōw;
The vĕry bread they had to eat was food unto their sŏrrōw.

17.

Oh! poverty is a weary thing; 'tis full of griēf and pain;
It keepèth down the soul of man as with an iron chain;
It makèth even the little child with heavy sighs complain.

MARY HOWITT.

III.

70. CLEON AND I.

CLEON hath ă million acres, ne'er a one have I;
Cleŏn dwellèth in a palace, in a cottage I;
Cleon hath a dozen fortunes, not a penny I;
Yet the poorer of the twain is Cleon, and not I.

[1] **Fer' vent**, hot; warm in feeling: earnest.

[2] **Im' po tent**, not potent or powerful: feeble; weak

2. Cleön, true, possessèth acres, but the landscape[1] I;
Half the charms to me it yieldèth money can not buy.
Cleon harbors slōth[2] and dullnèss, freshening vigor I;
He in velvet,[3] I in fustian,[4] richer man am I.

3. Cleön is a slave to grandeur,[5] free as thought am I;
Cleon fees a scōre[6] of doctors, need of none have I;
Wealth-surrounded, care-environed,[7] Cleon fears to die
Death may come, he'll find me ready, happier man am I

4. Cleön sees no charms in nature, in a daisy I;
Cleon hears no anthems ringing in the sea and sky;
Nature sings to me forever, earnest listener I;
State for state, with all attendants, who would change?
Not I.

CHARLES MACKAY.

IV.

71. THE HERITAGE.

THE rich man's son inhĕrits[8] lands,
And piles of brick, and stone, and gold;
And he inherits sŏft, white hands,
And tender flesh that fears the cold,
Nor dares to wear a garment old;
A hĕritage,[9] it seems to me,
One scarce would wish to hold in fee.[10]

2. The rich man's son inhĕrits cares:
The bank may break, the factory burn,

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[1] **Land'scape**, a portion of land which the eye can take in at a single view, with all the objects it contains.

[2] **Sloth**, slowness; laziness; idleness.

[3] **Vel'vet**, a soft cloth woven wholly from silk, or silk and cotton mixed, having a short shag of the thread on the outside.

[4] **Fustian**, (fŭst'yan), a kind of coarse twilled or ribbed cotton cloth.

[5] **Grandeur**, (grănd'yŏr), splendor of appearance; display.

[6] **Score**, a notch or mark made to keep an account; twenty.

[7] **Care'-en vi'roned**, surrounded by cares.

[8] **In her'it**, to take what is left by parents or ancestors.

[9] **Her'it age**, that which descends to us from our ancestors.

[10] **Fee**, a *fee*, or *fee simple*, is property, especially land, held by a person in his own right, and which may descend to his children or other heirs forever.

A breath may burst his bubble shares,
And sŏft white hands could hardly earn
A living that would serve his turn;
A hĕritage, it seems to me,
One scarce would wish to hold in fee.

3. The rich man's son inhĕrits wants,
His stomach craves for dainty fare;
With sāted[1] heart he hears the pants
Of toiling hinds[2] with brown arms bare,
And wearies in his easy-chair;
A hĕritage, it seems to me,
One scarce would wish to hold in fee.

4. What doth the poor man's son inhĕrit?
Stout muscles and a sinewy heart,
A hardy frame, a hardier spirit;
King of two hands, he does his part
In every useful toil and art;
A hĕritage, it seems to me,
A king might wish to hold in fee.

5. What doth the poor man's son inhĕrit?
Wishes o'erjoyed with humble things,
A rank adjudged with toil-won mĕrit,
Content that from employmènt springs,
A heart that in his labor sings;
A hĕritage, it seems to me,
A king might wish to hold in fee.

6. What doth the poor man's son inhĕrit?
A patience learned by being poor,
Cŏurage, if sŏrrōw come, to bear it,
A fellōw-feeling that is sure
To make the outcast bless his door;
A hĕritage, it seems to me,
A king might wish to hold in fee.

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[1] **Sated**, (sāt' ed), fed or gratified to the extent of desire.

[2] **Hind**, (hind), one of the lowest class of laborers in the country.

7 O rich man's son! there is a toil,
That with all other level stands:
Large charity doth never soil,
But only whiten, sŏft, white hands,—
This is the best crop from thy lands;
A hĕritage, it seems to me,
Worth being rich to hold in fee.

8. O poor man's son! scorn not thy state;
There is worse wearinèss than thine—
In merely being rich and great:
Toil only gives the soul to shine,
And makes rest frāgrant and benign,—
A hĕritage, it seems to me,
Worth being poor to hold in fee.

9. Bōth, heirs to some six feet of sod,
Are equal in the earth at last:
Both, childrèn of the same dear Gŏd,
Prove title to your heirship vast
By record of a well-filled past;
A hĕritage, it seems to me,
Well worth a life to hold in fee. J. R. Lowell.

SECTION XIV.

I.

72. INGENUITY AND INDUSTRY REWARDED.

A RICH husbandman[1] had two sons, the one exactly a year older than the other. The vĕry day the second was born, he set, in the entrance of his orchard,[2] two young apple-trees of equal size, which he cultivated with the same care, and which grew so equally, that no person could perceive the least difference between them.

[1] **Hus' band man**, a planter or farmer.

[2] **Or' chard**, a collection of fruit trees.

2. When his children were capable of handling garden tools, he took them, one fine morning in spring, to see these two trees, which he had planted for them, and called after their names; and when they had sufficiently admired their growth, and the number of blossoms that covered them, he said:

3. "My dear childrèn, I give you these trees: you see they are in good condition. They will thrive as much by your care, as they will decline by your negligence;[1] and their fruit[2] will reward you in propōrtion to your labor."

4. The youngèst, named, Edmund, was industrious and attentive. He busied himself in clearing his tree of insects that would hurt it; and he propped[3] up its stem, to prevent its taking a wrŏng bent.

5. He loosened the earth ăbout it, that the warmth of the sun, and the moisture of the dews, might cherish the roots. His mother had not tended him more carefully in his infancy, than he tended his young apple-tree.

6. His brother, Moses, did not imitate his example. He spent a great deal of time on a mount that was near, throwing stones at the passengers in the road. He went ămong all the little dirty country boys in the neighborhood, to box with them; so that he was ŏften seen with broken shins and black eyes, from the kicks and blows he received in his quarrels.

7. In short, he neglected his tree so far, that he never thought of it, till one day in autumn he by chance saw Edmund's tree so full of apples, streaked with purple and gold, that had it not been for the props which supported its branches, the weight of its fruit must have bent it to the ground.

8. Struck with the sight of so fine ă tree, he hastened to his own, hoping to find as large a crop upon it; but, to his great surprise, he saw scarcely any thing, except branches covered with mŏss, and a few yĕllōw withered leaves.

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[1] **Neg' li gence**, want of care; neglect.

Fruit, (frōt), see Rule 4, p. 24.

[3] **Propped**, supported or prevented from falling by placing something under or against.

9. Full of passion and jealousy, he ran to his father, and said: "Father, what sort of a tree is that which you have given me? It is as dry as a broomstick; and I shall not have ten apples on it. My brother you have used better: bid him at least share his apples with me."

10. "Share with you!" said his father; "so the industrious must lose his labor, to feed the idle! Be satisfied with your lot: it is the effect of your negligence; and do not think to accuse me of injustice, when you see your brother's rich crop. Your tree was as fruitful, and in as good order as his; it bore as many blossoms, and grew in the same soil, only it was not fostered with the same care.

11. "Edmund has kept his tree clear of hurtful insects; but you have suffered them to eat up yours in its blossoms. As I do not choose to let any thing which God has given me, and for which I hold myself accountable[1] to him, go to ruin, I shall take this tree from you, and call it no more by your name.

12. "It must pass through your brother's hands, before it can recover itself; and from this moment, both it and the fruit it may bear are his property. You may, if you will, go into my nursery,[2] and look for another, and rear it, to make amends for your fault; but if you neglect it, that too shall be given to your brother, for assisting me in my labor."

13. Moses felt the justice of his father's sentence, and the wisdom of his design. He therefore went that moment into the nursery, and chose one of the most thriving apple-trees he could find. Edmund assisted him with his advice in rearing it; and Moses embraced every occasion of paying attention to it.

14. He was now never out of humor with his comrades, and still less with himself; for he applied cheerfully to work; and in autumn, he had the pleasure of seeing his tree fully answer his hopes. Thus he had the double advantage, of enriching himself with a splendid crop of fruit,

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[1] **Ac count' a ble**, liable to be called to account; answerable.

[2] **Nursery**, (nĕrs' er ĭ), a place where young trees are raised for the purpose of being transplanted; a plantation of young trees.

and at the same time of subduing the vicious habits he had contracted. His father was so well pleased with this change, that the following year he divided the prŏduce of a small orchard between him and his brother. BER'QUIN.

II.

73. PLANTING TREES.

AN old man was busily employed in plănting and ingrafting an apple-tree. Some one passing by, rudely accŏsted him with the inquī'ry: "Why do *you* plant trees, who can not hope to eat the fruit of them?"

2. The old man raised himself up, and leaning on his spade, replied: "Some one planted trees before I was born, and I have eaten the fruit; I now plant for others, that

the memōrial[1] of my gratitude may exist when I am dead and gŏne."

3. It is a nărrōw, selfish feeling that confines our views within the circle of our own private interests. If man had been made to live for himself ălōne, we may justly conclūde that every one would have been placed by himself, and his bounds marked out, so that he might live alone. But since Gŏd has made us to live in society, He designs that we should be helpful to each other.

4. The truly ingenuous,[2] benevolent mind, takes mōre plĕasure in an act which will confer blessings upon others, than in one that terminates[3] on himself. The selfish man wraps himself in his cloak, and cares not for the sufferings of others, so that he keeps warm himself. This old man, however, remembered how much he was indebted to those who had lived before him, and resolved to pay his debts.

5. If we would look ărōund us, we should find ourselves indebted to others on every side, for the comforts which we now enjoy—first to Gŏd, and under Him, to those whom He has employed as His agents[4] to give them to us. Ought we not, then, to strive in some mĕasure to repay these obligations[5] by doing something to promote the happinèss and well-being of others?

6. Who gave us the blessing of freedom which we enjoy? Did not our fathers brave the ocean and the wildernèss to establish it? Ought we not, then, to transmit[6] this precious boon[7] to our posterity?[8]

7. And so, in whatever direction we look, we find some blessing, for which we are indebted to the generosity, public spirit, or Christian benevolence of others. Let us return the blessing, with interest, into the bosom of others.

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[1] **Me mo′ ri al**, that which serves to keep something in remembrance.

[2] **In gen′ u ous**, noble; frank; open; without concealment.

[3] **Ter′ min ates**, comes to a limit in time; ends.

[4] **A′ gent**, a person who acts for another.

[5] **Ob li ga′ tions**, favors; acts which *bind* a person to do something for another, or to forbear something.

[6] **Trans mit′**, to pass over to another; to hand down.

[7] **Boon**, a gift; a present.

[8] **Pos ter′ i ty**, children and their descendants

8. Dr. Franklin,[1] having done a favor to some one, and being pressed with thanks, requested the person whom he had obliged, to embrace the first opportunity of doing a kindness to some other person, and to request him to pass it round, as all mankind are brothers. A greater than he has said: "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

NEWCOMB.

III.

74. THE PLANTING OF THE APPLE TREE.

COME, let us plant the apple tree.
Cleave the tough greensward with the spade;
Wide let its hollow bed be made;
There gently lay the roots, and there
Sift the dark mould with kindly care,
And press it o'er them tenderly,
As, round the sleeping infant's feet
We softly fold the cradle sheet;
So plant we the apple tree.

2. What plant we in this apple tree?
Buds, which the breath of summer days
Shall lengthen into leafy sprays;
Boughs where the thrush, with crimson breast,
Shall haunt and sing and hide her nest;
We plant, upon the sunny lea,
A shadow for the noontide hour,
A shelter from the summer shower,
When we plant the apple tree.

3. What plant we in this apple tree?
Sweets for a hundred flowery springs,
To load the May-wind's restless wings,
When, from the orchard row, he pours
Its fragrance through our open doors;
A world of blossoms for the bee,

[1] **Benjamin Franklin**, an eminent American moralist statesman, and philosopher, was born in Boston, Massachusetts, on the 6th of January, 1706, and died in Philadelphia April 17th, 1790.

Flowers for the sick girl's silènt room,
For the glad infant sprigs of bloom,
We plant with the apple tree.

4. What plant we in this apple tree?
Fruits that shall swell in sunny June,
And redden in the August noon,
And drop, when gentle airs come by,
That fan the blue September sky,
While children come, with cries of glee,
And seek them where the fragrant grass
Betrays their bed to those who pass,
At the foot of the apple tree.

5 And when, ăbove this apple tree,
The winter stars are quivering bright,
The winds go howling through the night,
Girls, whose young eyes ō'erflōw with mirth,
Shall peel its fruit by cottage hearth,
And guests in prouder homes shall see,
Heaped with the grape of Cintra's[1] vine,
And golden ŏrange of the line,
The fruit of the apple tree.

6. The fruitage[2] of this apple tree
Winds, and our flag of stripe and star
Shall bear to coasts that lie ăfar,
Where men shall wonder at the view,
And ask in what fair groves they grew;
And sō'journers[3] beyŏnd the sea
Shall think of childhood's carelèss day,
And lŏng, long hours of summer play,
In the shade of the apple tree.

Cintra, (sĭn' trå), a town of Portugal, fourteen miles north-west of Lisbon, on the slope of the mountain chain of Cintra. It is noted for the beauty of its situation and its delicious climate.

[2] **Fruitage**, (frōt' ej), fruit collectively, or as a whole. For the *pronunciation*, see Rule 4, p. 24.

[3] **Sojourner**, (sō' jĕrn er), a stranger or traveler who dwells in a place for a time.

7. Each year shall give this apple tree
A broader flush[1] of roseate[2] bloom,
A deeper maze[3] of verdurous[4] gloom,
And loosen, when the frost-clouds lower,
The crisp brown leaves in thicker shower.
The years shall come and pass, but we
Shall hear no lŏnger, where we lie,
The summer's sŏngs, the autumn's sigh,
In the boughs of the apple tree.

8. And time shall waste this apple tree.
Oh, when its agèd branches thrōw
Thin shădōws on the ground belōw,
Shall fraud[5] and fōrce and iron will
Oppress the weak and helplèss still?
What shall the tasks of mercy be,
Amid the toils, the strifes, the tears
Of those who live when length of years,
Is wasting this apple tree?

9. "Who planted this old apple tree?"
The childrèn of that distant day
Thus to some agèd man shall say;
And, gazing on its mŏssy stem,
The gray-haired man shall answer them:
"A poët of the land was he,
Born in the rude but good old times;
'Tis said he made some quaint old rhymes
On planting the apple tree."

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

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[1] **Flush**, a sudden flowing; a blush; a glow.

[2] **Roseate**, (rō' ze at), of a rose color; blooming.

[3] **Maze**, a confusing and baffling net work of paths or passages; confusion of thought; uncertainty.

[4] **Verdurous**, (vẽrd' yŏr us), covered with verdure; green.

[5] **Fraud**, (frâd), the act of deceiving with a view to gain an unlawful or unfair advantage; a trick thoughtfully used by which the right or interest of another is injured.

SECTION XV.

I.

75. THE BROOK.

I COME from haunts of coot[1] and hern,[2]
I make ă sudden sally,[3]
And sparkle out ămong the fern,
To bicker[4] down a valley.

2. By thirty hills I hŭrry down,
Or slip between the ridges,
By twenty thorps,[5] a little town,
And half a hundred bridges.

3. I chatter over stony ways,
In little sharps[6] and trebles,[7]
I bubble into eddying bays,
I babble[8] on the pebbles.

4. With many ă curve, my bank I fret
By many a field and fălłōw,[9]
And many a fairy foreland[10] set
With willow-weed and mallow.[11]

5. I chatter, chatter, as I flow
To join the brimming river,

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[1] **Coot**, (kŏt), a water-fowl that frequents lakes and other still waters. It has a bald head, a black body, and is about fifteen inches long.

[2] **Hern**, (hĕrn), this is used for the name *heron*, a water-fowl. It is a wading bird with long legs and neck, and is remarkable for flying almost directly up.

[3] **Sal′ly**, a leap, or rushing out.

[4] **Bick′er**, move quickly and tremulously like flame or water; quiver.

[5] **Thorp**, a small village; a little cluster of houses in the country.

[6] **Sharps**, high tones or sounds.

[7] **Treb′le**, the highest tones or sounds; the highest of the four principal parts in music, which is usually sung by females.

[8] **Bab′ble**, make a constant murmuring noise; utter words imperfectly.

[9] **Fal′low**, land that has lain for a year or more unworked or unseeded; land which has been plowed without being sowed.

[10] **Fore′land**, a point of land extending into a sea or lake some distance from the line of the shore; a head-land.

[11] **Mal′low**, a plant whose fruit is often called by boys and girls a *cheese*.

For men may come, and men may go,
But I go on forever.

6. I wind about, and in and out,
With here ă blossom sailing,
And here and there a lusty trout,
And here and there a grāyling;[1]

7. And here and there a foamy flake
Upon me as I travel,
With many a silvery water-break
Above the golden gravel;

8. And draw them all ălŏng and flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come, and men may go,
But I go on forever.

9. I steal by lawns[2] and grassy plots,
I slide by hazel covers,
I move the sweet forget-me-nots
That grow for happy lovers.

10. I slip, I slide, I gloom,[3] I glance,
Among my skimming swallows;
I make the netted sunbeam dance
Against my sandy shăllōws.

11. I murmur under moon and stars,
In brambly wildernèssès;
I linger by my shingly[4] bars,
I loiter round my cresses;[5]

12. And out again I curve and flow
To join the brimming[6] river,
For men may come, and men may go,
But I go on forever.

ALFRED TENNYSON

[1] **Gray' ling**, a fish of the trout kind, having a smaller mouth.

[2] **Lawn**, (lân), grass-ground in front of or near a house, kept smoothly mown.

[3] **Gloom**, shine obscurely; glimmer; look dark

[4] **Shingly**, (shĭng' glĭ), composed of small stones or loose gravel.

[5] **Cresses**, (krĕs'ĕz), certain plants which grow near the water and are used as a salad.

[6] **Brim' ming**, full to the brim, or upper edge

II.

76. LITTLE STREAMS.

LITTLE streams are light and shădōw.
Flowing through the pasture mĕadōw,
Flowing by the green way-side,
Through the fŏrest dim and wide,
Through the hamlet[1] still and small—
By the cottage, by the hall,

By the ruin'd abbey[2] *still*—
Turning here and there a mill,

[1] **Ham' let**, a small village.

[2] **Ab' bey**, a society of persons of either sex, shut out from the world, and bound to remain single and devote their time to religion; the *church* used for such a society.

Bearing tribute[1] to the river—
Little streams, I love you ever.

2. Summer music is there flowing—
Flowering plants in them are growing;
Happy life is in them all,
Creatures innocĕnt and small;
Little birds come down to drink,
Fearlèss of their leafy brink;
Noble trees beside them grow,
Glooming them with branches low;
And between, the sunshine, glancing,
In their little waves, is dancing.

3. Little streams have flowers ă many,
Beautiful and fair as any;
Typha strŏng, and green bur-reed;
Willōw-herb, with cotton-seed;
Arrōw-head, with eye of jet;
And the water-viŏlet.
There the flowering-rush you meet,
And the plumy mĕadōw-sweet;
And, in places deep and stilly,
Marble-like, the water-lily.

4. Little streams, their voices chēery,
Sound fōrth welcomes to the wēary;
Flowing on from day to day,
Without stint and without stay;
Here, upon their flowery bank,
In the old time pilgrims drank—
Here have seen, as now, pass by,
King-fisher, and dragon-fly;
Those bright things that have their dwelling,
Where the little streams are welling.

5. Down in valleys green and lowly,
Murmuring not and gliding slowly;

---

[1] **Trib′ute**, something furnished as a mark of aid received, or as that which is due or deserved; that which enlarges or forms a part of.

Up in mountain-hŏllōws wild,
Fretting like a peevish child;
Through the hamlet, where all day
In their waves the children play;
Running west, or running east,
Doing good to man and beast—
Always giving, weary never,
Little streams, I love you ever.

MARY HOWITT.

III.

77. THE WIND AND THE STREAM.

A BROOK came stealing from the ground;
You scarcely saw its silvery gleam
Among the herbs that hung ărŏund[1]
The borders of that winding stream,
The pretty stream, the placid[2] stream,
The sŏftly[3] gliding, bashful stream.

2. A breeze came wandering from the sky,
Light as the whispers of ă dream;
He put the ō'erhanging grasses by,
And sŏftly stooped to kiss the stream,
The pretty stream, the flattered[4] stream,
The shy, yet unreluctant[5] stream.

3. The water, as the wind passed ō'er,
Shot upward many ă glancing beam,
Dimpled[6] and quivered mōre and more,
And tripped ălŏng, a līvelier stream.
The flattered stream, the simpering[7] stream,
The fond, delighted, silly stream.

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[1] **Around**, (ă round'), Note 1, p. 23.

[2] **Plac' id**, pleased; contented; unruffled; quiet.

[3] **Softly**, (sŏft' lĭ), Note 2, p. 16.

[4] **Flat' tered**, soothed by praise or insincere attentions; pleased with false hopes.

[5] **Un're luc' tant**, not much opposed in heart; willing.

[6] **Dimpled**, (dĭm' pld), formed dimples; sunk into depressions or little irregularities.

[7] **Sim' per ing**, smiling in a conceited, affected, or silly manner.

4. Awāy the airy wanderer flew
To where the fields with blossoms teem,[1]
To sparkling springs and rivers blue,
And left ălōne that little stream,
The flattered stream, the cheated stream,
The sad, forsaken, lonely stream.

5. That carelèss wind came never back;
He wanders yĕt the fields I deem,
But, on its melancholy[2] track,
Complaining went that little stream,
The cheated stream, the hopelèss stream,
Thē ever-murmuring, mourning stream.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

IV.

78. THE BIRD AND THE FOUNTAIN.

1.

THERE was once ă little fountain that flowed ăwāy unseen,
In the bosom of a mountain, where man had never been;
Yet on it wandered brightly, with a pretty bubbling sound,
Whilst its waters sprinkled lightly the plants that grew ăround.

2.

But one evening, at the "gloaming,"[3] a swallōw, pert and vain,
From far distant countries roaming, came sōaring ō'er the plain;
And, staying by the mountain, to rest his weary wing,
To that pretty little fountain he thus began to sing:

3.

"Poor humble thing, and lowly, confined to one lōne spot,
Condemned to suffer slowly thy solitary lot!
Oh! had you seen the bowers o'er which I've lately flown,
How poor you'd think the flowers that blossom here ălōne!

4.

"For there, mid scenes of splendor,[4] a fountain's life should run,
And all its sweetnèss render beneath an Eastern sun;

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[1] **Teem**, to be full of.

[2] **Mel' an chol' y**, low-spirited; sad; unhappy.

[3] **Gloam' ing**, twilight; dusk.

[4] **Splen' dor**, great brightness; great show of richness.

There should your cooling waters, in fragrance and perfume,[1]
Descend to bless the daughters of Oriental[2] bloom."

5.

The little fountain listen'd, and, for a moment's space,
Perhaps less brightly glisten'd[3] in her lōnely hiding-place:
Perchance the swallōw's mĕasure[4] a passing shădōw threw
On every simple plĕasure her humble spirit knew.

6.

And soon that pretty fountain, once happy and content,
Perchance had scorned the mountain where all her life was spent,
Had not a thirsty flower just caught her sparkling eye,
Who, but for her sweet shower, must pine ăwāy and die.

7.

Oh, then she said, "Pert stranger, I do not envy thee,
Though ō'er those scenes a rānger, which I may never see;
Since in my quiet flowing I've joys to thee unknown,
The bliss[5] of bliss bestowing,—the sweetèst ever known!"

8.

She said; and sŏft reclining within her crystal bed,
She kissed that flow'ret pīning, and raised its drooping head.
The swallow and his stōry were soon forgotten quite,
For *his* was fading glōry, and *hers* enduring light!

CHARLOTTE YOUNG.

SECTION XVI.

I.

79. WHO IS GREATEST.

PART FIRST.

THOMAS. I do not see the use of it, any how!
Ellen. The use of what? my dear little brother.
Tho. Why, the use of getting all these lessons.

[1] **Per fume'**, the odor or scent that comes from sweet-smelling substances; sweetness of smell.

[2] **O ri ent' al**, pertaining to the orient or east; eastern.

[3] **Glistened**, (glĭs' nd), sparkled or shone; shone with a mild, subdued and irregular luster.

[4] **Measure**, (mĕz' yŏr), song.

[5] **Bliss**, the greatest happiness.

John. He's always talking in that way, sister; but I tell him that *to learn* is the way to become a great man.

El. A *great* man?

John. Yĕs, a great man.

El. What is a great man, John?

John. Men of learning are great men, and so are statesmen[1] and heroes.[2]

El. Why are they great men?

John. Because they know more and can do more than other people.

El. And that makes them great?

John. Yes.

El. If that is all that makes greatnèss, I would ask, with Thomas, what is the use of studying to be great?

John. Sister! how can you talk so! Is it nothing to be as great as Cæsar,[3] Bonaparte,[4] Columbus,[5] or Newton?[6]

El. What made them great, John?

John. They were great because they could do more than others, as I have just said.

El. I have seen ă vĕry differènt description of greatnèss, and, from the sōurce whence it came, I am inclined to believe, a much truer one.

John. Where did you see it, sister?

El. I saw it in the Bible.

John. I never saw a description of greatnèss there, that I now remember.

El. But there is one, and it is in these words—"And

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[1] **States' men**, men employed in public affairs; men skilled in the arts of government.

[2] **He'roes**, great warriors; brave and ready men in danger.

[3] **Cæsar**, (sē' zăr), a most remarkable Roman warrior, statesman, and man of letters, was born B.C. 100, and died by the hands of assassins, in the Senate House, on the 15th of March, in the fifty-sixth year of his age

[4] **Napoleon Bonaparte**, first emperor of the French, one of the greatest of warriors and statesmen. was born on the 5th of February, 1768, and died May 5th, 1821

[5] **Christopher Columbus**, the discoverer of America, born in Genoa, Italy, about 1435, and died at Valladolid, Spain, May 20, 1506.

[6] **Sir Isaac Newton**, the greatest of philosophers and mathematicians, was born at Lincolnshire, England, December 25th, 1642. He died in 1727

whosoever will be chief ămong you, let him be your servant." Can you understand that?

John. I can't understand why you should call that a description of greatnèss.

El. It certainly is. To be the *chief* of all, is to be the greatèst of all.

John. But how can any one be the chief of all, and yĕt the servant of all? I have ŏften read that verse in the Bible, but never clearly understood it; and now it sounds strānger than ever. Servants are the lowèst and humblèst of all—not the greatèst, nor the chief. I wish you would explain it to me, sister.

El. It means, if I understand it, that if we would become truly great, we must do good to all. We must *serve* them.

I remember once hearing father say, that the greatèst men in the world are those who have rendered the world most *service.* Under this view, we might call Newton and Columbus, whom you have mentioned, great men; but I should doubt the claims of Cæsar and Bonaparte to that title.

John. If you do not call them great men, sister, what do you call them?

El. They were ambitious men; men who loved themselves so much better than they loved their fellōws, that to gain the distinction they coveted,[1] they would willingly have spread death and destruction, from one end of the world to the other. How different is the description of their characters from that of the great man that I have quoted from the Bible!

II.

80. WHO IS GREATEST.

PART SECOND.

JOHN. I can't exactly understand this, sister. The servant of all, the greatèst of all, sounds vĕry strānge. At that rate, Sally, our cook, is greater than any of us. She is the servant of all in the house.

[1] **Coveted**, (kŭv' et ed), wished for with eagerness; greatly longed for.

Ellen. Who renders all the rest the greatèst service? Does Sally?

John. No; I do not think that she does.

El. Well, who does? Depend upon it, brother, you will discover, when you fix upon that one, that you have found the greatèst in our house. Now, think whose service is of mōst importance? Whose lŏss would be most severely felt?

John. The lŏss of our father.

El. Yes. Our father is the servant of all, and the greatèst of all. He supplies the wants of all in the house, and brings us all our comforts. Sally cooks for us our food; but how little does she do for us, compared with what our father and mother do! [*Enter* MOTHER.

Mother. You look serious, my children. What are you talking about?

John. Just before you came in, mother, we were talking about greatnèss.

Mo. Ah! Well, have you found out in what greatness consists?

John. Ellen says that the servant of all is the greatèst of all.

Mo. Does she, indeed! And has she convinced you that she is right?

John. I can't say just yes, nor can I say no; but I suppose she may be right.

Mo. I have no doubt of it, John. She has the best possible authŏrity on her side—the Bible.

John. So it appears. But it makes me feel discoŭraged.

Mo. Why?

John. I have always thought that I would like to be a great man; and the hope of becoming great has made me study harder than any thing else.

Mo. How, great, my son?

John. Great like the warriors, statesmen, and men of science who have distinguished themselves in all ages.

Mo. For the good they have done?

John. No; I cannot say that I have ever thought of the good. It is just this, that makes me feel discoŭraged. If

true greatnèss comes only to those who seek to *serve* others, in order to do them good, I am ăfrāid I shall not be great.

Mo. Why?

John. I could study and work hard in the hope of becoming a distinguished man; but not that I might become, simply, a useful man.

Mo. My dear boy, your error is the error of thousands and tens of thousands, who have gŏne before you. It is an error that has caused the world much sŏrrŏw, and will cause it much mōre. You must try very hard to gĕt ăwāy from it, or it will bring you years of unhappinèss.

No one is truly great but he who is truly good. Gŏd is the greatèst of all, and he is Goodnèss itself. He seeks not his own glōry, but the good of his creatures, making his sun to shine upon the evil and the good, and sending his rain upon the just and the unjust. If we would be great, we must be like him,—there is no other way.

ALTERED FROM ARTHUR.

III.

81. RAIN-MAKING.[1]

MEDICAL DOCTOR and RAIN DOCTOR.

MEDICAL DOCTOR. Hail, friend! How vĕry many medicines you have about you this morning! Why, you have evèry medicine in the country here.

Rain Doctor. Vĕry true, my friend; and I am sure I ought, for the whōle country needs the rain which I am making.

Med. Dr. So you reälly believe that you can command the clouds? I think that can be done by Gŏd ălōne.

Rain Dr. We bōth believe the vĕry same thing. It is Gŏd that makes the rain, but I pray to him by means of these medicines; and, the rain coming, of cōurse it is then

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[1] **Dr. Livingstone**, who was a missionary for sixteen years in the interior of Africa, says that the Bakwains and some other tribes believe that all medicines act by a hidden charm, or magic power, and that their rain-doctors have certain medicines which may be made to charm the clouds and cause them to pour out abundant rain

mine. It was I who made it for the Bakwains, for many years, when they were at Shŏkuä'ne; through my wisdom, too, their women became fat and shining. Ask them; they will tell you the same as I do.

Med. Dr. But we are distinctly told, in the parting words of our Saviour, that we can pray to Gŏd acceptably in his name ălōne, and not by the means of medicines.

Rain Dr. Truly! but Gŏd told *us* differently. He made black men first, and did not love us as he did the white men. He made you beautiful, and gave you clothing, and guns, and gunpowder, and horses, and wagons, and many other things about which we know nothing.[1] But toward us he had no heart. He gave us nothing except cattle and rain-making; and he did not give us hearts like yours.

We never love each other. Other tribes place medicines about our country to prevent the rain, so that we may be dispersed[2] by hunger, and go to them, and increase their power. We must dissolve their charms by our medicines. Gŏd has given us one little thing which you know nothing of. He has given us the knowledge of certain medicines by which we can make rain. *We* do not despise those things which you possess, though we are ignorant of them. We dōn't understand your book, yĕt we don't despise it. *You* ought not to despise our little knowledge, though you are ignorant of it.

Med. Dr. I dōn't despise what I am ignorant of; I only think you are mistaken in saying that you have medicine which can influence the rain at all.

Rain Dr. That's just the way people speak when they talk on a subject of which they have no knowledge. When we first opened our eyes, we found our forefathers making rain, and we followed in their footsteps. You, who send to Kuru'man for corn, and irrigate[3] your garden, may do without rain; *we* can not manage in that way.

If we had no rain, the cattle would have no pasture, the

[1] **Nothing**, (nŭth' ing.)

[2] **Dispersed**, (dis pĕrst'), driven asunder; scattered: separated

[3] **Ir' ri gate**, to water or wet land by causing a stream to flow upon and over it.

cows give no milk, our children become lean and die, our wives run ăwāy to other tribes who do make rain and have corn, and the whōle tribe become dispersed and lŏst; our fire would go out.

Med. Dr. I quite agree with you as to the value of the rain; but could you make it rain on one spot and not on another?

Rain Dr. I wouldn't think of trying. I like to see the whōle country green, and all the people glad; the women clapping their hands, and giving me their ornaments for thankfulnèss, and lullilooing for joy.

Med. Dr. I think you deceive bōth them and yourself. You can not charm the clouds by medicines. You wait till you see the clouds come, then you use your medicines, and take the credit which belŏngs to Gŏd ōnly.

Rain Dr. I use my medicines, and you employ yours; we are bōth doctors, and doctors are not deceivers. You give a patient medicine: sometimes Gŏd is pleased to heal him by means of your medicine, sometimes not—he dies. When he is cured, you take the credit of what God does.

I do the same. Sometimes Gŏd grants us rain, sometimes not. When he does, we take the credit of the charm. When a patient dies, you dōn't give up trust in your medicine, nēither do I when rain fails. If you wish me to leave ŏff my medicines, why continue your own?

Med. Dr. I give medicines to living creatures within my reach, and can see the effects, though no cure follōws: you pretend to charm the clouds, which are so far above us that your medicines never reach them. The clouds usually lie in one direction, and your smoke goes in another. Gŏd ălōne can command the clouds. Only try and wait patiently: God will give us rain without your medicines.

ALTERED FROM LIVINGSTONE.

IV

82. THE EVIL ADVISER.

PART FIRST.

THOMAS, FRANK, and FATHER.

THOMAS. What's your hŭrry, Frank? stop a minute.

Frank. I can't stay! Father sent me with this letter to the railroad depot.[1]

Th. Well, the depot wōn't run away.

Fr. But the cars will; there's a gentleman going to New York, who promised to carry this letter, and there's money in it for my brother.

Th. But dōn't you see it's but ten minutes past three; and the cars don't start till four, and you have time enough for what I want of you.

Fr. Well, what do you want?

Th. Just step in here to see the wild beasts with me: you have never been, have you?

Fr. No: I'll go when I come back from my ĕrrand.

Th. No, you can't; for then it will be time to go to the writing-master.

Fr. Then I'll go with you to-mŏrrōw.

Th. No, you can't; for this is the last day of the exhibition.

Fr. Is it? that's too bad! I did not know there were any beasts in town till to-day. How many are there?

Th. Ever so many; there's a polar[2] bear, and an elephant, and a most beautiful rhinoceros—[3]

Fr. I have seen a rhinoceros, and he is the ugliest creature that ever was; his skin sets as loosely upon him as a sailor's trowsers.

Th. Well, there's a royal tiger—

Fr. Is there? I never saw a royal tiger!

Th. Oh! he's a beauty—all yĕllōw, and covered with

---

[1] **Depot**, (de pō') any place of deposit for the storing or safe keeping of goods; a railway station.

[2] **Po' lar**, pertaining to, or coming from one of the poles of the earth.

[3] **Rhinoceros.** (rī nŏs' e ros), a large, powerful, very thick-skinned animal, nearly related to the elephant, and known by having one or two very strong horns upon the nose. The Indian rhinoceros has but *one* horn · and the African, *two*.

black stripes. Then there are little lĕopards playing just like kittens; and—There! there! do you hear that? That's the lion rōaring!

Fr. Whew! what a loud noise he makes! How lŏng will it take to see them all?

Th. Oh! not half an hour; and it wōn't take you five minutes to go down to the depot afterwards, if you run like a good fellōw.

Fr. Are there any monkeys?

Th. Plenty of them! the funnièst monkeys you ever saw; they make all sorts of faces.

Fr. Well—I dōn't know—what if I should be too late for the cars?

Th. No danger of that, I tell you; the town clock up there is too fast; it's all out of order; and, besides, you might see half the beasts while you are standing here thinking ăbout it—looking up the street and down the street.

Fr. Well, come ălŏng, then. Where's your money.

Th. Oh! I don't pay! I got acquainted with the doorkeeper after I had been in twice, and now he lets me in for nothing every time I bring a fellōw that does pay.

Fr. Oh, ho! well, I suppose it's a quarter of a dollar, and I have one somewhere in my pockets. [*Pulling out his handkerchief to search for the money, drops the letter.*] Ah! here it is! Come, Thomas! no time to be lŏst. Mind you do not let me stay too lŏng.

[*They go into the exhibition booth. Frank's father, passing along, picks up the letter, examines it, looks round for Frank, and passes hastily away.*]

V.

83. THE EVIL ADVISER

PART SECOND.

[*After some time the boys come out.*]

THOMAS. You did not see half of them, you were in such a hŭrry and worry.

Frank. I know it. Are you sure that clock is too fast, Thomas?

Th. I dŏn't know—I suppose so—the clocks are wrŏng half the time.

Fr. Why, you told me it was too fast, Thomas! and now I'm very sure that I shall be too late! I wish I hadn't gŏne in!

Th. Well, why don't you move, then? What are you rummaging after?

Fr. Why, after my letter. I'm sure I put it in this pocket. What, in the name of wonder, has become of it?

Th. Look in the other pocket.

Fr. It isn't there! nor in my hat! What shall I do?

Th. Why, you can't have lŏst it, can you?

Fr. I have lŏst it; I am as sure as can be I had it in this vĕry pocket just before I met you; and now it's gŏne!

Th. May be somebody stole it in the crowd.

Fr. That's comfort! There was ever so much money in it, for I heard father talking about it at dinner-time.

Th. Oh! I'll tell you what's become of it.

Fr. What? What?

Th. Why, I guess the elephant took it out of your pocket!

Fr. You ought to be ashamed to stand there laughing, after you have got me into such a scrape! I have a great mind to go in ăgain and look all round.

Th. They wŏn't let you in ăgain, unless you pay.

Fr. Oh, Thomas! what will my father say to me? Where shall I look? I wish I had never heard of the beasts. There was no comfort in looking at them, for I was thinking of the cars all the time; and now my letter is lŏst, and brother Henry's money, and all; and what will father do to me?

Th. What's the use of telling him any thing ăbout it? He'll never know whether the letter went or not, if you dŏn't say a word.

Fr. Yes. he will; my brother will write to inquire for the money.

Th. Well, and can't you say you gave the letter to the gentleman?

Fr. No, Thomas; I can't do that. I can't tell a lie—and, above all, to my father.

Th. The more fool you! But you needn't look so sad about it. There's your father coming now. Run and tell him, quick, and gĕt a whipping!

Fr. He will punish me, Thomas; that he will. What shall I do?

Th. Take my advice. I'll tell a fib for you, and do you hold to it.

Fr. I never told a lie in my life, Thomas!

Th. Then it's high time you did: you'll have to tell a great many before you die.

Fr. I dōn't believe that.

Th. Well, here's your father. Now see how I'll gĕt you out of the scrape. That's right! keep staring up at the hand-bill on the wall.

[*Enter* FATHER: FRANK *stares at the hand-bill.*]

Father. Why, Frank, you have run yourself out of breath. I trust that letter will go safely, for your brother wants the money vĕry much.

Th. Frank was just in time, sir. The cars were just starting.

Fath. Oh! you went with him, did you?

Th. Yes, sir; and I saw the gentleman put the letter in his pocket-book vĕry carefully. I fancy it will go safe enough.

Fath. I fancy it will. What is in that hand-bill, Frank, that in'terests you so much.

Fr. I dōn't know, sir.

Fath. What's the matter, my boy?

Fr. I can't stand it, father! I can't stand it! I had rather take ten whippings, Thomas, any day, than—than—

Fath. Ho, ho! what is all this?

Th. You are a fool, Frank.

Fr. I know I am a fool; but I can't tell a lie. I lŏst the letter, father. I went to see the wild beasts with Thomas, and lŏst the letter!

Fath. And this precious[1] fellōw wanted you to deceive me about it,—did he?

[1] **Precious**, (prĕsh' us), of great value or worth,—here used, as expressing the opposite meaning, for *worthless.*

Th. Why, I thought—

Fath. Frank! I would willingly lose a dozen letters, with ten times as much money in them, for the plĕasure of finding you resist the temptation! Come here, my boy, and leave ŏff crying. I found the letter, and carried it myself to the depot in time for the cars. I can forgive your folly, since it has not ended in wickednèss; but remember one thing; I shall not forgive you, if, henceforward, you associate[1] with this unprincipled boy.

[*To* THOMAS.] Begŏne, sir! I am glad to see shame on your face. Had my boy taken your advice, he, too, would have been at this moment a detected, conscience-smitten, despised liar; but he is holding up his head, and his heart is light in his bosom. You are the vĕry boy, Thomas, whom I was requested to take into my employmènt; but I will have nothing to do with you. Never come near my son again!

GOODRICH.

SECTION XVII.

I.

84. HONESTY THE BEST POLICY.

A FARMER called on Earl Fitzwilliam to represent that his crop of wheat had been seriously injured in a field adjoining a certain wood, where his friends had, during the winter, frequently met to hunt. He stated that the young wheat had been so cut up and destroyed, that in some parts he could not hope for any prŏduce.[2]

2. "Well, my friend," said his lordship, "I am aware[3] that we have frequently met in that field, and that we have done considerable injury; and, if you can procure an estimate of the lŏss you have sustained, I will repay you."

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[1] **Associate**, (ăs sō' shĭ āt), join or unite in company as a friend or companion; keep company.

[2] **Prod' uce**, that which is produced, brought forth, or yielded,—especially hay, grain, fruit, etc.

[3] **Aware**, (ă wâr') apprised; informed; knowing to the fact.

3. The farmer replied, that, anticipating[1] his lordship's consideration[2] and kindnèss, he had requested a friend to assist him in estimating the damage; and they thought, that as the crop seemed quite destroyed, fifty dollars would not more than repay him. The earl immediately gave him the money.

4. As the harvest, however, approached, the wheat grew; and in those parts of the field that were trampled, it was the strŏngest and most luxuriant.[3] The farmer went again to his lordship, and being introduced, said, "I am come, my lord, respecting the field of wheat adjoining such a wood." He instantly recollected the circumstances.

5. "Well, my friend, did I not allow you sufficient to remunerate[4] you for your lŏss?" "Yes, my lord; I have found that I have sustained no loss at all; for where the horses had most cut up the land, the crop is most promising, and I have, therefore, brought the fifty dollars back again." "Ah!" exclaimed the venerable earl, "this is what I like; that is what ought to be between man and man."

6. He then entered into conversation with the farmer, asking him some questions about his family—how many children he had, &c. His lordship then went into another room, and returning, presented the farmer a check for one hundred dollars. "Take care of this, and when your eldest son is of age, present it to him, and tell the occasion that produced it."

7. We know not what most to admire, the benevolence or the wisdom displayed by this illustrious[5] man; for, while doing a noble act of generosity, he was handing down a lesson of integrity[6] to another generation.[7]

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[1] **An tic' i pa ting**, taking beforehand; foreseeing.

[2] **Con sid` er a' tion**, the act of considering; attentive respect.

[3] **Luxuriant**, (lŭgz yŏ' rĭ ant), rich or plenteous in growth; abundant.

[4] **Re mu' ner ate**, reward; pay what is equal in value for any expense, service, or loss.

[5] **Il lus' tri ous**, possessing luster or brightness marked by greatness, nobleness, etc.

[6] **In teg' ri ty**, moral soundness; uprightness; honesty.

[7] **Gen` er a' tion**, the mass of beings living during one portion of time; also, the usual time at which father is followed by child.

II.

85. THE TRUTHFUL LITTLE PERSIAN.

AMONG the Persians there is a sect[1] called the Sōfis[2] and one of the most distinguished saints[3] of this sect was Abdul Kadir.[4] It is related, that in early childhood he was smitten with a desire of devoting himself to sacred things, and wished to go to Bagdad[5] to obtain knowledge.

2. His mother gave her consent; and, taking out eighty pieces of money, told him that, as he had a brother, half of that would be all his inhĕritance.[6] She made him promise, solemnly, when she gave it to him, never to tell a lie; and then bade him farewell, exclaiming—"Go, my son, I give thee to Gŏd; we shall not meet again till the day of judgment!"

3. He went on, till he came near to Hamadan,[7] when the company with which he was traveling was plundered[8] by sixty horsemen. One of the robbers asked him what he had got? "Forty pieces of money," said Abdul Kadir, "are sewed under my garment." The fĕllōw laughed, thinking that he was joking him. "What have you got?" said another. He gave the same answer. When they were dividing the spoil, he was called to an eminence, where their chief stood. "What property have you, my little fellow?" said he.

4. "I have told two of your people already," replied the boy. "I have forty pieces of money sewed up carefully in my clothes." The chief desired them to be ripped open, and found the money.

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[1] **Sect**, a part cut off; hence, a body of persons who have separated from others on account of some special belief, or set of opinions, which they hold in common.

[2] **Sofis**, (sō′ fĕz).

[3] **Saints**, holy or godly persons.

[4] **Abdul Kadir**, (ăb′ dŭl-kā′ der).

[5] **Bagdad**, (băg dăd′), a large and noted city of Asiatic Turkey, situated on both banks of the Tigris river.

[6] **In her′ it ance**, land, money, or other property received as a right on the death of a parent or other ancestor.

[7] **Hamadan**, (hă mă dăn′).

[8] **Plun′ dered**, deprived of goods by force; robbed.

5. "And how came you," said he, with surprise, "to declare[1] so openly, what has been so carefully hidden?" "Because," Abdul Kadir replied, "I will not be false to my mother, to whom I have promised that I will never conceal the truth.[2]

6. "Child," said the robber, "hast thou such a sense of duty to thy mother, at thy years, and am I insensible,[3] at my age, of the duty I owe to my Gŏd? Give me thy hand,

[1] **Declare**, (dē klâr), Note 2, p. 15.
[2] **Truth**, (trōth), Note 4, p. 16.
[3] **In sen' si ble**, not conscious; without interest in regard to.

innocent boy," he continued, "that I may swear repentance[1] upon it." He did so, and his followers were all alike struck with the scene. "You have been our leader in guilt," said they to their chief, "be the same in the paths of virtue;" and they instantly, at his order, made restitution[2] of the spoil,[3] and vowed repentance on the hand of the boy.

III.

86. TWO WAYS OF TELLING A STORY.

PART FIRST.

IN one of the mōst populous[4] cities of New England,[5] ă few years sĭnce, a party of lads, all members of the same school, got up a grand sleigh-ride. The sleigh was a vĕry large and splendid one, drawn by six gray horses.

2. On the day following the ride, as the teacher entered the schoolroom, he found his pupils in high mĕrriment,[6] as they chatted about the fun and frolic of their excursion.[7] In answer to some inquĭ'ries which he made about the matter, one of the lads volunteered to give an account of their trip and its various incidents.

3. As he drew near the end of his stōry, he exclaimed: "O, sir! there was one little circumstance that I had almost forgotten. As we were coming home, we saw ăhĕad of us ă queer-looking affair in the road. It proved to be a rusty old sleigh, fastened behind a covered wagon, proceeding at a vĕry slow rate, and taking up the whōle road.

4. "Finding that the owner was not disposed to turn out, we determined upon a volley[8] of snow-balls and a good

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[1] **Re pent' ance**, a feeling of pain, sorrow, or regret for what one has done or neglected to do; a change of mind or course of conduct on account of regret or being dissatisfied with what has taken place.

[2] **Res ti tu' tion**, the act of restoring or giving back what has been taken from another.

[3] **Spoil**, what is taken by force.

[4] **Pop' u lous**, full of inhabitants or people.

[5] **England**, (ĭng' gland).

[6] **Mer' ri ment**, gayety, with laughter or noise; noisy sport.

[7] **Excursion**, (ĕks kĕr' shun), a short journey or trip for pleasure or health.

[8] **Vol' ley**, a large number thrown at one time.

hurrah.[1] They produced the right effect, for the crazy machine turned out into the deep snow, and the skinny old pony started on a full trot.

5. "As we passed, some one gave the old jilt of ă horse a good crack, which made him run faster than he ever did before, I'll warrant. And so, with another volley of snowballs pitched into the front of the wagon, and three times three cheers, we rushed by.

6. "With that, an *old fĕllōw* in the wagon, who was buried up under an old hat, and who had dropped the reins, bawled out, 'Why do you frighten my horse?' 'Why dōn't you turn out, then?' says the driver. So we gave him three rousing cheers mōre. His horse was frightened ăgain, and ran up ăgainst a loaded team, and, I believe, almōst capsized[2] the old creature—and so we left him."

IV.

87. TWO WAYS OF TELLING A STORY.

PART SECOND.

"WELL, boys," replied the instructor, "take your seats, and I will take my turn and tell you ă stōry, and all about a sleigh-ride, too. Yĕsterday afternoon, a vĕry venerable[3] old clergyman was on his way from Bŏston to Salem, to pass the residue[4] of the winter at the house of his son. That he might be prepared for journeying in the spring, he took with him his wagon, and for the winter his sleigh, which he fastened behind the wagon.

2. "His sight and hearing were somewhat blunted by age, and he was proceeding vĕry slowly and quietly; for his horse was old and feeble, like his owner. His thoughts reverted[5] to the scenes of his youth—of his manhood, and of his riper years. Almost forgĕtting himself in the multi-

[1] **Hurrah**, (hŏ rä'), a shout of joy, or triumph, or applause.

[2] **Cap sized'**, upset or overturned.

[3] **Ven'er a ble**, deserving of honor and respect on account of worth or of age.

[4] **Residue**, (rĕz' i dū), that which is left after a part is taken or past.

[5] **Re vert' ed**, turned back.

tude of his thoughts, he was suddenly disturbed, and even terrified,[1] by loud hurrahs from behind, and by a furious pelting and clattering of balls of snow and ice upon the top of his wagon.

3. "In his trepidation[2] he dropped his reins, and as his agèd and feeble hands were quite benumbed with the cold, he could not gather them up, and his horse began to run ăwāy. In the midst of the old man's trouble, there rushed by him, with loud shouts, a large party of boys, in a sleigh drawn by six horses. 'Turn out! turn out, old fĕllōw!—Give us the road, old boy!—What will you take for your pony, old daddy?—Go it, frozen-nose!—What's the price of oats?'—were the various cries that met his ear.

4. "'Pray do not frighten my horse!' exclaimed the infirm[3] driver. 'Turn out, then! turn out!' was the answer, which was followed by repeated cracks and blows from the lŏng whip of the 'grand sleigh,' with showers of snow-balls, and three tremendous[4] hurrahs from the boys who were in it.

5. "The terror of the old man and his horse was increased, and the latter ran ăwāy with him, to the ĭmminent[5] danger of his life. He contrived, however, to secure his reins, and to stop his horse just in season to prevent his being dashed against a loaded team.

6. "A short distance brought him to his journey's end, the house of his son. His old horse was comfortably housed[6] and fed, and he himself abundantly provided for. That son, boys, is your instructor; and that *old fellōw*, and *old boy* (who did not turn out for you, but who would gladly have given you the whōle road, had he heard your approach), that *old daddy* and *old frozen-nose*, was your master's father!"

7. Some of the boys buried their heads behind their

[1] **Ter' ri fied**, alarmed or shocked with fear; frightened.

[2] **Trep\' i da' tion**, a trembling of the limbs from fear.

[3] **Infirm**, (in fĕrm'), not firm or sound; weak; feeble.

[4] **Tre men' dous**, fitted to awaken terror or fear; such as may astonish or frighten by its force, loudness, etc.

[5] **Im' mi nent**, threatening immediately to fall or take place; very near at hand.

[6] **Housed**, (houzd), covered from stormy weather; sheltered.

desks, some cried; and many hastened to the teacher with apologies and regrets without end. All were freely pardoned, but were cautioned that they should be more civil, for the future, to inoffensive travelers, and more respectful to the agèd and infirm. H. K. OLIVER.

V.

88. A MAN IS A MAN.

ONE day I was guilty of an action which, to say the least, was in vĕry bad taste. An old man, in ă very poor, but not dirty dress, came into the ŏffice with a basket full of ŏranges, which he was retailing[1] about the village.

2. When he desired me to purchase some, I answered him rather roughly and slightingly,[2] and turned again to my books; not, however, without observing that my uncle raised his eyebrows a little at my want of good manners.

3. When the old ŏrange peddler had gŏne out, my uncle turned round, and looking me full in the face, said, "My boy, you appear to have forgotten an old maxim,[3] handed down in your family time out of mind. It is this: '*A man is a man.*'

4. "Evèry person, however humble his station or calling, is entitled to your respect as a man, and so lŏng as you are ignoránt of his having forfeited[4] all claim to consideration by criminal, or scandalously[5] immŏral[6] behavior, you should treat him with politenèss;[7] and, if he is old, with marked respect. Age, itself, has a perpetual[8] claim to reverence.[9]

5. "Did you never hear the stōry of the Rŭssian princèss? She was on some plĕasure excursion with a gay

[1] **Re tail' ing**, cutting up and disposing of in small parcels; selling in small quantities.

[2] **Slight' ing ly**, with disregard, as of little value and unworthy of notice.

[3] **Max'im**, a sentence containing a well-known truth of practical value.

[4] **For' feit ed**, lost the right of owning or having.

[5] **Scan' da lous ly**, shamefully in a manner to give offense.

[6] **Im mor' al**, contrary to conscience or God's law; wicked; impure; vicious.

[7] **Po lite' ness**, civility; good breeding; kindness of manner.

[8] **Per pet'u al** not ending; lasting

[9] **Rev' er ence**, great respect and affection.

party in France, I think, or Germany, when they fell in with an old man, in a humble walk in life, a rustic,[1] cōarsely attired, and wearing a lŏng bēard.

6. "An impertinent[2] lordling treated thē old man contemptuously,[3] laughed at his bēard, and ŏffered a round sum in gold to any lady of the party who would kiss the veteran.[4] Instantly the fair Rŭssian—who, by the way, was young and one of the most beautiful women in Europe—stepped forward and accepted the challenge.[5]

7. "The purse of gold was deposited[6] on a plate, which, after kissing thē old man, the princèss gracefully presented to him, saying, 'Take this, my good friend, as a testimonial[7] that the daughters of Rŭssiă are tāught to respect old age.'

8. "But it is not thē old ōnly that are entitled to respect. If I remember rightly, an Apostle[8] says '*Honor all men.*' Consider that evèry man is entitled to politenèss, as a man, an immortal being, destined to exist forever, with yourself, in the world of spirits, where we shall all be classed, not according to the clothes we have wōrn, but the lives we have led on earth." TOLIVER.

SECTION XVIII.

I.

89. THE STRANGER ON THE SILL.

BETWEEN broad fields of wheat and corn
Is the lowly home where I was born;
The peach-tree leans ăgainst the wall,
And the woodbine wanders over all;

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[1] **Rus' tic**, a countryman; one who works upon the soil.

[2] **Im per' ti nent**, impudent; insolent; rude.

[3] **Con tempt' u ous ly**, with great disrespect; showing contempt.

[4] **Vet' er an**, an old man; one grown old in service.

[5] **Chal' lenge**, an invitation to fight or contend, or to do any extraordinary action.

[6] **De pos'it ed**, placed.

[7] **Tes' ti mo' ni al**, proof; something to bear witness.

[8] **Apostle**, (a pŏs' sl), a person sent forth to do some important business; one of the twelve disciples of Christ sent forth to preach the gospel.

There is the shaded dōorway still,
But a strānger's foot has crŏssed the sill.

2. There is the barn—and, as of yōre,[1]
I can smell the hay from the open dōor,
And see the busy swallōws thrŏng,
And hear the peewee's[2] mōurnful sŏng;
But the strānger comes—oh! painful proof—
His sheaves are piled to the heated roof.

3. There is the orchard—the vĕry trees
Where my childhood knew lŏng hours of ease,
And watched the shadowy momènts run,
Till my life imbībed[3] more shade than sun:
The swing from the bough still sweeps the air,
But the strānger's children are swinging there.

4. There bubbles the shady spring belōw,
Wifh its bulrush brook where the hazels grōw:
'Twas there I found the calamus-root,[4]
And watched the minnows[5] poise[6] and shoot,
And heard the robin lave[7] his wing,
But the strānger's bucket is at the spring.

5. Oh, ye who daily crŏss the sill,
Step lightly, for I love it still;
And when you crowd the old barn eaves,
Then think what countlèss harvèst sheaves,
Have passed wifhin that scented dōor,
To gladden eyes that are no mōre!

6. Deal kindly wifh those orchard trees;
And when your children crowd their knees,
Their sweetèst fruit they shall impart,
As if old memories stirred their heart:
To youthful spōrts still leave the swing,
And in sweet reverence[8] hold the spring.

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[1] **Yore**, *of yore*, of old time; long since; long ago.

[2] **Pee' wee**, a bird called pewit, or lapwing.

[3] **Im bibed'**, drank in; absorbed; received; took.

[4] **Cal' a mus-root**, flag-root.

[5] **Min' nows**, small fishes.

[6] **Poise**, balance; rest.

[7] **Lave**, to bathe; to wash.

[8] **Rev' er ence**, a continued feeling of great respect and love

7. The[1] barn, the trees, the brook, the birds,
The mĕadōws with their[2] lōwing herds,[3]
The wood'bīne on the cottage-wall—
My heart still lingers with them all.
Ye strângers on my native sill,
Step lightly, for I love it still!

T. Buchanan Read.

II.

90. I REMEMBER, I REMEMBER.

1.

I REMEMBER, I remember, the house where I was[4] born;
The little wĭndōw where the sun came peeping in at morn
He never came ā[5] wink too soon, nor brought too lōng[6] a dāy
But now, I ŏft*en* wish the night had bōrne my breath ăwāy!

2.

I remember, I remember, the roses—red and white;
The vīŏlets and the lily-cups, those flowers made of light!
The lilacs where the robin built, and where my brother set
The laburnum[8] on his birth-day—the tree is living yet!

3.

I remember, I remember, where I was used to swing;
And thought the air must rush as fresh to swallōws on the wing.
My spirit flew in feathers then, that is so heavy now;
And summer pools could hardly cool the fever on my brow!

4.

I remember, I remember, the fir-trees dark and high;
I used to think their slender tops were close against the sky.
It was a childish ignorance, but now 'tis little joy
To know I'm further ŏff from heaven, than when I was a boy.

Thomas Hood.

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[1] **The**, (thŭ), see Rule 3, p. 24.
[2] **Their**, (thâr), see Note 2, p. 15.
[3] **Herds**, (hêrdz), see Note 2, p. 16.
[4] **Was** (wŏz).
[5] **A**, (ā), see Rule 2, p. 23.
[6] **Long**, (lŏng), see Note 2, p. 16.
[7] **Away**, (ā wā'), Note 1, p. 23,—also Rule 2, same page.
[8] **Laburnum**, (la bêr' num), a kind of ornamental shrub; a tree which is a native of the Alps, and much cultivated as an ornamental tree.

III.

91. LITTLE AT FIRST, BUT GREAT AT LAST.

1.

A TRAVELER through a dusty road, strew'd acorns on the lea,
And one took root, and sprouted up, and grew into a tree.
Love sought its shade at evening time, to breathe its early vows
And Age was pleased, in heats of noon, to bask beneath its boughs
The dormouse loved its dangling twigs, the birds sweet music bōre ·
It stood a glōry in its place, a blessing evermōre.

2.

A little spring had lŏst its way ămĭd the grass and fern ;
A passing strānger scooped ă well, where wēary men might turn:

He walled it in, and hung with care a ladle at the brink—
He thought not of the deed he did, but judged that toil might drink.
He passed again—and lo! the well, by summers never dried,
Had cooled ten thousand parching tongues, and saved a life beside.

3.

A dreamer dropped ă random[1] thought; 'twas old, and yĕt was new—
A simple fancy of the brain, but strŏng in being true;
It shōne upon a geniăl[2] mind, and lo! its light became
A lamp of life, a bēacon[3] ray, a monitory[4] flame.
The thought was small—its issue[5] great: a watch-fire on the hill,
It sheds its rādiance[6] far adown, and cheers the valley still!

4.

A namelèss man, ămĭd ă crowd that thrŏnged the daĭly mart,[7]
Let fall a word of Hope and Love, unstudied, from the heart;
A whisper on the tumult thrown—a transitory[8] breath—
It raised a brother from the dust, it saved a soul from death.
O germ![9] O fount! O word of love! O thought at random cast!
Ye were but little at the first, but mighty at the last!

CHARLES MACKAY.

IV.

92. THE FLAX; OR THE STORY OF A LIFE.

PART FIRST.

THE flax stood in full bloom; its flowers were of ă delicate blue, sŏft[10] as the wing of a mŏth, but far more beautiful! The sun shōne upon the flax, and the summer

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[1] **Ran' dom**, done at hazard, or without settled aim or purpose; left to chance.

[2] **Genial**, (jē' nĭ al), jovial and inspiring joy or happiness; productive.

[3] **Beacon**, (bē' kn), a signal-fire to make known the approach of an enemy; that which warns.

[4] **Mon' i to ry**, instructing by way of caution; warning.

[5] **Issue**, (ĭsh' shō), that which proceeds from another thing; consequence; final result or end.

[6] **Ra' di ance**, vivid light; brilliancy; brightness.

[7] **Mart**, a place of traffic or sale: a market.

[8] **Tran' si to ry**, continuing only for a short time; short-lived.

[9] **Germ**, (gĕrm), a bud; that from which anything springs.

[10] **Soft**, (sŏft), see Note 1, p. 16.

rain descended on it; and this was good for the plant, even as it is for a little child to be bathed in pure water and then to receive its fond mother's kiss. The babe looks all the mōre lovely afterward, and thus it was also with the flax.

2. "People say that I am grown so tall and so beautiful," said the flax, "and that the finèst and best linen may be woven out of me: now, am I not happy? Truly, I am the most fortunate of beings; for all is bright and well with me now, and hereafter I may hope also to be useful to others. How joyous is the sunshine, and how refreshing the rain! Oh, I am unspeakably happy, the vĕry happièst of beings!"

3. "Yĕs, yes," replied ă stout twig in the neighboring hedge, "you know nothing of the world; but we do to our cŏst, when our knottèd stems are cut down."

4. One day there came people, who, seizing the flax by its head, pulled it up by the roots: this was painful. Then it was laid in water that it might become sŏft; and then it was placed over a slow fire as if it was to be baked. Oh, it was sad work! "One cannot expect to be always prosperous," said the flax; "one must suffer now and then, and thereby, perhaps, a little wisdom may be gained."

5. But matters seemed to grow worse and worse: after the flax had been soaked and baked, it was beaten and hackled;[1] nēither could it guess the meaning of all that was inflicted. At length it was placed on the spinning-wheel—whizz, whizz, whizz! It was not easy to collect one's thoughts in this position.

6. "I *have* been extremely happy," thought the patient flax, ămĭd all its sufferings; "one ought to be contented with the good things one has already enjoyed. Contentment, contentment, oh!—" The words were scarcely uttered, when the well-spŭn thread was placed in the loom. The whōle of the flax, even to the last fiber, was used in the manufacture of a single piece of fine linen.

7. "Well this is reälly extraordinary; I never could have expected it! How favorable fortune is to me! It is reälly

[1] **Hackled** (hăk' ld), tore rudely asunder; separated, as the coarse part of flax from the fine, by drawing it through the teeth of a hackle.

wonderful! What have I ever done to deserve so happy a fate? Oh, I am the most fortunate of beings! My web is so stout and so fine—so white and so smooth! This is quite ănother thing from being merely a plant, bearing flowers, indeed, but untended by man, and watered ōnly when the rain fell upon me from heaven.

8. "Now, I am waited on and cared for. Each morning does the neat-handed maiden turn me over; and in the evening I receive a rain-bath out of the bright green watering-pot; yĕs, and the pastor's lady herself has been talking of me, and says I am the best piece in the whōle parish. I could not be happier than I am."

9. Now was the piece of linen carried into the house; then, submitted to the scissors; oh, how unmercifully was it nicked and cut, and stitched with needles! That was by no means ăgrēeable; but from this single piece were cut twelve linen garmènts of that sort which one does not gladly name, but which all men desire to pŏssĕss. Of such garments, twelve were cut out and quickly made.

10. "Only see, now; I have at length become reălly useful; and this, surely, was my true destiny.[1] Oh, what a blessing is this, that I am allowed to produce something that is needful to mankind! and when one is permitted to do so, it is a sōurce of the purèst satisfaction.[2] We are now become twelve pieces, and yĕt we are all one and the same. We are a dozen! What extraordinary good fortune is this!"

11. And years passed on—and the linen was now quite wōrn out. "I shall vĕry soon be laid ăsīde," said each one of the garmènts; "I would gladly have lasted lŏnger, but one must not desire impossibilities." So they were torn into strips and shreds; and it seemed as if, now, all was over with the wōrn-out linen, for it was hacked and soaked and baked; and what mōre it scarcely knew, until it became fine white paper.

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[1] **Des' ti ny**, that to which any person or thing is appointed, intended, or doomed.

[2] **Sat`is fac' tion**. that which satisfies or gratifies; contèntment in doing, or in having and enjoying.

V.

93. THE FLAX; OR, THE STORY OF A LIFE.

PART SECOND.

"WELL, this is ă surprise—a delightful surprise!" said the paper. "Now am I still finer than before; and of cōurse I shall be written upon. Yes! Who can tell what glōrious thoughts may be inscrībed[1] upon my leaves? This is indeed an unlooked for happinèss!"

2. And so it turned out, truly, that the most beautiful tales and poëtry were written upon the paper; and some of it came into the hands of a worthy pastor—that was a peculiar[2] happinèss; for many people listened to the words he had nōted down, and they were so wise and so good that they made men wiser and better than they were befōre. A blessing seemed to rest upon the words written on this paper.

3. "This is more than ever I ventured to dream of when I was a simple little blue flower growing in the field. How, indeed, could it have occurred to me that at a future time I should be the messenger of wisdom and of joy to mankind? It is almost inconceivable to me, and yet it is truly so. Our Lord Gŏd knowèth that I myself have done nothing, save after my feeble fashion, that which was needful to the vĕry life of my being; yĕt He has led me on in this wise, from one degree of happinèss and honor to another.

4. "Each time, when I thought within myself, 'now, indeed, the sŏng is ō'er,' then did it speedily rise to a higher and better strain. Now, I shall doubtlèss go on my travels, and be sent throughout the world that all men may become acquainted with my contents. This seems most likely; how, indeed, could it be otherwise, seeing that I have now so many precious thoughts to impart, even as many as were the little blue flowers which I bōre in my earlier days? Ah, I am so happy—the vĕry happièst of beings!"

---

[1] **In scribed'**, marked down as something to be read; written.

[2] **Peculiar**, (pe kūl' yar), belonging solely or especially to an individual, or a single thing; not possessed by others.

5. But the paper was not destined to set out on its travels, for it was sent to the printing-press; and there all its writing was printed in ă book or rather in many hundrèd books, so that an ĭn'finitely[1] larger share of knowledge and ămūsemènt resulted from its circulation than if the written paper had been sent traveling round the world, when it would have been wŏrn out before half its journey was accomplished.

6. "Well, this is truly ă mōst sensible ărrāngemènt," thought the written paper; "never could such an ideă have entered my imagination.[2] Now am I left at home, and honored almost like an agèd grandfather, which in fact I am, of all those new books, and they will do so much more good in the world: therefore was it that I could not be permitted to set out on my travels.

7. "I have, indeed, been kindly cared for by him who wrote the whōle; and evèry word which flowed out of his pen has entered into my substance and become part of my vĕry self. I am surely the very happièst of beings." Then was the paper gathered in a bundle and thrown into a barrel which stood in the wash-house.

8. "After the completion of a work it is good to repose ăwhīle," said the paper; "it is well to collect one's thoughts now and then, and to meditate[3] on that which dwells within. For the first time in my life I now begin to understand ărīght what I was intended for; and to know one's self is the truèst prŏgrèss.[4] What may be about to befall me now I can not tell, but hitherto each change has been an onward step. Onward, ever onward, is my destiny. This have I learned by past experience."[5]

9. And so it happened one dāy that the whōle bundle of

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[1] **In' fi nite ly**, without bounds or limits; beyond or below given bounds.

[2] **Im ag' i na' tion**, the image-making power; the power to create or form again an object of sense before noticed or seen.

[3] **Med' i tate**, to dwell on any thing in thought; to turn any subject in the mind.

[4] **Prog' ress**, a moving or going forward; gradual advance or growth in learning, goodness, etc.

[5] **Ex pe' ri ence**, frequent trial of a matter; useful knowledge taught by the changes and trials of life.

paper was taken out of the barrel and laid upon the hearth,[1] in order that it might be burned there, for it was thought a pity to sell it to the huckster for the purpose of wrapping up sugar and butter in its leaves. All the children in the house stood round ăbout, because they wished to see the paper burning: it flamed up magnificently, and afterward were seen countlèss red sparks darting hither and thither, and one after the other going out so swiftly—so swiftly.

10. Then cried out one of the little ones: "Come and see the children out of school!" and the last[2] spark was the school-master. It ŏft*e*n seemed as if the last one was extinguished, but instantly another spark would gleam out, and then came the cry: "There goes the schoolmaster again." Yes, they were quite well acquainted with him; they only wished to know whither he went! We shall come to know it, but they knew it not.

11. All the old paper, the whōle bundle, was laid upon the fire, and quickly did it kindle. "Uh, uh!" said the burning paper, and flickered up into clear bright flame. "Uh, uh!" It was by no means pleasant thus to consume away; but when the whole mass was lighted into one vast glowing flame it rose up so high into the air, higher far than the tīny blue flower ever could have aspired to do, and shōne as the fine white linen never could have pretended to do in its most glŏssy days. All the written letters became of a scarlet hue, and the words and thoughts rose upward amid the flames.

12. "Now am I ascending toward the sun itself!" So thought the burning paper, and it seemed as though the words were repeated by a thousand voices in unison, while the roaring flame rushed through the chimney and sōared upward into the blue vault of heaven; and, more beautiful than the flame, although invisible[3] to human eyes, floated millions of airy atoms, countlèss as had been once the blue flax-flowers in the field.

13. They were far lighter than the flame which had given

[1] **Hearth**, (hårth).

[2] **Last**, (låst), see Note 3, p. 15.

[3] **Invisible**, (ĭn vĭz′ ĭ bl), not capable of being seen.

them birth, and as this became extinct, and nothing remained of the white paper save the dull black ashes, then these fiery atoms danced fairy-like above them, and wherever they rested a moment, there did the red sparks gleam out brightly again, and then was the cry repeated, "Here are the children out of school, and there is the schoolmaster last of all!" That was fun indeed; and the children sang beside the dark dead ashes an old-fashioned rhyme; but the little airy invisible beings spoke in another strain, saying: "*The sŏng is by no mēans ō'er, its sweetèst part but just begins.*"

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

SECTION XIX.

I.

94. AUTUMN.

SEPTEMBER has come. The fierce heat of summer is gŏne. Men are at work in the fields cutting down the yĕllōw grain, and binding it up into sheaves. The fields of corn stand in thick ranks, heavy with ears; and, as their tăssels and broad leaves rattle in the wind, they seem to whisper of plenty.

2. The boughs of the orchard hang low with the red and golden fruit. Laughing boys are picking up the purple plums and the red-cheeked peaches that have fallen in the high grass. Large, rich melons are on the garden vines, and sweet grapes hang in clusters by the wall.

3. The larks with their black and yĕllōw breasts stand watching you on the close-mown mĕadōw. As you come near, they spring up, fly a little distance, and light again. The robins that lŏng ago left the gardens, feed in flocks upon the red berries of the sumac, and the sŏft-eyed pigeons are with them to claim their share. The lazy blackbirds follow the cows and pick up crickets and other insects that they start up with their large hoofs.

4. The leaves fade. The ash-trees grow crimson in color. The twigs of the birch turn yĕllōw, and the leaves of the chestnut are brown. The maple in the valley has lŏst its bright-green, and its leaves are of the hue of gold.

5. At noon, the air is still mild, and sŏft. You see blue smoke ŏff by the distant wood and hills. The brook is almost dry. The water runs over the pebbles with a sŏft, low murmur. The golden-rod is on the hill, the aster by the brook, and the sunflower in the garden.

6. The twitter of the birds is still heard. The sheep

blēat upon the brown hill-side, and the sŏft tinkle of their bell floats upon the air. The mĕrry whistle of the plow-boy comes up from the field, and the cow lōws in the distant pasture.

7. As the sun sinks in the October smoke, the low, south wind creeps over the dry tree-tops, and the leaves fall in showers upon the ground. The sun sinks lower, and lower, and is gŏne; but his bright beams still linger in the west. Then the evening star is seen shining with a sŏft, mĕllōw light, and the moon, red as blood, rises slowly in the still and hazy air.

8. November comes. The flowers are all dead. The grass is pale and white. The wind has blown the dry leaves into heaps. The timid rabbit treads sŏftly on the dry leaves. The crow calls from the high tree-top. The sound of dropping nuts is heard in the wood. Children go out morning and evening to găther nuts for winter. The busy little squirrels will be sure to gĕt their share of the nuts.

II.

95. CORNFIELDS.

1.

WHEN on the breath of autumn breeze, from pastures dry and brown,
Goes floating, like an idle thought, the fair white thistle-down,
Oh then what joy to walk at will
Upon the golden harvèst hill!

2.

What joy in dreamy ease to lie amid a field new shōrn,
And see all round on sun-lit slōpes[1] the piled-up stacks of corn;
And send the fancy[2] wandering ō'er
All pleasant harvest-fields of yōre.

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[1] **Slope**, any ground that has an ascending or descending surface.

[2] **Fan' cy**, a picture of any thing formed in the mind; that power by which the mind forms an image or picture of something.

3.

I feel the day—I see the field, the quivering of the leaves,
And good old Jacob and his house binding the yĕllōw sheaves;
And at this vĕry hour I seem
To be with Joseph in his dream.

4.

I see the fields of Bĕthlehem, and reapers many ă one,
Bending unto their sickles' stroke—and Bōăz looking on;
And Ruth,[1] the Mōăbīte so fair,
Among the gleaners stooping there.

5.

Again I see a little child, his mother's sole delight,—
Gŏd's living gift of love unto the kind good Shunammite;[2]
To mortal[3] pangs I see him yield,
And the lad bear him from the field.

6.

The sun-bāthed quiĕt of the hills, the fields of Galilee,
That eighteen hundred years ăgō were full of corn, I see;
And the dear Saviour takes his way
'Mid ripe ears on the Sabbath day.

7.

Oh golden fields of bending corn, how beautiful they seem!
The reaper-folk, the piled-up sheaves, to me are like a dream.
The sunshine and the vĕry air
Seem of old time, and take me there.

MARY HOWITT.

III.

96. TO AUTUMN.

SEASON of mists and mĕllōw fruitfulnèss!
Close bosom-friend of the matūring[4] sun!
Conspiring[5] with him how to load and bless
With fruit[6] the vines that round the thatch-eaves run—

[1] **Ruth**, (rŏth), see Rule 4, p. 24.

[2] **Shunammite**, (shŏ' nam mīt), see Bible, II Kings, chap. iv.

[3] **Mor' tal**, destined to die; causing death; deadly.

[4] **Ma tur' ing**, advancing toward ripeness; ripening.

[5] **Con spir' ing**, plotting together; planning.

[6] **Fruit**, (frōt), see Note 4, p. 16.

To bend with apples the mŏssed cottage trees,
And fill all fruit with ripenèss to the cŏre—
To swell the gourd, and plump the hazel shells
With a sweet kernel—to set budding, more,
And still more, later flowers for the bees,
Until they think warm days will never cease,
For Summer has o'er-brimmed their clammy cells.

2. Who hath not seen thee oft amid thy store?
Sometimes whoever seeks abroad may find
Thee sitting carelèss on a granary[1] floor,
Thy hair soft-lifted by the winnowing wind;
Or on a half-reaped furrow sound aslēep,
Drowsed with the fume of poppies, while thy hook
Spares the next swath[2] and all its twinèd flowers;
And sometime like a gleaner thou dost keep
Steady thy laden head across a brook;
Or by a cider-press, with patient look,
Thou watchèst the last oozings, hours by hours.

3. Where are the sŏngs of Spring? Ay, where are they?
Think not of them—thou hast thy music too:
While barred clouds bloom the soft-dying day,
And touch the stubble-plains with rosy hue;[3]
Then in a wailful choir[4] the small gnats mourn
Among the river sallows,[5] borne aloft
Or sinking, as the light wind lives or dies;
And full-grown lambs loud bleat from hilly bourn;[6]
Hedge-crickets sing; and now with treble soft
The red-breast whistles from a garden-croft,[7]
And gathering swallows twitter in the skies.

JOHN KEATS.

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[1] **Granary**, (grăn' a rĭ), a storehouse of grain after it is thrashed; a corn-house.

[2] **Swath**, (swåth), a line of grass or grain cut and thrown together by the scythe; the whole sweep of a scythe, or the whole breadth from which grass or grain is cut by a scythe or a cradle.

[3] **Hue**, dye; tint; color.

[4] **Choir**, (kwīr), a band or company of singers.

[5] **Sal' lows**, certain trees or low shrubs of the willow kind.

[6] **Bourn**, a bound; a limit; also, a rivulet or stream.

[7] **Croft**, a small inclosed field used for a pasture, a garden, etc.

SECTION XX.

I.

97. TWO NEIGHBORS AND THE HENS.

IN a conversation I had with ă man in New Jersey, he told me this anecdote. "I once owned a large flock of hens. I generally kept them shut up; but one spring I concluded to let them run in my yard, after I had clipped their wings so that they could not fly.

2. "One day, when I came home to dinner, I learned that one of my neighbors had been there, full of wrath,[1] to let me know that my hens had been in his garden, and that he had killed sevèral of them, and thrown them over into my yard. I was greatly enraged, because he had killed my beautiful hens, that I valued so much. I determined at once to be revenged—to sue him, or in some way gĕt redress.[2]

3. "I sat down and ate my dinner as calmly as I could. By the time I had finished my meal I became more cool, and thought that perhaps it was not best to fight with my neighbor about hens, and thereby make him my bitter, lasting enemy. I concluded to try another way, being sure it would do better.

4. "After dinner, I went to my neighbor's. He was in his garden. I went out and found him in pursuit of one of my hens with a club, trying to kill it. I accŏsted[3] him. He turned upon me, his face inflamed[4] with wrath, and broke out in a great fury: 'You have ăbūsed me. I will kill all of your hens, if I can gĕt at them: I never was so abused. My garden is ruined.'[5]

5. "'I am vĕry sŏrry for it,' said I: 'I did not wish to injure you, and now see that I have made a great mistake in letting out my hens. I ask your forgivenèss, and am willing to pay you six times the damage.'

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[1] **Wrath**, (råth), very fierce anger; fury; rage.

[2] **Re dress'**, satisfaction or payment for wrong that has been done.

[3] **Ac cost' ed**, came to the side of addressed; spoke to.

[4] **In flamed'**, red; burning.

[5] **Ruined**, (rō' ind), Rule 5, p. 24.

6. "The man seemed confounded.[1] He did not know what to make of it. He looked up to the sky—then down to the earth—then at his neighbor—then at his club, and then at the hen he had been pursuing, and said nothing.[2]

7. "'Tell me, now,' said I, 'what is the damage, and I will pay you six-fold; and my hens shall trouble you no more. I will leave it entirely to you to say what I shall do. I can not afford to lose the love and good-will of my neighbors, and quarrel with them, for hens, or any thing else.'

8. "'I am a great fool,' said the neighbor; 'the damage is not worth talking about; and I have more need to compĕn'sate[3] you, than you me, and to ask your forgivenèss, than you mine.'"

II.

98. TRADE AND SPADE.

BETWEEN two friends in days of old
A bitter strife began,
And Father Spade with Brother Trade
Disputed man to man.
"You're vain, undutiful, and proud,"
Said Spade, with flashing eyes:
"You earn your thousands while I starve;
You mŏck my childrèn's cries.

2. "You ride in state with lordly looks;
You dwell in bower and hall;
You speak of me reproachfully,
And prosper on my fall.
So from this hour, in shine or shower,
We'll learn to live apart.
I ruled the earth ere you were born—
I cast you from my heart."

3. And Trade lŏst temper in his pride:
He uttered words of scorn:

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[1] **Con found' ed**, entirely confused; at a loss what to say or do.

[2] **Nothing.** (nŭth' ing).

[3] **Com pen' sate**, to make equal return to; to repay by giving what is of an equal value.

"You do not know the ways of men,
Amid your sheep and corn.
You doze ăwāy the busy day,
Nor think how minutes run.
Go, put your shoulder to your work,
And do as I have done.

4. You've all the earth to yield you wealth—
Both corn and pasture-land;
I only ask a counting-house,
And room whereon to stand.
And from this hour, in shine or shower,
I'll learn to live ălōne:
I'll do without you well enough—
The world shall be my own!"

5. And thus they wrangled night and day,
Unfair, like angry men,
Till things went wrŏng between them bŏth,
And would not right again.
But growing wiser in distress,
Each grasp'd the other's hand;
"'Twas wrŏng," said Spade, "to rail at Trade;
He loves me in the land."

6. And Trade as freely owned his fault:
"I've been unjust," he said,
"To quarrel with the good old man,
Who grows my daily bread.
Lŏng may we floŭrish, Trade and Spade,
In city and in plain!
The people starve while we dispute—
We must not part again." CHARLES MACKAY.

III.

99. THINGS BY THEIR RIGHT NAMES.

CHARLES. Father, last winter you used to tell us stŏries, and now you never tell us any; and we are all got round the fire quite ready to hear you. Pray, dear father, let us have a vĕry pretty one.

Father. With all my heart—what shall it be?

Ch. A bloody murder, father!

Fa. A bloody murder! Well, then—Once upon a time, some men, dressed all alike—

Ch. With black crapes over their faces?

Fa. No; they had steel caps on: having crŏssed a dark heath, wound cautiously alŏng the skirts of a deep fŏrest—

Ch. They were ill-looking fĕllōws, I dare say.

Fa. I can not say so; on the contrary, they were tall, good-looking men as one shall ŏft*e*n see:—leaving on their right hand an old ruined tower on the hill—

Ch. At midnight, just as the clock struck twelve; was it not, father?

Fa. No, reälly; it was on a fine, balmy summer's morning—and moved forwards, one behind another—

Ch. As still as death, creeping alŏng under the hedges?

Fa. On the contrary, they walked remarkably upright; and so far from endeavoring to be hushed and still, they made a loud noise as they came alŏng, with several sorts of instruments.

Ch. But, father, they would be found out immediately.

Fa. They did not seem to wish to conceal themselves: on the contrary, they glōried in what they were ăbout. They moved forward, I say, to a large plain, where stood a neat, pretty village, which they set on fire—

Ch. Set a village on fire? Wicked wretches!

Fa. And while it was burning, they murdered—twenty thousand men.

Ch. O fie! father. You dōn't intend I should believe this? I thought all ălŏng you were making up a tale, as you ŏft*e*n do; but you shall not cătch me this time. What! they lay still, I suppose, and let these fĕllōws cut their throats!

Fa. No, truly; they resisted as lŏng as they could.

Ch. How should these men kill twenty thousand, pray?

Fa. Why not? the *murderers* were thirty thousand.

Ch. Oh, now I have found you out! You mean a Battle!

Fa. Indeed I do. I do not know of any *murders* half so bloody.

IV.

100. THE BATTLE OF BLENHEIM.

1.

IT was a summer evening—old Kaspar's work was done,
And he, before his cottage door, was sitting in the sun;
And by him spōrted on the green,
His little grandchild, Wilhelmine.

2.

She saw her brother, Peterkin, roll something large and round,
Which he beside the rivulet,[1] in playing there, had found;
He came to ask what he had found,
That was so large, and smooth, and round.

3.

Old Kaspar took it from the boy, who stood expectant[2] by;
And then the old man shook his head, and, with a natural sigh -
"'Tis some poor fĕllōw's skull," said he,
"Who fell in the great victory.

4.

"I find them in the garden, for there's many here about;
And ŏften, when I go to plow, the plowshare turns them out;
For many thousand men," said he,
"Were slain in the great victory."

5.

"Now tell us what 'twas all ăbout," young Peterkin he cries;
And little Wilhelmine looks up with wonder-waiting eyes—
"Now tell us all about the war,
And what they killed each other for."

6.

"It was the English," Kaspar cried, "who put the French to rout;
But what they killed each other for, I could not well make out;
But every body said," quōth[4] he,
"That 'twas ă famous victory.

7.

"My father lived at Blenheim[5] then, yŏn little stream hard by;[6]
They burned his dwelling to the ground, and he was fōrced to fly;
So, with his wife and child he fled,
Nor had he where to rest his head.

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[1] **Riv'u let**, a small river or brook; a streamlet.

[2] **Ex pect' ant**, having an appearance of expectation; looking for.

[3] **Rout**, the defeat or breaking of an army or band of troops, or the disorder and confusion of troops defeated and put to flight.

[4] **Quoth**, (kwŏth), spoke; said.

[5] **Blenheim**, (blĕn'im), a village of Bavaria, Germany, twenty-three miles from Augsburg, noted for a great battle fought there, in which the English gained a victory over the French, August 2nd, 1704.

[6] **Hard by**, near by; close at hand.

8.

"With fire and sword the country round was wāstèd[1] far and wide;
And many a hapless[2] mother there, and new-born baby, died;
But things like that, you know, must be
At every famous victory.

9.

"They say it was ă shocking[3] sight, after the field was won;
For many thousand bodies here lay rotting in the sun;
But things like that, you know, must be
After a famous victory.

10.

"Great praise the Duke of Marlbro' won, and our good Prince Eūgēne'."
"Why, 'twas a vĕry wicked thing!" said little Wilhelmine.
"Nay, nay, my little girl," quoth he,
"It was a famous victory.

11.

"And everybody praised the duke, who this great fight did win."
"But what good came of it at last?" quoth little Peterkin.
"Why, that I can not tell," said he;
"But 't was a famous victory."

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

SECTION XXI.

I.

101. THE OBSERVING JUDGE.

PART FIRST.

IN a district of Algeria,[4] there lived, in the year 1850, an Arab[5] chief or shēik, named Bou-Akas,[6] who held despotic[7] sway over twelve tribes.

[1] **Wast' ed**, destroyed; brought to ruin.

[2] **Hap' less**, without hap or luck · unhappy; luckless; unfortunate.

[3] **Shock' ing**, striking with horror or disgust; very offensive.

[4] **Algeria**, (ål jē' rĭ å), a section of Northern Africa.

[5] **Arab**, (ăr' ab).

[6] **Bou-Akas**, (bō-å' kas).

[7] **Des pot' ic**, having complete mastery; confined by no law.

2. Having heard that the cādĭ, or judge, over one of these twelve tribes, administered justice in an ădmirable manner, and pronounced decisions worthy of King Solomon himself, Bou-Akas determined to judge for himself as to the truth[1] of the repōrt.

3. Accordingly, dressed like a private individual, without arms or attendants, he set out for the cādĭ's town, mounted on a dŏcīle[2] Arabian steed. He arrived there, and was just entering the gate, when a cripple, seizing the border of his mantle, asked him for alms.[3]

4. Bou-Akas gave him money, but the cripple still maintained his hold. "What dost thou want?" asked the shēik; "I have already given thee alms." "Yĕs," replied the beggar; "but the law says, not only 'thou shalt give alms to thy brother,' but, also, 'thou shalt do for thy brother whatsoever thou canst.'"

5. "Well; and what can I do for thee?" "Thou canst save me—poor, crawling creature that I am—from being trodden under the feet of men, horses, mules, and camels, which would certainly happen to me in passing through the crowded square, in which a fair is now going on."

6. "And how can I save thee?" "By letting me ride behind you, and putting me down safely in the market-place, where I have business." "Be it so," replied the shēik. And stooping down, he helped the cripple to get up behind him; which was not accomplished[4] without much difficulty.

7. The strangely-assorted couple attracted many eyes as they passed through the crowded streets; and at length they reached the market-place. "Is this where you wished to stop?" asked Bou-Akas. "Yĕs." "Then gĕt down." "Get down yourself." "What for?" "To leave me the horse."

8. "To leave you my horse! What mean you by that?

---

[1] **Truth**, (trōth).

[2] **Docile**, (dŏs' il), easily taught or managed.

[3] **Alms**, (ämz), anything given to relieve the poor, as money food or clothing.

[4] **Ac com' plished**, brought to pass; done.

"I mean that he belŏngs to me. Know you not that we are now in the town of the just cādĭ, and that if we bring the case before him he will certainly decide in my favor?" "Why should he do so, when the animal belŏngs to me?"

9. "Do you not think that when he sees us two—you with your strŏng straight limbs, so well fitted for walking, and I with my weak legs and distorted[1] feet—he will decree that the horse shall belŏng to him who has most need of him?" "Should he do so, he would not be the *just* cādĭ," said Bou-Akas.

10. "Oh! as to that," replied the cripple laughing, "although he is just, he is not infallible."[2] "So!" thought the shēik to himself, "this will be a capital opportunity of judging the judge." Then turning to the cripple, he said ăloud, "I am content—we will go before the cādĭ."

II.

102. THE OBSERVING JUDGE.

PART SECOND.

ARRIVED at the tribunal,[3] where the judge, according to the Eastern custom, was publicly administering justice, they found that two trials were about to go on, and would, of cōurse, take preced'ence[4] of theirs. The first was between a tāleb, or learnèd man, and a peasant.[5]

2. The point in dispute was the tāleb's wife, whom the peasant had carried ŏff, and whom he asserted[6] to be his own better half, in the face of the philosopher, who demanded her restoration.[7] The woman (strange cir'cum

[1] **Dis tort' ed**, twisted out of natural or regular shape.

[2] **In fal' li ble**, sure not to disappoint or fail; not capable of erring.

[3] **Tri bu' nal**, the seat of a judge; hence, a court of justice.

[4] **Precedence**, (pre sēd' ens), a going before; the state of being or going before in rank, place, or order of time.

[5] **Peasant**, (pĕz' ant), a country man; one of the lowest class of tillers of the soil, or farm laborers, in Europe.

[6] **As sert' ed**, affirmed or declared positively.

[7] **Res' to ra' tion**, the act of restoring or bringing back to a former state, place, or condition, or the event of being restored.

stance!) remained obstinately silènt, and would not declare for ēither,—a feature in the case which rendered its decision extremely difficult.

3. The cādĭ heard bōth sides attentively, reflected for a momènt, and then said, "Leave the woman here and return to-mŏrrōw." The learnèd man and the laborer each bowed and retired, and the next case was called. This was a difference between a butcher and an oil-seller. The latter appeared covered with oil, and the former was sprinkled with blood. The butcher spoke first, and said:

4. "I went to buy some oil from this man, and, in order to pay him for it, I drew a handful of money from my purse. The sight of the money tempted him. He seized me by the wrist. I cried out, but he would not let me go; and here we are, having come befōre your worship, I holding my money in my hand, and he still grasping my wrist."

5. Then spoke the oil-merchant: "This man came to purchase oil from me. When his bottle was filled, he said, 'Have you chānge for ă piece of gold?' I searched my pocket, and drew out my hand full of money, which I laid on a bench in my shop. He seized it, and was walking ŏff with my money and my oil, when I caught him by the wrist, and cried out 'Robber!' In spite of my cries, however, he would not surrender the money; so I brought him here, that your worship might decide the case."

6. The cādĭ caused each to repeat his stōry, bŭt nēither varied one jot from his original[1] statement. He reflected for a moment, and then said, "Leave the money with me, and return to-mŏrrōw." The butcher placed the coins,[2] which he had never let go, on the edge of the cādĭ's mantle. After which he and his oppō'nent[3] bowed and departed.

7. It was now the turn of Bou-Akas and the cripple. "My lord cādĭ," said the former, "I came hither[4] from a distànt country. At the city gate I met this cripple, who

[1] **O rig' in al**, first; preceding all others.

[2] **Coin**, a piece of stamped money made of gold, silver, or other metal.

[3] **Op po' nent**, an opposer; one who opposes another in a discussion or dispute.

[4] **Hith' er** to this place.

first asked for alms, and then prayed me to allow him to ride behind me through the streets, lest he should be trodden down in the crowd. I consented, but when we reached the market-place he refused to gĕt down, asserting that my horse belŏnged to him, and that your lordship would surely adjudge it to him who wanted it most."

8. Then spoke the cripple. "My lord," said he, "as I was coming on business to the market, and riding this horse, which belŏngs to me, I saw this man seated by the roadside, appar'ently half dead from fatigue. I ŏffered to let him ride with me as far as the market-place, and he eagerly thanked me. But, on our arrival, he refused to gĕt down, and said that the horse was his. I immediately required him to appear before your worship, in order that you might decide between us.

9. Having required each to make ōath to his statemènt, and having reflected for a momènt, the cādĭ said, "Leave the horse here, and return to-mŏrrōw." It was done, and Bou-Akas and the cripple withdrew in differènt directions.

III.

103. THE OBSERVING JUDGE.

PART THIRD.

ON the mŏrrōw, a number of persons, besides those immediately in'terested in the trials, assembled to hear the judge's decisions. The tālèb, or learnèd man, and the peasant, were called first. "Take away thy wife," said the cādĭ to the former, "and keep her, I advise thee, in good order." Then turning toward an ŏfficer, he added, pointing to the peasant, "Give this man fifty blows. He was instantly obeyed, and the tāleb carried ŏff his wife.

2. Then came forward the oil-merchant and the butcher. "Here," said the cādĭ to the butcher, "is thy money; it is truly thine, and not his." Then pointing to the oil-merchant, he said to his ŏfficer, "Give this man fifty blows." It was done, and the butcher went ăwāy in triumph with his money.

3. The third cause was called, and Bou-Akas and the cripple came forward. "Wouldst thou rĕc'ognize thy horse among twenty others?" said the judge to Bou-Akas. "Yĕs, my lord." "And thou?" "Certainly, my lord," replied the cripple. "Fŏllōw me," said the cādĭ to Bou-Akas. They entered a large stable, and Bou-Akas pointed out his horse among the twenty which were standing side by side.

4. "'Tis well," said the judge. "Return now to the tribunal, and send me thine adversary[1] hither." The disguised shēik obeyed, delivered his message, and the cripple hastened to the stable, as quickly as his distorted limbs allowed. He had quick eyes and a good memory, so that he was able, without the slightest hesitation,[2] to place his hand on the right animal.

5. "'Tis well," said the cādĭ, "return to the tribunal." The cādi soon afterward resumed his place, and, when the cripple arrived, judgment was pronounced. "The horse is thine," said the cādi to Bou-Akas; "go to the stable and take him." Then to the ŏfficer, "Give this cripple fifty blows." It was done; and Bou-Akas went to take his horse.

6. When the cādĭ, after concluding the business of the day, was retiring to his house, he found Bou-Akas waiting for him. "Art thou discontentèd with my award?"[3] asked the judge. "No, quite the contrary," replied the shēik. "But I want to ask by what inspiration[4] thou hast rendered justice; for I doubt not that the other two causes were decided as ĕquitably[5] as mine. I am not a merchant; I am Bou-Akas, a shēik of the twelve tribes, and I wanted to judge for myself of thy reputed wisdom."

7. The cādĭ bowed to the ground and kissed his master's hand. "I am anxious," said Bou-Akas, "to know the reasons which determined your three decisions." "Nothing, my lord," replied the cādi, "can be more simple.

---

[1] **Ad' ver sa ry**, enemy; one opposed to another.

[2] **Hes' i ta' tion**, doubt; delay.

[3] **A ward'**, judgment; sentence.

[4] **In' spi ra' tion**, a highly exciting influence supposed to be *breathed into* a person, by which he is able to understand and declare the truth.

[5] **Equitably**, (ĕk' wĭ ta blĭ), equalhandedly or justly.

Your highnèss saw that I detained for a night the three things in dispute?" "I did."

8. "Well, early in the morning I caused the woman[1] to be called, and I said to her, suddenly, 'Put fresh ink in my inkstand.' Like a person who had done the same thing a hundred times before, she took the bottle, removed the cotton, washed them bŏth, put in the cotton again, and pōured in fresh ink, doing it all with the utmost neatnèss and dexterity.[2] So I said to myself, 'A peasant's wife would know nothing about inkstands—she must belŏng to the tāleb.'"

9. "Good!" said Bou-Akas, nodding his head. "And the money?" "Did your highnèss remark," asked the cādĭ, "that the merchant had his clothes and hands covered with oil?" "Certainly I did." "Well, I took the money, and placed it in a vĕssel filled with water. This morning I looked at it, and not a particle of oil was to be seen on the surface of the water. So I said to myself, 'If this money belŏnged to the oil-merchant, it would be greasy, from the touch of his hands; as it is not so, the butcher's stōry must be true.'"

10. Bou-Akas nodded in token of approval. "Good!" said he. "And my horse?" "Ah! that was a differènt businèss; and, until this morning, I was greatly puzzled." "The cripple, I suppose, did not rĕc'ognize the animal?" remarked the shēik. "On the contrary," said the cādĭ, "he pointed him out immediately." "How, then, did you discover that he was not the owner?"

11. "My object," replied the cādĭ, "in bringing you separately to the stable, was not to see whether you would know the *horse*, but whether the horse would acknowledge *you*. Now, when *you* approached him, the creature turned toward you, laid back his ears, and neighed with delight; but when the *cripple* touched him, he kicked. Then I knew that you were truly his master."

12. Bou-Akas thought for a moment, and then said:

[1] **Woman**, (wŭm' an).

[2] **Dex ter' i ty**, readiness, skill, and ease in using the limbs; quickness and skill.

"Allah[1] has given thee great wisdom. Thou oughtest to be in my place, and I in thine. And yĕt, I know not; thou art certainly worthy to be shēik, but I fear that I should but badly fill thy place as cādĭ."

IV.

104. THE KING AND THE COTTAGER.

1.

PRAY list unto ă lēgend[2] the ăncient[3] poëts tell;
'Tis of a mīghty[4] monarch[5] in Persiă[6] once did dwell;
A mighty queer old monarch, who ruled his kingdom well.

2.

"I must build another palace,"[7] observed this mighty king;
"For this is getting shabby ălŏng the southern wing;
And, reälly, for a monarch, it is n't quite the thing!

3.

"So I will have ă new one, although I greatly fear
To build it just to sūit me will cŏst me rather dear;
And I 'll choose, Gŏd wŏt,[8] another spot much finer than this here!"

4.

So he traveled ō'er his kingdom a proper site[9] to find,
Where he might build a palace exactly to his mind,
All with a pleasant prospect[10] before it and behind.

---

[1] **Al' lah**, the true or only God,—the Arabic name of the Supreme Being, or God.

[2] **Legend**, (lĕ' jend), a story about saints which is appointed to be read; any remarkable story handed down from early times.

[3] **Ancient**, (ān' shĕnt), old; that happened or lived very many years ago; early.

[4] **Might' y**, very great; having great power.

[5] **Monarch**, (mŏn' ărk), a sole ruler; one who has all power; the highest ruler; an emperor, king, prince, or chief.

[6] **Persia**, (per' shĭ ă).

[7] **Pal' ace**, a very large and costly house in which an emperor, a king, or other distinguished person dwells.

[8] **Wot**, to be aware; knows.

[9] **Site**, situation; the place where any thing is fixed.

[10] **Pros' pect**, view; region or field which the eye overlooks at one time.

5.

Not far with this endeavor the king had traveled round,
Ere, to his royal plĕasure, a charming spot he found;
But an ăncient wĭdŏw's hovel was standing on the ground.

6.

"Ah! here," exclaimed the monarch, "is just the proper spot,
If this woman would allow me to remove her little cot;"
But the bĕldam[1] answered plainly, she'd rather he would not!

7.

"Within this lowly cottage, great monarch, I was born;
And only from this cottage by Death will I be tŏrn;
So spare it, in your justice, or spoil it, in your scorn!"[2]

8.

Then all the cŏurtiers[3] mŏcked her with cruel words and jeers:
"'T is plain her royal master she nēither loves nor fears;
We would knock her ugly hovel about her ugly ears!

9.

"When ever was ă subject who might the king withstand?
Or deem his spoken plĕasure as less than his command?
Of cŏurse he 'll rout the bĕldam, and cŏnfiscate[4] her land!"

10.

But, to their deep amăzemènt,[5] his Măjesty replied;
"Good woman, never heed them, the *king* is on your side;
Your cottage is your castle, and here you shall ăbīde!

11.

"To rāze[6] it in a momènt the power is mine, I grant;
My absolute[7] dominion[8] a hundred poĕts chant,—
For being *Khan*[9] of Persia, there's nothing that I *can't!*

---

[1] **Bel' dam**, grandmother; any old woman, especially an ugly or homely one.

[2] **Scorn**, the act of treating as most mean, vile, and worthless.

[3] **Courtier**, (kôrt' yĕr), one who frequents or attends the palace of a monarch or other high person; one who flatters to please.

[4] **Con' fis cate**, to take, as a punishment, for the public use.

[5] **A maze' ment**, the act or condition of being filled with fear, sudden surprise, or wonder, at what is not understood.

[6] **Raze**, to overthrow; to lay level with the ground; to destroy.

[7] **Ab' so lute**, freed or loosed from all bounds or conditions.

[8] **Dominion**, (dō mĭn' yŭn), authority; rule; the power of controlling and governing.

[9] **Khan**, (kăn), a chief, prince, or king.

12.

('T was in this pleasant fashion the gracious monarch spoke;
For kings have merry fancies, like other mortal folk;
And none so high and mighty but loves his little joke.)

13.

"But power is scarcely worthy of honor or applause,
That in its domination[1] contemns the widōw's cause,
Or perpetrates[2] injustice by trampling on the laws.

14.

"That I have wrōnged the weakèst, no honest tongue may say
So bīde you in your cottage, good woman, while you may;
What 's yours by deed and purchase, no man may take away!

15.

"And I will build beside it; for though your cot may be
In such ă goodly presence no fitting thing to see,
If it honor not my castle, it will surely honor me!

16.

"For so my loyal[3] people, who gaze upon the sight,
Shall know that in oppression I do not take delight,
Nor hold a king's convenience before a subject's right!"

17.

Now from his spoken purpose the king departed not;
He built the royal dwelling upon the chosen spot;
And there they stood together, the palace and the cot!

18.

Sure such unseemly[4] neighbors were never seen before;
"His Majesty is dōting!"[5] some silly courtiers swōre;
But all true loyal subjects, they loved the king the mōre

19.

Lŏng, long he ruled his kingdom in honor and renown;
But danger ever threatens the head that wears ă crown;
And Fortune, tired of smiling, for once put on a frown.

---

[1] **Dom' i na' tion**, exercise of power in ruling.

[2] **Per' pe trate**, to do or perform a hurtful act; to be guilty of.

[3] **Loy' al**, devoted to the support of law; faithful to the rightful ruler; faithful to a friend or lover.

[4] **Un seem ly**, not fit or becoming.

[5] **Doting**, (dōt' ing), acting like a silly or weak-minded person; becoming silly or weak-minded on account of old age.

20.

For ever secret envy attends a high estate;
And ever lurking malice pursues the good and great;
And ever base ambition will end in deadly hate.

21.

And so two wicked courtiers, who long had strove in vain,
By craft[1] and evil counsels, to mar the monarch's reign,
Contrived a scheme infernal[2] whereby he should be slain

22.

But, as all deeds of darkness are wont to leave a clew
Before the glaring sunlight to bring the knaves to view,
That sin may be rewarded, and Satan gĕt his due,—

23.

To plan their wicked treason[3] they sought a lonely spot
Behind the royal palace, hard by the widōw's cot,
Who heard their machinations,[4] and straight revealed the plot!

24.

"I see," exclaimed the Persian, "the just are wise ălōne;
Who spares the rights of others may chance to guard his own;
The widōw's humble cottage has propped a monarch's throne!"

JOHN G. SAXE.

V.

105. HASTY JUDGMENT.

PART FIRST.

BELFORD. Sir, who is the present owner of the Brookby estate.[5]

Arbury. A man by the name of Goodwin.

Bel. Is he a good neighbor to you?

---

[1] **Craft,** (kråft), low cunning, art, or skill.

[2] **In fer'nal,** hellish; very wicked.

[3] **Treason,** (trē' zn), making war against the government, or aiding its enemies; the killing of the monarch, or trying to take his life.

[4] **Machination,** (măk' i nā' shŭn), the act of planning a scheme for doing some evil thing; the evil scheme that is planned.

[5] **Es tate',** a property which a person owns; property of all kind which a person leaves to be divided at his death; especially, property in land.

Ar. Far from it; and I wish he had settled a hundred miles ŏff; for he will surely spoil our neighborhood.

Bel. I am sŏrry to hear that; but what is your objection to him?

Ar. Oh, there is nothing in which we agree. In the first place, he is quite on the other side in politics; and that, you know, is enough to prevent all intimacy.[1]

Bel. I am not exactly of that opinion; but what further objection have you?

Ar. He is no spōrtsman, and refuses to join in our association for protecting the game. Nēither does he choose to be a member of any of our clubs.

Bel. Has he been asked?

Ar. I dōn't know that he has directly; but he might easily propose himself if he chose; but he possesses an unsocial disposition, and, I believe, is vĕry niggardly.

Bel. How has he shown it?

Ar. His style of living is not equal to his wealth; and I have heard of sevèral instances of his closenèss in his dealings.

Bel. Perhaps he spends his money in charity.

Ar. Not he, I dare say; for last week a poor fellōw, who had lŏst his all by fire, went to him with a subscription paper, having on it the names of all the gentlemen in the neighborhood; and all the answer he got was, that *he would consider it.*

Bel. Well, did he consider it?

Ar. I dōn't know; but I suppose it was only an excuse. Then his predecessor[2] had a park of deer, and used to make liberal presents of venison[3] to all his neighbōrs. But this *frugal*[4] gentleman has sold them all ŏff, and got a flock of sheep instead.

---

[1] **In' ti ma cy**, the state of being close or familiar in friendship or acquaintance; nearness in friendship.

[2] **Pred e ces' sor**, one who went before another and held the same place, office, or the like; one whom another follows or comes after.

[3] **Venison**, (vĕn' zn), flesh of deer

[4] **Frugal**, (frō' gal), careful; prudent; saving of expenses without meanness.

Bel. I dōn't see much harm in that now mutton is so dear.

Ar. To be sure, he has a right to do as he pleases with his park; but that is not the way to be popular, you know. As to myself, I have reason to think he bears me particular ill-will.

Bel. Then he is clearly in the[1] wrŏng;[2] for I believe you are as free from ill-will to others as any man living. But how has he shown it?

Ar. In many ways. He had ă horse upon sale thē other day, to which I took a liking, and began to bid for it. As sŏon as he found I was bidding, he sent it ŏff to a fair on thē other side of the county. My wife, as you know, is passionately fond of cultivating flowers. Riding lately by his garden, she observed something new, and wished to gĕt a root or cutting from it. My gardener told *his* about it, and *he* told his employer; but, instead of obligĭng her, he charged the gardener on no account to touch the plant.

A little while ago, too, I turned ŏff a man for being saucy;[3] but, as he had lived many years with me, and was a vĕry useful servant, I meant to take him again whenever he would confess his fault, which I did not doubt would soon happen. Instead of that, he goes and ŏffers himself to my *civil* neighbor, who, without deigning to apply to me even for a recommendation, immediately employed him. In short, he has not the least mark of a gentleman about him; and I would give almost any thing to be rid of him.

Bel. Nothing, to be sure, can be more unpleasant in the country than a bad neighbor; and I am sŏrry that it is your lot to have one. But there comes a man who appears as if he desired to speak with you. [*Enter a* COUNTRYMAN.]

Ar. Ah, that is the poor fellōw that was burned out! Well, Richard, how do you gĕt alŏng? How large a subscription have you got?

Richard. Thank your honor, so large that nearly all my lŏsses are made up.

---

[1] **The**, (thŭ), see Rule 3, p. 24.
[2] **Wrong**, (rŏng), see Note 2, p. 16.
[3] **Saucy**, (să′ sĭ), too bold; impudent; not observing the rules of common politeness; not respectful to superiors

Ar. I am vĕry glad of that; but when I saw the paper last, they were not *half* made up.

Rich. True, sir; but you may remember asking me what Mr. Goodwin had subscribed, and I told you that he wanted time to consider it. Well, sir, I found that he had been to our town, and had made many inquĭ'ries of my neighbors about me and my lŏsses. When I called on him a few days after, he told me he was vĕry glad to learn that I bōre so good a character, and that the neighbors had so kindly assisted me; and he said that I need go no further for relief. He then gave me (Gŏd bless him!) a draft upon his banker for *fifty pounds.*

Ar. Fifty pounds!

Rich. Yĕs, sir. It has made me quite my own man again; and I am now going to purchase a new cart and a span of horses.

Ar. A noble gift, indeed! I could never have thought it. Well, Richard, I rejoice at your good luck. I am sure you are much oblĭged to Mr. Goodwin.

Rich. Indeed I am, sir, and to all my good friends. Good-day, gĕntlemèn. [*He goes on.*]

Bel. Niggardlinèss,[1] at least, is not this man's fault.

Ar. No; I was mistaken on that point. I wrŏnged him; and I am sŏrry for it. But what a pity it is that men so gĕnèrous should not be amiable in their manners, and be as ready to oblĭge in trifles as in matters of consequence!

Bel. True; it is, when that is reälly the case.

Ar. How much easier to have shown some civility about a horse or a flower plant!

Bel. By the way, there comes your gardener, carrying a large plant in a pot. [*Enter* GARDENER.]

Ar. Now, James, what have you got there?

James. A flower for your wife; a present from Mr Goodwin.

Ar. How did you come by it?

Ja. His man told me to come for it. We should have

[1] Nig' gard li ness, the state of being meanly close,—saving every cent and giving nothing for charity.

had it before, but Mr. Goodwin thought it could not be moved safely till now.

Ar. I hope he has mōre of the same kind.

Ja. He has only a seedling plant or two, sir; but, hearing that your wife would like to gĕt a plant of that kind, he resolved to send it to her; and a choice thing it is! I have a note for her, too, in my pocket.

Ar. Well, go on. [GARDENER *goes on.*]

Bel. I think, surely, that this does not look like deficiency[1] in *civility.*[2]

[1] **Deficiency,** (de fĭsh' en sĭ), the state of not having enough; want.

[2] **Civility,** (sĭ vĭl' ĭ tĭ), politeness; good breeding.

Ar. No; it is a vĕry polite action, I can not deny it; and I am oblīged to him for it. Perhaps he may feel that he owes me a little *amends.*[1]

Bel. Possibly; but it shows that he *can* feel, however.

VI.

106. HASTY JUDGMENT.

PART SECOND.

ARBURY. Ha! there comes Thomas with a string of horses from the fair. I'll step up and speak to him. Well, Thomas, how have horses gŏne at Market Hill?

Thomas. Dear enough, your honor.

Ar. How much more did you gĕt for Mr. Goodwin's horse than I ŏffered for him?

Th. Ah, sir, that was no horse for you to ride! and that Mr. Goodwin well knew. You never saw one more vicious[2] and ugly. He came near killing the groom two or three times; so I was ordered to ŏffer him to the mail-coach people, and gĕt what I could for him. I might have sold him better if Mr. Goodwin would have let me; for he was a noble horse to look at; besides, he was perfectly sound.

Ar. Was that the true reason, Thomas, why the horse was not sold to me?

Th. It was, indeed, sir.

Ar. Then I am highly oblīged to Mr. Goodwin. [THOMAS *goes on.*] This was vĕry kind and honorable in him, indeed!

Belford. Yĕs; I think it was something more than politenèss,—it was reäl *goodness of heart.*

Ar. It was. I find I must alter my opinion of him; and I do it with plĕasure. But, after all, his conduct with respect to my servant is vĕry strānge.

Bel. I see reason to think so well of him on the whōle, that I am inclined to think he has done right in this matter too.

Ar. There the fellōw comes now. I wonder if he has my old clothes on yĕt. [EDWARD *approaches.*]

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[1] **Amends**, (ămĕndz'), satisfaction for a loss or injury.

[2] **Vicious**, (vĭsh'ŭs), not well tamed or broken; unruly.

Edward. Sir, I was coming to your honor.

Ar. What can you have to say to me now?

Ed. I want to ask your pardon, sir, for my ill-conduct, and beg you to take me again.

Ar. What! have you so soon parted from your new master?

Ed. Mr. Goodwin never was my master, sir. He only kept me in his house till I could make up with you again; for he said he was sure you were too honorable a gentleman to turn off an old servant without good reason; and he hoped you would accept of my excuses after your anger was over.

Ar. Did he say all that?

Ed. Yĕs, sir; and he advised me to go back and ask your pardon.

Ar. Well, go to the house, and we will talk it over when I return. [EDWARD *goes on.*]

Bel. Now, my friend, what think you of this?

Ar. I think more than I can well express. It will be a lesson to me never to judge hastily again.

Bel. Why, indeed, to have concluded that such a man had nothing of the gentleman about him, must have been rather *hasty.*

Ar. I acknowledge it; but it is unfortunate that these reserved characters are so lŏng in making themselves known. Still, when they are known, they ŏft*e*n prove vĕry es'timable[1] men. I am afraid, even now, that I shall have to keep him at a distance.

Bel. Why so?

Ar. You know I am an open, social man, and like to have my neighbors so too.

Bel. Perhaps *he* is so.

Ar. If he were, we should have been better acquainted before this time.

Bel. It may have been prejudice, rather than want of sociability,[2] that has kept you ăpart.

---

[1] **Es' ti ma ble**, valuable; worthy of regard or esteem.

[2] **Sociability**, (sō'sha bĭl'i tĭ), the disposition for society or company; the disposition to converse and be familiar.

Ar. Possibly so. That vile spirit of party has such sway in the country, that men of the most liberal dispositions can hardly free themselves from its influence. Yonder comes an instance of its pernicious[1] effects.

Bel. Who is he?

Ar. A poor schoolmaster with a large family, who has lost all his scholars by his activity on our side in the last election. I heartily wish it was in my power to do something for him; for he is a very honest man, though, perhaps, rather too zealous. [*Enter* SCHOOLMASTER.] Well, Mr. Penman, how go the times with you?

Penman. I thank you, sir, they have gone poorly enough; but they are now in the way to mend.

Ar. I am glad to hear it; but how?

Pen. Why, sir, the free-school of Stoke is vacant; and I believe I am likely to get it.

Ar. Ah, I wonder at that! I thought it was in the hands of the other party.

Pen. It is, sir; but Mr. Goodwin has been so kind as to give me a recommendation; and his interest is sufficient to carry it.

Ar. Mr. Goodwin! You surprise me.

Pen. I was much surprised, too, sir. He sent for me of his own accord, and told me he was sorry that a man should be injured in his profession on account of party; and, as I could not live comfortably where I was, he would try and settle me in a better place. So he mentioned the vacancy of Stoke, and offered me letters to the trustees. I was never so affected in my life; I could hardly control myself sufficiently to thank him. He invited me to dine with him, and treated me with the greatest respect. Indeed, I do not believe there is a kinder man living than Mr. Goodwin.

Ar. You have the best reason in the world to say so, Mr. Penman. But did he converse *familiarly* with you?

Pen. Most certainly he did, sir. We talked a great deal about party affairs in this neighborhood; and he very much

[1] **Pernicious**, (per nĭsh' us), having the quality of killing, destroying, or injuring; very injurious or mischievous; destructive.

regretted that differences of this kind should keep worthy men at a distance from each other. I took the liberty, sir, to mention your name. He said he had not the honor of being acquainted with you; but he had a sincere esteem for your character, and should be very glad to be on friendly terms with you. For my part, I confess, to my shame, that I did not think there could have been such a man on that side.

Ar. Well,—good-morning.

Pen. Your most obedient, sir. [*He goes on.*]

Ar. Come, my friend, let us go.

Bel. Where?

Ar. To Mr. Goodwin's, to be sure. After all I have heard, I can not refrain lŏnger from going to him, and acknowledging the injustice I have done him, and begging his friendship.

Bel. I shall be happy, I am sure, to go with you on that errand. But who is to introduce us?

Ar. Oh, what are the form and ceremony in a case like this! Come, come!

Bel. Most willingly, sir. [*They go out.*]

VII.

107. WISDOM UNAPPLIED.

IF I were thou, O butterfly,
And poised my purple wings to spy
The sweetèst flowers that live and die,
I would not waste my strength on those,
As thou,—for summer hath ă close,
And pansies bloom not in the snows.

2. If I were thou, O working bee,
And all that honey-gold I see
Could delve from roses easily;
I would not hive it at man's door,
As thou,—that heirdom[1] of my stŏre
Should make him rich, and leave me poor.

[1] **Heirdom**, (ār' dum), the state of one who inherits, receives, or has the right to succeed to the property of an owner after his death.

3. If I were thou, O eagle proud,
And screamed the thunder back ăloud,
And faced the lightning from the cloud;
I would not build my eyrie[1] throne,
As thou,—upon a crumbling stone,
Which the next storm may trample down.

4. If I were thou, O gallant steed,
With pawing hoof,[2] and dancing head,
And eye outrunning thine own speed;
I would not meeken to the rein,
As thou, nor smooth my nostril plain
From the glad desert's snort and strain.

5. If I were thou, red-breasted bird,
With sŏng at shut up windōw heard,
Like Love's sweet Yĕs too lŏng deferred;
I would not overstay delight,
As thou,—but take a swallōw-flight,
Till the new spring returned to sight.

6. While yĕt I spake, a touch was laid
Upon my brow, whose pride did fade,
As thus, methought, an angèl said:
'If I were *thou* who sing'st this sŏng,
Mōst wise for others; and most strŏng
In seeing right while doing wrŏng;

7. 'I would not waste my cares, and choose,
As *thou*,—to seek what thou must lose,
Such gains as perish in the use.
I would not work where none can win,
As *thou*,—half way 'twixt grief and sin,
But look ăbove, and judge within.

8. 'I would not let my pulse beat high,
As *thou*,—toward fame's regality,[3]
Nor yĕt in love's great jeopardy.[4]

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[1] **Eyrie**, (ā′ rĭ), the place where birds of prey build their nests and hatch their young.

[2] **Hoof**, (hŏf).

[3] **Re gal′ i ty**, royalty; the state of being kingly or noble.

[4] **Jeopardy**, (jĕp′ ard ĭ), exposure to death, loss, or injury; danger.

I would not champ the hard cold bit,
As *thou*,—of what the world thinks fit,
But take Gŏd's freedom, using it.

9. 'I would not play earth's winter out,
As *thou;* but gird my soul about,
And live for life past death and doubt.
Then sing, O singer!—but allow
Beast, fly, and bird, called foolish now,
Are wise (for all thy scorn) as thou!'

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

VIII.

108. EYES, OR NO EYES.

PART FIRST.

WELL, Robert, where have you been walking, this afternoon? said a tutor to one of his pupils, at the close of a hŏliday.

Robert. I have been to Broom-heath, and so round by the windmill, upon Camp-mount, and home, through the mĕadōws by the river-side.

Tutor. Well, that is a pleasant round.

Rob. I thought it vĕry dull, sir; I scarcely met with a single person. I would much rather have gŏne ălŏng the turnpike road.

Tu. Why, if seeing men and horses is your object, you would, indeed, be better entertained on the high road. But did you see William?

Rob. We set out togĕther, but he lagged behind in the lane, so I walked on and left him.

Tu. That was a pity. He would have been company for you.

Rob. Oh! he is so tēdĭoŭs, always stopping to look at this thing and that; I would rather walk ălōne. I dare say he has not got home yĕt.

Tu. Here he comes. Well, William, where have you been?

William. Oh, the pleasantèst walk! I went all over

Broom-heath, and so up to the mill at the top of the mount, and then down ămong the green meadōws by the side of the river.

Tu. Why, that is just the round Robert has been taking; and he complains of its dullnèss, and prefers the high road.

Wm. I wonder at that. I am sure I hardly took a step that did not delight me, and I have brought home my handkerchief full of curiosities.[1]

Tu. Suppose, then, you give us an account of what ămūsed you so much. I fancy it will be as new to Robert as to me.

Wm. I will do it readily. The lane leading to the heath, you know, is close and sandy; so that I did not mind it much, but made the best of my wāy; however, I spied a curious thing enough in the hedge. It was an old crab-tree, out of which grew a great bunch of something green, quite differènt from the tree itself. Here is a branch of it.

Tu. Ah! this is mistletoe;[2] a plant of great fame for the use made of it by the Druids[3] of old, in their religious rites[4] and incantations.[5] It bears a slimy white berry, of which bird-lime[6] is made, whence its Latin name of *viscus.* It is one of those plants which do not grow in the ground by a root[7] of their own, but fix themselves upon other plants; whence they have been humorously styled "parasitical," as being hangers-on or dependents. It was the mistletoe of the oak that the Druids particularly honored.

Wm. A little further on I saw a green wood-pecker fly to a tree, and run up the trunk like a cat.

Tu. That was to seek for insects in the bark, on which

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[1] **Cu`ri os' i ty**, any thing that is curious, or fitted to excite or reward attention.

[2] **Mistletoe**, (mĭz' zl tō).

[3] **Druids**, (drō' idz), the priests or ministers of religion, among the ancient Celtic nations in Gaul, Britain, and Germany. The sacrifice of human victims is generally believed to have been a part of their worship. Their religious ceremonies were conducted in consecrated groves.

[4] **Rite**, observance; ceremony.

[5] **In can ta' tion**, act of enchanting; foretelling or causing an event by the supposed aid of evil spirits.

[6] **Bird-lime**, (bẽrd'līm), a glutinous or sticky substance used for catching birds.

[7] **Root**, (rōt).

they live. They bore holes with their strŏng bills for that purpose, and do much damage to the trees by it.

Wm. When I got upon the open heath, how charming it was! The air seemed so fresh, and the prospect on every side so free and unbounded! Then it was all covered with gay flowers, many of which I had never observed before. There was a flock of lapwings upon a marshy part of the heath, that ămūsed me much. As I came near them, some of them kept flying round and round, just over my head, and crying "pewit," so distinctly one might almost fancy

they spoke. I thought I should have caught one of them, for he flew as if one of his wings was broken, and ŏft*e*n tumbled close to the ground; but as I came near he always contrived to gĕt away.

Tu. Ha, ha! you were finely taken in, then! This was all an artifice[1] of the bird's to entice you ăwāy from its nest; for they build upon the bare ground, and their nest would easily be observed did they not draw ŏff the attention of intruders by their loud cries and coun'terfeĭtèd[2] lamenèss.

Wm. I wish I had known that, for he led me a lŏng chase, ŏft*e*n over shoes in water. However, it was the cause of my falling in with an old man and a boy, who were cutting and piling up turf for fuel; and I had a good deal of talk with them about the manner of preparing the turf, and the price it sells at.

I then took my cōurse up to the windmill, on the mount. I climbed up the steps of the mill, in order to gĕt a better view of the country around. What an extensive prospect! I counted fifteen church-steeples; and I saw sevèral gentlemen's houses peeping out from the midst of green woods and plantations; and I could trace the windings of the river all ălŏng the low grounds, till it was lŏst behind a ridge of hills.

From the hill I went straight down to the meadōws below, and walked on the side of a little brook till it entered the river, and then I took the path that runs ălŏng the bank. On the opposite side I observed several little birds running along the shōre, and making a piping noise. They were brown and white, and about as big as a snipe.

Tu. I suppose they were sand-pipers,—one of the numerous family of birds that gĕt their living by wading among the shallōws, and picking up worms and insects.

Wm. There were a great many swallōws, too, spōrting on the surface of the water, that entertained me with their motions. Sometimes they dashed into the stream; sometimes they pursued one another so quickly that the eye

[1] Ar'ti fice, a skillful contrivance; a trick.

[2] Coun' ter feit ed, imitated or put on an appearance of.

could scarcely follōw them. In one place, where a high, steep sand-bank rose directly above the river, I observed many of them go in and out of holes with which the bank was bōred full.

Tu. Those were sand-martins, the smallèst of our four species of swallōws. They are of a mouse-color above, and white beneath. They makè their nests and bring up their young in these holes, which run a great depth, and by their situation are secure from all plunderers.

IX.

109. EYES, OR NO EYES.

PART SECOND.

WILLIAM. A little further, I saw a man in a bōat, who was cătching eels in an odd way. He had a lŏng pole, with broad iron prŏngs at the end, just like Neptune's[1] trīdĕnt, only there were five instead of three. This he pushed straight down ămong the mud in the deepèst part of the river, and fetched up eels sticking between the prongs.

Tutor. I have seen this method. It is called spearing of eels.

Wm. While I was looking at him, a hĕron came flying over my head with his large flagging wings. He alighted at the next turn of the river, and I crept sŏftly behind the bank to watch his motions. He had wadèd into the water as far as his lŏng legs would carry him, and was standing with his neck drawn in, looking intently on the stream. Presently he dashed his long bill as quick as lightning into the water, and drew out a fish, which he swallōwed. I saw him cătch another in the same manner. He then took alarm at some noise I made, and flew away slowly to a wood at some distance, where he settled.

Tu. Probably his nest was there; for hĕrons build upon the lŏftièst trees they can find, and sometimes in society

[1] **Nep' tune**, the chief of the fictitious gods of the ancients, who were supposed to preside over the ocean. He is represented with a trident, or kind of scepter or spear with three prongs.

togĕther, like rooks. Formerly, when these birds were valued for the amusement of hawking,[1] many gentlemen had their hĕronries; and a few are still remaining.

Wm. I then turned homeward ăcrŏss the meadōws, where I stopped a while to look at a large flock of starlings, which kept flying about at no great distance. I could not tell at first what to make of them; for they rose all togĕther from the ground as thick as a swarm of bees, and formed themselves into a kind of black cloud, hovering over the field after taking a short round, they settled again, and presently rose again in the same manner. I dare say there were hundrèds of them.

Tu. Perhaps so; for, in the fenny[2] countries, their flocks are so numerous as to break down whōle acres of reeds, by settling on them. This disposition of starlings to fly in close swarms was remarked even by Homer,[3] who compares the foe flying from one of his heroes to a cloud of starlings retiring dismayed at the approach of the hawk.

Wm. After I had left the meadōws, I crŏssed the cornfields in the way to our house, and passed close by a deep marl-pit.[4] Looking into it, I saw in one of the sides a cluster of what I took to be shells; and upon going down, I picked up a clod of marl, which was quite full of them; but how sea-shells could gĕt there, I can not imagine.

Tu. I do not wonder at your surprise, since many philosophers have been much perplexed to account for the same appearance. It is not uncommon to find great quantities of shells and relics[5] of marine[6] animals even in the bowels of high mountains vĕry remote from the sea.

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[1] **Hawk' ing**, the taking of wild fowl by means of hawks.

[2] **Fen' ny**, marshy; boggy; growing in fens.

[3] **Homer**, the most distinguished of poets, entitled "The Father of Song." He is supposed to have been an Asiatic Greek, though his birthplace, and the period in which he lived, are unknown.

[4] **Marl' pit**, a pit where marl, a kind of earth used to enrich land, is dug.

[5] **Relics**, (rĕl' iks), things that remain, or are left after the decay or loss of a part.

[6] **Marine**, (ma rēn'), pertaining or relating to the sea; having to do with the ocean. Marine animals are those that live in the sea.

Wm. I got to the high field next to our house just as the sun was setting, and I stood looking at it till it was quite lŏst. What a glōrious sight! The clouds were tinged with purple, and crimson, and yĕllōw, of all shades and hues, and the clear sky varied from blue to a fine green at the horī'zon.[1] But how large the sun appears just as it sets! I think it seems twice as big as when it is overhead.

Tu. It does so; and you may probably have observed the same apparent[2] enlargement of the moon at its rising.

Wm. I have; but pray what is the reason of this?

Tu. It is an optical[3] deception, depending upon principles which I can not well explain to you till you know more of that branch of science. But what a number of new ideäs this afternoon's walk has afforded you! I do not wonder that you found it amusing; it has been vĕry instructing, too. Did YOU see nothing of all these sights, Robert?

Rob. I saw some of them, but I did not take particular notice of them.

Tu. Why not?

Rob. I do not know. I did not care about them; and I made the best of my way home.

Tu. That would have been right if you had been sent on a message; but as you only walked for ămūsemènt, it would have been wiser to have sought out as many sōurces of it as possible. But so it is,—one man walks through the world with his eyes open, and another with them shut; and upon this difference depends all the superiŏrity of knowledge the one acquires above the other.

I have known a sailor who had been in all the quarters of the world, and could tell you nothing but the signs of the tippling-houses he frequent'ed in different pōrts, and the price and quality of the liquor. On the other hand, a Franklin could not cross the English Channel without making some observations useful to mankind.

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[1] **Ho ri' zon**, the line that bounds the sight where the earth and sky appear to meet.

[2] **Apparent**, (ap pâr' ent), perceivable to the eye; that may be seen; seeming.

[3] **Op' tic al**, relating to vision or sight, or to the eye.

While many a vacant, thoughtlèss youth, is whirled throughout Europe, without gaining a single ideä worth crŏssing a street for, the observing eye and inquiring mind find matter for improvement and delight in every ramble in town or country. Do you, then, William, continue to make use of your eyes, and you, Robert, learn that eyes were given you to use. DR. AIKEN.

SECTION XXII.

I.

110. THE MOUNTAIN BOY.

THE shepherd of the Alps am I,
The castles far beneath me lie;
Here first the ruddy[1] sunlight gleams,
Here linger last the parting beams.
The mountain boy am I!

2. Here is the river's fountain-head,
I drink it from its stōny bed;
As fŏrth it leaps with joyous shout,
I seize it, ere it gushes out.
The mountain boy am I!

3. The mountain is my own domain;[2]
It calls its storms from sea and plain;
From north to south they howl ăfar:
My voice is heard ămĭd their war.
The mountain boy am I!

4. And when the tocsin[3] sounds alarms,
And mountain bale-fires[4] call to arms,
Then I descend, I join my king,
My sword I wave, my lay I sing.
The mountain boy am I!

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[1] **Rud'dy**, of a red color; red.

[2] **Do main'**, country over which one has the government or authority; estate or home.

[3] **Tocsin**, (tŏk'sin), an alarm-bell or the ringing of a bell for the purpose of alarm.

[4] **Bale'-fires**, alarm-fires.

5. The lightnings far beneath me lie;
High stand I here in clear blue sky;
I know them, and to them I call;
In quiet leave my father's hall.
The mountain boy am I! UHLAND.

II.

111. EXCELSIOR.

THE shades of night were falling fast,
As through an Al'pĭne village passed
A youth, who bōre, mid snow and ice,
A banner with the strānge device,
EXCELSIOR!

2. His brow was sad; his eye beneath
Flashed like a falchion[1] from its sheath;
And like a silver clarion[2] rung
The accents of that unknown tongue,
EXCELSIOR![3]

3. In happy homes he saw the light
Of household fires gleam warm and bright:
Above, the spectral[4] glăciers[5] shone;
And from his lips escaped a groan,
EXCELSIOR!

4. "Try not the Pass!" the old man said;
"Dark lowers the tempest overhead;
The rŏaring tŏrrent is deep and wide!"
And loud that clarion voice replied,
EXCELSIOR!

5. "Oh, stay," the maiden said, "and rest
Thy weary head upon this breast!"
A tear stood in his bright blue eye;
But still he answered, with a sigh,
EXCELSIOR!

6. "Beware the pine-tree's withered branch!
Beware the awful avalanche!"[6]
This was the peasant's last Good-night!
A voice replied, far up the height
EXCELSIOR!

7. At break of day, as heavenward
The pious monks of St. Bernard[7]

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[1] **Falchion**, (fâl' chun), a short, crookèd sword.

[2] **Clar' i on**, a wind instrument suited to war.

[3] **Ex cel' si or**, more elevated; aiming higher; the motto of the State of New York.

[4] **Spec' tral**, relating to an apparition, or the appearance of a spirit; ghostly.

[5] **Glac' i er**, a moving field of ice and snow, formed in the valleys and slopes of lofty mountains

[6] **Avalanche**, (ăv' a lânsh'), a snow-slip; a vast body of ice, snow or earth, sliding down a mountain.

[7] **Saint Bernard**, (sent bẽr nârd'), a remarkable mountain pass in the chain of the Alps, between Piedmont and the Valaise. A strong stone building is situated on the summit of this pass. It is occupied during the whole year by pious monks, who, with their valuable dogs, hold themselves in readiness to aid travelers arrested by the snow and cold

Uttered the ŏft-repeated prayer,
A voice cried, through the startled air,
EXCELSIOR!

8. A traveler, by the faithful hound,
Half-buried in the snow was found,
Still grasping, in his hand of ice,
That banner with the strānge device,[1]
EXCELSIOR!

9. There, in the twilight cold and gray,
Lifeless, but beautiful he lay;
And from the sky, serene[2] and far,
A voice fell like a falling star,
EXCELSIOR!

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

III.

112. THE COLOR-SERGEANT.

YOU say that in every battle
No soldier was braver than he,
As, alŏft in the rōar and the rattle,
He carried the flag of the Free:
I knew, ah! I knew he'd ne'er falter,
I could trust him, the dutiful boy:
My Robert was willful,—but Walter,
Dear Walter, was ever a joy.

2. And if he was true to his mother,
Do you think he his trust would betray,
And give up his place to another,
Or turn from the danger ăwāy?
He knew while afar he was straying,
He felt in the thick of the fight,
That at home his poor mother was praying
For him and the cause of the Right!

---

[1] **De vice'**, a figure, mark, word, or motto.

[2] **Se rene'**, clear and calm; undisturbed; bright.

3. Tell me, cŏmrāde, who saw him dying,
What he said, what he did, if you can;
On the field in his agony lying,
Did he suffer and die like a man?
Do you think he once wished he had never
Bōrne arms for the Right and the True?
Nay, he shouted "Our country forever!"
When he died, he was praying for you!

4. O, my darling! my youngèst and fairèst,
Whom I găthered so close to my breast;
I call thee my dearèst and rarèst,
And thou wert my purèst and best!
I tell you, O friend! as a mother,
Whose full heart is breaking to-day,
The ĭnfinĭte[1] Father—none other—
Can know what He's taken ăwāy.

5. I thank you once mōre for your kindnèss,
For this lock of his bright auburn[2] hair;—
Perhaps 'tis the one I in blindnèss
Last touched, as we parted just there!
When he asked, through his tears, should he linger
From duty, I answered him, Nāy;
And he smiled, as he placed on my finger
The ring I am wearing to-dāy.

6. I watched him leap into that mĕadōw;
There, a child, he with others had played;
I saw him pass slowly the shădōw
Of the trees where his father was laid;
And there, where the rōad meets two others,
Without turning he went on his wāy:
Once his face tōward the foe—not his mothēr's
Should unman him, or cause him delāy.

7 It may be that some day your duty
Will carry you that way again;[3]

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[1] In´fi nite, without limit in power, wisdom, and goodness; perfect.

[2] Auburn, (â´bẽrn), reddish brown

[3] Again, (â gĕn´).

When the field shall be riper in beauty,
Enriched by the blood of the slain;
Would you see if the grasses are growing
On the grave of my boy? Will you see
If a flower, e'en the smallèst, is blowing,
And pluck it, and send it to me?

8. Don't think, in my grief, I'm complaining:
I gave him, God took him, 'tis right;
And the cry of his mother remaining
Shall strengthen his cŏmrādes in fight.
Not for vengeance, to-day, in my weeping,
Goes my prayer to the Infinite Throne.
Gŏd pity the foe when he's reaping
The harvèst of what he has sown!

9. Tell his cŏmrādes these words of his mother:
All over the wide land to-day,
The Rāchels,[1] who weep with each other,
Together in agony pray.
They know, in their great tribulation,
By the blood of their children outpōured,
We shall smite down the foes of the Nation,
In the terrible day of the Lord.

A. D. F. RANDOLPH.

IV.

113. THE BOY IN THE WILDERNESS.[2]

MANGLED,[3] uncared for, suffering through the night
With heavenly patience the poor boy had lain;
Under the dreary shadōws, left and right,
Grōaned on the wounded, stiffened out the slain.
What faith sustained his lōne,
Brave heart to make no mōan,

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[1] **Rā′chels,** see Bible, Matt. chap. ii., 16th to 18th verses inclusive.

[2] **The incident** contained in this poem is narrated by a writer for the New York *Tribune,* in a letter from the battle-field, dated, "Wilderness, May 7, 1864."

[3] **Mangled,** (mång′gld), cut or bruised with repeated blows or strokes: covered with wounds.

To send no cry from that blood-sprinkled sod,
Is a clōse mystery[1] with him and God.

2. But when the light came, and the morning dew
Glittered ăround him, like a golden lake,
And evèry dripping flower with deepened hue
Looked through its tears for vĕry pity's sake,
He moved his aching head
Upon his ruggèd bed,
And smiled as a blue vīölet, virgin-meek,
Laid her pure kiss upon his withered cheek.

3. At once there circled in his waking heart
A thousand memories of distant home;
Of how those same blue vīölets would start
Along his native fields, and some would roam
Down his dear humming brooks,
To hide in secret nooks,
And, shyly met, in nodding circles swing,
Like gŏssips murmuring at belātèd[2] Spring.

4. And then he thought of the belovèd hands
That with his own had plucked the modèst flower,
The blue-eyed maiden, crowned with golden bands,
Who ruled as sovereign of that sunny hour:
She at whose sŏft command
He joined the mustering band,
She for whose sake he lay so firm and still,
Despite[3] his pangs, nor questioned then her will.

5. So, lŏst in thought, scarce conscious of the deed,
Culling the vīölets, here and there he crept
Slowly,—ah! slowly,—for his wound would bleed;
And the sweet flowers themselves half smiled, half wept,
To be thus găthered in
By hands so pale and thin,
By fingers trembling as they neatly laid
Stem upon stem, and bound them in a braid.

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[1] **Mys' ter y**, a profound or deep secret; something wholly unknown.

[2] **Be lat'ed**, delayed; made too late

[3] **De spite'**, in spite of.

6. The strangèst posy ever fashioned yet
Was clasped against the bosom of the lad,
As we, the seekers for the wounded, set
His form upon our shoulders bowed and sad;
Though he but seemed to think
How vĭolets nod and wink;
And as we cheered him, for the path was wild,
He ōnly looked upon his flowers and smiled.

GEORGE H. BOKER.

V.

114. SONG OF MARION'S MEN.

1.

OUR band is few, but true and tried, our leader frank and bold;
The British soldier trembles when MĂRION'S[1] name is told;
Our fortress is the good green wood, our tent the cypress-tree;
We know the fŏrest round us, as seamen know the sea.
We know its walls of thorny vines, its glades of reedy grass,
Its safe and silènt islands within the dark morăss.[2]

2.

Woe to the English soldiery that little dread us near!
On them shall light at midnight a strānge and sudden fear:
When, waking to their tents on fire, they grasp their arms in vain,
And they who stand to face us are beat to earth again;
And they who fly in tĕrror deem a mighty hōst behind,
And hear the tramp of thousands upon the hŏllōw wīnd.

3.

Then sweet the hour that brings release from dānger and from toil!
We talk the battle over, and share the battle's spoil.
The woodland rings with laugh and shout, as if a hunt were up,
And woodland flowers are găthered to crown the soldier's cup.
With mĕrry sŏngs we mŏck the wind that in the pine-top grieves,
And slumber lŏng and sweetly, on beds of oaken leaves.

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[1] **Francis Marion**, (măr'ĭ on), a distinguished officer of the American revolution, noted for his sagacity, his energy, and his bravery, was born in South Carolina, the scene of his principal exploits. He died in 1795.

[2] **Mo rass'**, a tract of soft, wet ground; a marsh.

4.

Well knows the fair and friendly moon the band that MARION leads—
The glitter of their rifles, the scampering of their steeds.
'Tis life to guide the fiery barb[1] acrŏss the moonlight plain;
'Tis life to feel the night-wind that lifts his tŏssing mane.
A moment in the British camp—a moment—and ăwāy
Back to the pathless fŏrest, before the peep of dāy.

5.

Grave men there are by broad Santee,[2] grave men with hōary hairs,
Their hearts are all with MARION, for MARION are their prayers.

[1] **Barb**, a horse of the Barbary stock, noted for great speed

[2] **San tee'**, a river in South Carolina about 150 miles in length.

And lovely ladies greet our band with kindliëst welcoming,
With smiles like those of summer, and tears like those of spring.
For them we wear these trusty arms, and lay them down no mōre,
Till we have driven the Briton forever from our shōre.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT

SECTION XXIII.

I.

115. WINTER AND SPRING.

WINTER. When I blow my breath about me,
When I breathe upon the landscape,
Motionlèss are all the rivers,
Hard as stone becomes the water!

Spring. When I blow my breath about me,
When I breathe upon the landscape,
Flowers spring up ō'er all the meadōws,
Singing, onward rush the rivers.

Winter. When I shake my hōary tresses,
All the land with snow is covered;
All the leaves from all the branches
Fall and fade and die and wither,
For I breathe, and lo! they are not.
From the waters and the marshes
Rise the wild goose and the hĕron,
Fly away to distant regions,
For I speak, and lo! they are not.
And where'er my footsteps wander,
All the wild beasts of the fŏrest
Hide themselves in holes and caverns,
And the earth becomes as flintstone!

Spring. When I shake my flowing ringlets,
Showers of rain fall warm and welcome,
Plants lift up their heads rejoicing,
Back unto their lakes and marshes

Come the wild goose and the hĕron,
Homeward shoots the ărrōwy swallōw,
Sing the blue-bird and the robin,
And where'er my footsteps wander,
All the meadōws wave with blossoms,
All the woodlands ring with music,
All the trees are dark with foliāge.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

II.

116. THE SNOW-SHOWER.

STAND here by my side and turn, I pray,
On the lake below thy gentle eyes;
The clouds hang over it, heavy and gray,
And dark and silènt the water lies;
And out of that frozen mist the snow,
In waving flakes, begins to flow;
Flake after flake
They sink in the dark and silènt lake.

2. See how in a living swarm they come
From the chāmbers beyŏnd that misty veil;
Some hover ăwhīle in air, and some
Rush prōne[2] from the sky like summer hail.
All, dropping swiftly or settling slōw,
Meet, and are still in the depth belōw;
Flake after flake,
Dissolved in the dark and silènt lake.

3. Here delicate snow-stars, out of the cloud,
Come floating downward in airy play,
Like spangles dropped from the glistening crowd
That whiten by night the milky way;
There broader and burlier[3] masses fall:
The sullen water buries them all—
Flake after flake—
All drowned in the dark and silènt lake.

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[1] **Veil**, (vāl), something to shut out the view; a thin screen, or cover, used to hide or protect the face.

[2] **Prone**, headlong.

[3] **Burlier**, (bĕr' li ĕr), greater in bulk or size; coarser and rougher.

4. And some, as on tender wings they glide
From their chilly birth-cloud, dim and gray,
Are joined in their fall, and, side by side,
Come clinging ălŏng their unsteady way;
As friend with friend, or husband and wife
Makes hand in hand the passage of life;
Each mated flake
Soon sinks in the dark and silènt lake.

5. Lo! while we are gazing, in swifter haste
Stream down the snows, till the air is white,
As, myriads[1] by myriads madly chased,
They fling themselves from their shadōwy height,
The fair, frail creatures of middle sky,
What speed they make, with their grave so nigh;
Flake after flake,
To lie in the dark and silènt lake!

6. I see in thy gentle eyes a tear:
They turn to me in sorrowful thought:
Thou thinkèst of friends, the good and dear,
Who were for a time, and now are not;
Like these fair children of cloud and frŏst,
That glis*t*en a moment, and then are lŏst,
Flake after flake—
All lost in the dark and silènt lake.

7. Yĕt look again, for the clouds divide;
A gleam of blue on the water lies;
And far ăwāy on the mountain side,
A sunbeam falls from the opening skies.
But the hŭrrying hōst[2] that flew between
The cloud and the water, no mōre is seen;
Flake after flake,
At rest in the dark and silènt lake.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

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[1] **Myr' i ads**, a myriad is the number of ten thousand, but is sometimes used for any very large number; a very great many.

[2] **Host**, (hōst), an army; a number of men formed into a body for war; a multitude or throng: any great number.

III.

117. THE SNOW-STORM.

PART FIRST.

I HAVE ă short and simple stōry to tell of the winter-life of the moorland[1] cottager—a story but of one even-ing, with few events, and no signal catastrophe,[2] but which may haply please those hearts whose delight it is to think on the humble under-plots[3] that are carrying on in the great drāma[4] of life.

2. Two cottagers, husband and wife, were sĭtting by their cheerful peat[5] fire one winter evening, in a small, lonely hut, on the edge of a wide Scottish moor, at some miles' distance from any other habitation. Its little end windōw, now lighted up, was the only ground-star that shōne toward the belatèd traveler, if any such ventured to crŏss, on a winter night, a scene so dreary and desolate.[6]

3. The affairs of the small household were all arranged for the night. The little rough pony that had drawn in a sledge, from the heart of the Black-moss, the fuel by whose blaze the cotters were now sitting chēerily, and the little Highland cow, whose milk enabled them to live, were standing amicably together, under cover of a rude shed, of which one side was formed by the peat-stack, and which was at once cow-house, stable, and hen-roost.

4. Within, the clock ticked cheerfully as the fire-light reached its old oak-wood case ăcrŏss the yĕllōw-sanded floor; and a small round table stood between, covered with a snow-white clŏth, on which were milk and oat-cakes, the morning, mid-day, and evening meal of these frugal and

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[1] **Moor' land**, a marsh, or tract of low, watery ground.

[2] **Ca tas' tro phe**, a final event, usually of a disastrous nature; an accident.

[3] **Un' der-plots**, little things which happen while great events are taking place.

[4] **Drama**, (drå' må), a story which is acted, not related; a number of connected events ending in some interesting or striking result.

[5] **Peat**, turf, the roots of vegetables dried for burning.

[6] **Des' o late**, destitute or deprived of inhabitance; deserted

contented cotters. The spades and the mattocks[1] of the laborer were collected in one corner, and showed that the succeeding dāy was the blessèd Sabbath; while on the wooden chimney-piece was seen lying an open Bible ready for family worship.

5. The father and the mother were sitting togĕther, without opening their lips, but with their hearts overflowing with happinèss; for on this Saturday night they were, evèry minute, expecting to hear at the latch the hand of their ōnly daughter, ă maiden of about fifteen years, who was at service with a farmer over the hills.

6. Forty shillings a year were all the wages of sweet Hannah Lee; but though she wōre at her labor a tortoise-shell comb in her auburn[2] hair, and though in the church none were more becomingly arrayed than she, one-half, at least, of all her earnings were to be reserved for the holièst of all purposes; and her kind, innocent heart was gladdened when she looked on the little purse that was, on the lŏng-expected Saturday night, to be taken from her bosom, and put, with a blessing, into the hand of her father, now growing old at his daily toils.

7. Of such a child the happy cotters were thinking in their silence. And well, indeed, might they be called happy. It is at that sweet season that filial[3] piety is most beautiful. Their own Hannah had just outgrown the mere unthinking gladnèss of childhood, but had not yet reached that time when inevitable[4] selfishnèss mixes with the pure cŭrrent of love.

8. She had begun to think on what her affectionate heart had left so lŏng; and when she looked on the pale face and bending frame of her mother, on the deepening wrinkles and whitening hairs of her father, ŏften would she lie weeping, for their sakes, on her midnight bed, and wish that she

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[1] **Mat′ tock**, a kind of pick-ax, having the iron ends broad, instead of pointed.

[2] **Auburn**, (â′bĕrn), reddish brown.

[3] **Filial**, (fĭl′ yal), relating to a son or daughter; filial piety is the love of a son or daughter to father or mother.

[4] **In ev′ i ta ble**, that which can not be avoided.

were beside them as they slept, that she might kneel down and kiss them, and mention their names over and over again in her prayer.

9. She had discerned the relation in which she, an only child, stood to her poor par'ents, now that they were gĕt-ting old: and there was not a passage in Scripture that spake of parents or of children, from Joseph sold into slavery, to Mary weeping below the crŏss, that was not written, never to be obliterated,[1] on her uncorrupted heart.

10. The father rose from his seat, and went to the door, to look out into the night. The stars were in thousands, and the full moon was risen. It was almōst light as day; and the snow, that seemed incrusted with diämonds, was so hardened by the frŏst, that his daughter's homeward feet would leave no mark on its surface.

11. He had been toiling all day ămong the distant Castle-woods, and, stiff and wearied as he now was, he was almost tempted to go to meet his child; but his wife's kind voice dissuaded[2] him, and, returning to the fireside, they begăn to talk of her whose image had been so lŏng passing before them in their silence.

IV.

118. THE SNOW-STORM.

PART SECOND.

LITTLE Hannah Lee had left her master's house soon as the rim of the great moon was seen by her eyes, that had been lŏng anxiously watching it from the windōw, rising, like a joyful dream, over the gloomy mountain-tops; and all by herself she tripped alŏng beneath the beauty of the silènt heaven.

2. Still, as she kept ascending and descending the knolls that lay in the bosom of the glen, she sung to herself a sŏng, a hymn, or a psalm, without the accompaniment of

[1] **Ob lit' er a ted**, erased, or blotted out; destroyed by time or other means.

[2] **Dis suad ed**, exhorted or advised against; caused to give up; persuaded not to do

the streams, now all silent in the frŏst; and ever and anon she stopped to try to count the stars that lay in some more beautiful part of the sky, or gazed on the constellations[1] that she knew, and called them, in her joy, by the names they bōre among the shepherds. There were none to hear her voice, or see her smīles, but the ear and eye of Providence.

3. As on she glided, and took her looks from heaven, she saw her own little fireside—her par'ents waiting for her arrival—the Bible opened for worship—her own little room, kept so neatly for her, with its mirror hanging by the windŏw, in which to braid her hair by the morning light—her bed, prepared for her by her mother's hand—the primroses in the garden, peeping through the snow—old Tray, who ever welcomed her home with his dim white eyes—the pony and the cow—friends all, and inmates of that happy household.

4. So stepped she alŏng, while the snow-diämonds glittered ăround her feet, and the frŏst wove a wreath of lucid[2] pearls round her fŏre*hĕ*ad. She had now reached the edge of the Black-mŏss, which lay half way between her master's and her father's dwelling, when she heard a loud noise coming down Glen Scrae, and in a few seconds she felt on her face some flakes of snow.

5. She looked up the glen, and saw the snow-storm coming down, fast as a flood. She felt no fears; but she ceased her sŏng, and had there been a human eye to look upon her there, it might have seen a shadōw on her face. She continued her cōurse, and felt bolder and bolder, evèry step that brought her nearer to her par'ents' house.

6. But the snow-storm had now reached the Black-mŏss, and the broad line of light that had lain in the direction of her home was soon swallowed up, and the child was in utter darknèss. She saw nothing but the flakes of snow,

[1] **Con\` stel la' tion**, an assemblage, cluster, or group of fixed stars, situated near each other in the heavens, and bearing the name of an animal, or some other object which it is imagined to resemble.

[2] **Lu' cid**, clear; bright; shining; giving light.

inter'minably[1] intermingled, and furiously wafted[2] in the air, close to her head; she heard nothing but one wild, fierce, fitful howl. The cold became intense, and her little feet and hands were fast being benumbed into insensibility.[3]

7. "It is a fearful change," muttered the child to herself; but still she did not fear, for she had been born in a moor-land cottage, and lived all her days ămong the hardships of the hills. "What will become of the poor sheep?" thought she; but still she scarcely thought of her own danger, for innocence, and youth, and joy are slow to think of aught evil befalling themselves; and thinking kindly of all living things, forget their own fear in their pity for others' sŏrrōw.

8. At last she could no longer discern a single mark on the snow, ēither of human steps, or of sheep-track, or the foot-print of a wild-fowl. Suddenly, too, she felt out of breath and exhausted;[4] and, shedding tears for herself, at last sank down in the snow, saying, "I will repeat the Lord's prayer;" and drawing her plăid more closely around her, she whispered, "Our Father which art in heaven, hallowed be thy name; thy kingdom come; thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven."

9. The maiden, having prayed to her Father in heaven, then thought of her father on earth. Alas, they were not far separated. The father was lying but a short distance from his child. He, too, had sunk down in the drifting snow, after having in less than an hour exhausted all the strength of fear, pity, hope, despair, and resignation that could rise in a father's heart vainly seeking to rescue his own child from death. There they lay, within a stone's throw of each other, while a huge snow-drift was evèry moment piling itself up into a more insurmountable[5] barrier[6] between the dying parent and his dying child.

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[1] **In ter' min a bly**, without limit or end.

[2] **Waft' ed**, borne or carried.

[3] **In`sen si bil' i ty**, want of the power of perceiving or feeling.

[4] **Exhausted**, (ĕgz hâst' ed), wearied; deprived of all strength.

[5] **In` sur mount' a ble**, not capable of being surmounted, overcome, or passed over.

[6] **Bar' ri er**, a line of separation; any obstruction.

V.

119. THE SNOW-STORM.

PART THIRD.

"I DO not like the night," said William Grieve, her master's son; "there will be a fresh fall of snow, soon, or the witch of Glen-Scrae is a liar; for a snow-cloud is hanging ō'er the Birch-tree-lin, and it may be down to the Black-mŏss as soon as Hannah Lee." So he called his two sheep-dŏgs that had taken their place under the lŏng table, before the windōw, and set out, half in joy, half in fear, to overtake Hannah, and see her safely ăcrŏss the Black-mŏss.

2. The snow began to drift so fast, that, before he had reached the head of the glen, there was nothing to be seen but a little bit of the wooden rail of the bridge across the stream. William Grieve was the most active shepherd in the whōle parish: he had ŏft*e*n passed the night among the wintery hills for the sake of a few sheep, and all the snow that ever fell from the heavens would not have made him turn back when Hannah Lee was before him, and, as his terrified heart told him, in imminent danger of being lŏst.

3. He knew the path that Hannah must have taken, and went forward, shouting ăloud, and stopping evèry twenty yards to listen for her voice. He sent his well-trained dŏgs over the snow, in all directions, repeating to them her name—"Hannah Lee"—that the dumb animals might, in their sagacity,[1] know for whom they were searching. Oft*e*n they went ŏff into the darkness, and as ŏft*e*n returned; but their looks showed that evèry quest[2] had been in vain.

4. Meanwhile the snow was of a fearful depth, and falling wifhout intermission[3] or diminution.[4] Still, there was no trace of poor Hannah Lee; and one of his dŏgs at last came to his feet, worn out entirely, and ăfrāid to leave its

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[1] **Sa gac' i ty**, quickness to see and know; keenness of scent.

[2] **Quest**, search; act of searching.

[3] **Intermission**, (in' ter mĭsh' un), a stopping from time to time; a short pause.

[4] **Dim' i nu' tion**, decrease, growing less.

master; while the other was mute,[1] and, as the shepherd thought, probably unable to force its way out of some hŏl-lōw, or through some floundering[2] drift.

5. Then he all at once knew that Hannah Lee was dead, and dashed himself down in the snow, in a fit of despair. But presently he heard the barking of his absent dŏg, while the one at his feet hŭrried ŏff in the direction of the sound,

[1] **Mute**, wearied into silence; uttering no sound; silent.

[2] **Floun' der ing**, causing violent and irregular motions.

and soon loudly joined the cry. It was not a bark of surprise, or anger, or fear, but of recognition[1] and love.

6. William sprăng up from his bed in the snow, and, with his heart knocking at his bosom, even to sicknèss, he rushed hĕadlŏng through the drifts, with a giant's strength, and fell down, half dead with joy and terror, beside the body of Hannah Lee.

7. But he soon recovered from that fit, and, lifting the cold corpse[2] in his arms, he kissed her lips, and her cheeks, and her fŏrehead, and her closed eyes, till, as he kept gazing on her face in utter despair, her head fell back on his shoulder, and a lŏng, deep sigh came from her inmost bosom.[3]

8. The short-lived rage of the storm was now over, and William could attend to the belovèd being on his bosom. The warmth of his heart seemed to infuse[4] life into hers; and, as he gently placed her feet on the snow, till he muffled her up in his plăid, as well as in her own, she made an effort to stand, and with extreme perplexity[5] and bewilderment,[6] faintly inquired where she was, and what fearful misfortune had befallen them. She was, however, too weak to walk; and as her young master carried her alŏng, she murmured, "O William, what if my father be in the moor? For if you, who need care so little about me, have come to save my life, you may be sure that my father sat not within doors during the storm.

9. As she spoke, there came staggering forward the figure of a man. "Father, father!" cried Hannah, and his gray hairs were already on her cheek. The barking of the dogs and the shouting of the young shepherd had struck his ear as the sleep of death was stealing over him, and with the last effort of benumbed nature he had roused him

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[1] **Recognition**, (rĕk' ŏg nĭsh' un), the act of knowing again; remembrance of a person or thing.

[2] **Corpse**, (kârps), a human body in general, whether living or dead; the dead body of a human being.

[3] **Bosom**, (bŭz' um).

[4] **In fuse'**, to pour into; to introduce.

[5] **Per plex' i ty**, difficulty; a troubled state; not knowing what to do.

[6] **Be wil' der ment**, a state in which one becomes unconscious where he is or what he is doing

self from that fatal torpor,[1] and pressed through the snow-drift that had separated him from his child.

10. The old man was soon able to assist William Grieve in leading Hannah ălŏng through the snow. The night was now almost calm, and fast returning to its former beauty, when the party saw the first twinkle of the fire through the low window of the cottage of the moor.

11. There is little need to speak of returning recollection and returning strength. They had all now power to weep and power to pray. The Bible had been lying in its place, ready for worship, and the father read ăloud that chapter in which is narrated our Saviour's act of miraculous power, by which he saved Peter from the sea.

12. Soon as the solemn thoughts ăwākened by that act of mercy—so similar to that which had rescued themselves from death—had subsided, and they had all risen up from prayer, they găthered themselves in gratitude round the little table which had stood so many hours spread, and exhausted nature was strengthened and restored by a frugal and simple meal, partaken of in silènt thankfulnèss.

13. Within these three hours, William and Hannah had led a life of trouble and of joy, that had enlarged and kindled their hearts within them; and they felt that hencefōrth they were to live whōlly for each other's sake. His love was the proud and exulting love of a deliverer, who, under Providence, had saved from the frŏst and the snow the innocence and the beauty of which his young, passionate heart had been so desperately enamored;[2] and he now thought of his own Hannah Lee, ever moving about his father's house, not as a servant, but as a daughter; and, when some few happy years had gŏne by, his own mōst beautiful and most loving wife.

14. The innocent maiden still called him her young master, but was not ashamed of the holy affection which she now knew that she had lŏng felt for the fearlèss youth on whose bosom she had thought herself dying, in that cold

[1] **Tor' por**, loss of motion, or of the power of motion; numbness.

[2] **En am' ored**, captivated with love; charmed.

and miserable moor. Her heart lēaped within her when she heard her par'ents bless him by his name; and, when he took her hand into his, before them, and vowed, before that Power who had that night saved them from the snow, that Hannah Lee should, ere lŏng, be his wedded wife, she wept and sobbed as if her heart would break, in a fit of strānge and insupportable happinèss.

15. The young shepherd rose to bid them farewell: "My father will think I am lŏst," said he with a grave smile, "and my Hannah's mother knows what it is to fear for a child." So nothing was said to detain him, and the family went with him to the door. The sky smiled as serenely as if a storm had never swept before the stars; the moon was sinking from her meridian, but in cloudlèss splendor. Danger there was none over the placid night scene.

ALTERED FROM WILSON.

SECTION XXIV.

I.

120. YOUTH AND SORROW.

"GET thee back, Sŏrrōw, gĕt thee back!
My brow is smooth, mine eyes are bright,
My limbs are full of health and strength,
My cheeks are fresh, my heart is light.
So, get thee back! oh, get thee back!
Consort'[1] with age, but not with me;
Why shouldst thou follōw on my track?
I am too young to live with thee."

2. "O foolish Youth,[2] to scorn thy friend!
To harm thee wherefore[3] should I seek?
I would not dim thy sparkling eyes,
Nor blight the roses on thy cheek.

[1] **Con sort'**, to unite or join, as in affection, harmony, company, etc.

[2] **Youth**, (yŏth).

[3] **Wherefore**, (whâr' fôr).

I would but teach thee to be true;
And should I press thee overmuch,
Ever the flowers that I bedew[1]
Yield sweetèst frāgrance to the touch."

3. "Gĕt thee back, Sŏrrōw, get thee back!
I like thee not; thy looks are chill;
The sunshine lies upon my heart,
Thou showèst me the shadōw still.
So, get thee back! oh, get thee back!
Nor touch my golden locks with gray,
Why shouldst thou follōw on my track?
Let me be happy while I may."

4. "Good friend, thou needèst sage advice;
I'll keep thy heart from growing proud,
I'll fill thy mind with kindly thoughts,
And link thy pity to the crowd.
Wouldst have a heart of pulselèss stone?
Wouldst be too happy to be good?
Nor make a human wōe thine own?
For sake of human brotherhood?"

5. "Gĕt thee back, Sŏrrōw, get thee back!
Why should I weep while I am young?
I have not piped—I have not danced—
My morning sŏngs I have not sung:
The world is beautiful to me,
Why tarnish it to soul and sense?
Prĭthēe, begŏne! I'll think of thee
Some half a hundred winters hence."

6. "O foolish Youth, thou know'st me not:
I am the mistrèss of the earth:
'Tis *I* give tendernèss to love;
Enhance[2] the privilege of mirth;
Refine the human gold from drŏss;
And teach thee, wormling of the sod,

[1] **Bedew**, (be dū'), moisten gently; wet with dew.

[2] **Enhance**, (en hâns'), raise to a higher point; advance; increase.

To look beyŏnd thy present lŏss
To thy eternal[1] gain with Gŏd."

7. "Gĕt thee back, Sŏrrōw, gĕt thee back!
I'll learn thy lessons soon enough;
If virtuous plĕasures smooth my way,
Why shouldst thou seek to make it rough?
No fruit can ripen in the dark,
No bud can bloom in constant cold—
So, prithèe, Sorrow, miss thy mark,
Or strike me not till I am old."

8. "I am thy friend, thy best of friends;
No bud in constant heats can blow—
The green fruit withers in the drought,[2]
But ripens where the waters flow.
The sŏrrōws of thy youthful day
Shall make thee wise in coming years;
The brightèst rainbows ever play
Above the fountains of our tears."

9. Youth frowned, but Sŏrrōw gently smiled;
Upon his heart her hand she laid,
And all its hidden sympathies
Throbbed to the fingers of the maid:
And when his head grew gray with Time,
He owned that Sorrow spoke the truth,
And that the harvèst of his prime
Was ripened by the rains of Youth.

CHARLES MACKAY.

II.

121. THE LITTLE MAN IN BLACK.

PART FIRST.

SOON after my grandfather, Mr. Lemuel Cŏcklŏft, had quietly settled himself at the hall, and just about the time that the gŏssips of the neighborhood, tired of prying into his affairs, were anxious for some new tea-table topic,

[1] **Eternal**, (e tĕr' nal), having no beginning or end; ceaseless.

[2] **Drought**, (drout), want of rain; a long continuance of dry weather.

the busy community of our little village was thrown into a grand turmoil[1] of curiosity and conjecture[2]—a situation vĕry common to little gossiping villages—by the sudden and unaccountable appearance of a mysterious[3] individual.

2. The object of this solicitude[4] was a little black-looking man, of a fŏreign aspect, who took possession of an old building, which, having lŏng had the reputation[5] of being haunted,[6] was in a state of ruinous desolation,[7] and an object of fear to all true believers in ghosts. He usually wore a high sugar-loaf hat with a nărrōw brim; and a little black cloak, which, short as he was, scarcely reached below his knees.

3. He sought no intimacy or acquaintance with any one; appeared to take no interest in the plĕasures or the little broils of the village; nor ever talked, except sometimes to himself in an outlandish[8] tongue. He commonly carried a large book, covered with sheepskin, under his arm; appeared always to be lŏst in meditation; and was ŏf*t*en met by the pĕasantry, sometimes watching the dawning of day; sometimes, at noon, seated under a tree pōring over his volume; and sometimes, at evening, gazing with a look of sober tranquillity[9] at the sun as it gradually sunk below the horī'zon.[10]

4. The good people of the vicinity beheld something prodigiously[11] singular in all this;—a profound[12] mystery

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[1] **Turmoil,** (tĕr' mŏil), annoying labor; trouble; disturbance.

[2] **Con ject' ure,** the making up of an opinion on scanty or faulty proofs.

[3] **Mys te' ri ous,** obscure; wholly unknown.

[4] **So lic' i tude,** trouble; care; anxiety.

[5] **Rep' u ta' tion,** general credit; the character said to belong to a person, thing, or action.

[6] **Haunted,** (hânt' ed), inhabited by, or liable to the visits of apparitions or ghosts.

[7] **Des' o la' tion,** the state or condition of being laid waste, or left in a ruinous or neglected condition.

[8] **Out land' ish,** strange; rude; not agreeing with usage; foreign.

[9] **Tranquillity,** (trăn kwĭl' ĭ tĭ), peace; quiet; freedom from care or trouble.

[10] **Ho rī' zon,** the circle which bounds that part of the earth's surface which may be seen by a person from a given place; the place where the earth and sky seem to meet.

[11] **Prodigious ly.** (pro dĭd' jus lĭ), extremely; amazingly.

[12] **Pro found',** deep; very great.

seemed to hang about the strānger, which, with all their sagacity, they could not penetrate;[1] and, in the excess of worldly charity, they pronounced it a sure sign "that he was no better than he should be,"—a phrase innocent enough in itself, but which, as applied in common, signifies nearly evèry thing that is bad.

5. The young people thought him a gloomy mĭs'anthrōpe,[2] because he never joined in their spōrts; the old men thought still more hardly of him because he followed no trade, nor ever seemed ambitious of earning a farthing; and as to the old gŏssips, baffled by the inflexible[3] taciturnity[4] of the strānger, they unanimously decreed that a man who could not or would not talk was no better than a dumb beast. The little man in black, carelèss of their opinions, seemed resolved to maintain the liberty of keeping his own secret; and the consequence was, that, in a little while, the whōle village was in an uproar;—for, in little communities of this description, the members have always the privilege of being thoroughly versed, and even of meddling in all the affairs of each other.

6. A confidential[5] conference[6] was held one Sunday morning after sermon, at the door of the village church, and the character of the unknown fully invĕstigāted.[7] The schoolmaster gave as his opinion, that he was the wandering Jew;[8] the sexton was certain that he must be a Free-

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[1] **Pen' e trate**, see through or understand.

[2] **Mis' an thrope**, a hater of mankind; a man-hater.

[3] **In flex' i ble**, stubborn; that can not be turned or changed.

[4] **Taciturnity**, (tăs\` i tĕrn' i tĭ), habitual or intentional silence; reserve in speaking.

[5] **Con\` fi den' tial**, secret.

[6] **Con' fer ence**, a meeting held for conversation, or an interchange of views.

[7] **In ves' ti gat ed**, followed up; searched into.

[8] **The wandering Jew**, an imaginary (not reäl) man, connected with the history of Christ's death. As the Saviour was on his way to the place where he was slain, weary with the weight of the cross, he wished to rest on a stone before the house of a Jew, whom the story calls Ahasuerus, who drove him away with curses. Jesus calmly said, "Thou shalt wander on the earth till I return." Driven by fear and remorse, he has since wandered from place to place without being able to find a grave.

mason, from his silence; a third maintained, with great obstinacy,[1] that he was a high German doctor, and that the book which he carried about with him contained the secrets of the black-art; but the most prevailing opinion seemed to be that he was a witch,—a race of beings at that time ăbounding in those parts; and a sagācious[2] old mātron[3] from Connecticut proposed to ascertain the fact by sousing him into a kĕttle of hot water.

7. Suspicion,[4] when once ăflōat, goes with wind and tide, and soon becomes certainty. Many a stormy night was the little man in black seen, by the flashes of lightning, frisking and curveting[5] in the air upon a broomstick; and it was always observed, that at those times the storm did more mischief than at any other. The old lady in particular, who suggested the hūmāne′ ordeăl[6] of the boiling kĕttle, lŏst on one of these occasions a fine brinded[7] cow, which accident was entirely ascribed to the vengeance of the little man in black.

8. If ever a mischievous hireling rode his master's favorite horse to a distant frolic, and the animal was observed to be lame and jadèd in the morning, the little man in black was sure to be at the bottom of the affair; nor could a high wind howl through the village at night, but the old women shrugged up their shoulders, and observed, "the little man in black was in his *tantrums*."[8] In short, he became the bugbear of evèry house, and was as effectual in frightening little children into obedience and hysterics as the redoubtable[9] Raw-head-and-bloody-bones himself; nor could a

[1] **Ob′sti na cy**, a fixedness in one's belief or purpose that can not be shaken or moved at all, or not without great labor.

[2] **Sa ga′cious**, quick to see and understand; shrewd; wise.

[3] **Ma′tron**, an elderly married woman; an elderly lady.

[4] **Suspicion**, (sus pĭsh′ un), act of imagining or mistrusting something on slight proof; distrust; want of confidence.

[5] **Curveting**, (kĕr′ vet ing), leaping; bounding; frolicking.

[6] **Or′de al**, a severe trial; trial of guilt by fire or water. The phrase, to *go through fire and water*, meaning severe trial, comes from the ordeal.

[7] **Brind′ed**, streaked; spotted.

[8] **Tan′trum**, a whim or burst of ill humor.

[9] **Redoutable**, (re dout′ a ble), fearful; to be dreaded.

housewife of the village sleep in peace, except under the guardiänship of a horse-shoe nailed to the door.

9. The object of these direful suspicions remained for some time totally ignorant of the wonderful quandary[1] he had occasioned; but he was soon doomed to feel its effects. An individual who is once so unfortunate as to incur the odiŭm of a village, is in a great mĕasure outlawed and proscribed,[2] and becomes a mark for injury and insult, particularly if he has not the power or the disposition to recriminate.[3]

10. The little venomous[4] passions, which in the great world are dĭssipātèd[5] and weakened by being widely diffused,[6] act in the nărrōw limits of a country town with collected vigor, and become rancorous[7] in proportion as they are confined in their sphere of action. The little man in black experienced the truth of this. Evèry mischievous urchin returning from school had full liberty to break his windōws, and this was considered as a most daring exploit; for in such awe did they stand of him, that the most adventurous schoolboy was never seen to approach his threshold, and at night would prefer going round by the crŏss-roads, where a traveler had been murdered by the Indians, rather than pass by the dōor of his forlorn habitation.

11. The ōnly living creature that seemed to have any care or affection for this deserted being, was an old turnspit,[8]—the companion of his lonely mansion and his solitary wandering—the sharer of his scanty meals—and, sŏrry I am to say it, the sharer of his persecutions. The turnspit, like his master, was peaceable and inoffensive; never known to

[1] **Quandary,** (kwŏn′ da rĭ), a state of perplexity or difficulty; doubt; uncertainty.

[2] **Proscribed,** (pro skrībd′), put out of the protection of the law; denounced and condemned as dangerous or unworthy to be received.

[3] **Re crim′ i nate,** to return one charge of crime with another; to charge an accuser with the same crime or fault.

[4] **Ven′ om ous,** poisonous; spiteful; mischievous.

[5] **Dis′ si pat ed,** driven asunder scattered.

[6] **Diffused,** (dif fūzd′), poured out spread in all directions.

[7] **Rancorous,** (răngk′ ĕr ŭs), very bitter; spiteful in the greatest degree.

[8] **Turn′spit,** (tĕrn′ spit), a kind of dog;—so called from being formerly employed to turn a spit.

bark at a horse, to growl at a traveler, or to quarrel with the dogs of the neighborhood. He followed close at his master's heels when he went out, and when he returned stretched himself in the sunbeams at the door, demeaning[1] himself in all things like a civil and well-disposed turnspit.

12. But notwithstanding his exemplary[2] deportment,[3] he fell likewise under the ill report of the village, as being the familiar of the little man in black, and the evil spirit that presided at his incantations.[4] The old hovel was considered as the scene of their unhallowed rites, and its harmless tenants regarded with a dĕtestā'tion[5] which their inoffensive conduct never merited. Though pelted and jeered at by the brats of the village, and frequently ăbūsed by their parents, the little man in black never turned to rebuke them; and his faithful dŏg, when wantonly assaulted, looked up wistfully in his master's face, and there learned a lesson of patience and forbearance.

13. The movements of this inscrutable[6] being had lŏng been the subject of speculation[7] at Cocklŏft-hall, for its inmates were fŭll as much given to wondering as their descendants. The patience with which he bōre his persecutions particularly surprised them, for patience is a virtue but little known in the Cŏcklŏft family. My grandmother, who it appears was rather superstitious, saw in this humility nothing but the gloomy sullennèss of a wizard,[8] who restrained himself for the present, in hopes of midnight vengeance;—the parson of the village, who was a man of some reading, pronounced it the stubborn insensibility of a stoic

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[1] **De mean' ing**, behaving or conducting.

[2] **Exemplary**, (ĕgz' ĕm plā rĭ), serving for a pattern; worthy of imitation.

[3] **De port' ment**, manner of acting toward others; behavior.

[4] **Incantations**, (in kan tā'shunz), magic charms; supposed influences that can not be resisted or overcome.

[5] **Det' es ta' tion**, extreme or very great hatred.

[6] **Inscrutable**, (in skrō' ta bl), unsearchable; not to be discovered or understood by human reason.

[7] **Spec' u la' tion**, views of a subject or thing not proved to be tru by fact or experience.

[8] **Wiz' ard**, an enchanter; one supposed to be able to perform remarkable acts by the aid of spirits or unseen powers.

[9] **Sto' ic**, one who is cold and unfeeling, one not easily excited.

philosopher;—my grandfather, who, worthy soul, seldom wandered ăbroad in search of conclusions, took a dāta[1] from his own excellent heart, and regarded it as the humble forgivenèss of a Christian. But however different were their opinions as to the character of the strānger, they agreed in one particular, namely, in never intruding upon his solitude; and my grandmother, who was at that time nursing my mother, never left the room without wisely putting the large family Bible in the cradle,—a sure talisman,[2] in her opinion, against witchcraft and necromancy.[3]

III.

122. THE LITTLE MAN IN BLACK.

PART SECOND.

ONE stormy winter night, when a bleak northeast wind moaned about the cottages, and howled around the village steeple, my grandfather was returning from club, preceded by a servant with a lantern. Just as he arrived opposite the desolate ăbōde of the little man in black, he was arrested by the piteŏus howling of a dŏg, which, heard in the pauses of a storm, was exquisitely[4] mournful; and he fancied now and then that he caught the low and broken groans of some one in distress.

2. He stopped for some minutes, hesitating between the benevolence of his heart and a sensation of genuine delicacy, which, in spite of his eccentricity,[5] he fully possessed, and which forbăde him to pry into the concerns of his neighbors. Perhaps, too, this hesitation might have been strengthened by a little taint of superstition;[6] for surely,

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[1] **Da′ ta**, things or truths used to find results.

[2] **Talisman**, (tăl′ iz man), something to which wonderful effects were ascribed, such as preservation from sickness, injury, etc.

[3] **Nec′ ro man cy**, the art of making known what is to happen, by means of a pretended communication with the dead; enchantment.

[4] **Exquisitely**, (ĕks′ kwĭ zit lĭ) completely; very keenly felt.

[5] **Ec` cen tric′ i ty**, the quality of being peculiar, odd, or strange; singularity.

[6] **Su` per sti′ tion**, an unfounded or groundless belief in the existence of particular facts or events, produced by a power beyond what is human

if the unknown had been addicted to witchcraft, this was a most propitious[1] night for his vagā'ries.[2] At length the old gentleman's phĭlănthropy[3] predŏmĭnāted;[4] he approached the hovel, and pushing open the door,—for poverty has no occasion for locks and keys,—beheld, by the light of the lantern, a scene that smote his generous heart to the cōre.

3. On a miserable bed, with pallid and emaciated[5] visage[6] and hollōw eyes, in a room destitute of evèry convenience, without fire to warm or friend to console him, lay this helplèss mortal, who had been so lŏng the terror and wonder of the village. His dog was crouching on the scanty coverlet, and shivering with cold. My grandfather stepped sŏftly and hesitatingly to the bedside, and accŏsted the forlorn sufferer in his usual accents of kindnèss. The little man in black seemed recalled by the tones of compassion from the lethargy[7] into which he had fallen; for, though his heart was almost frozen, there was yĕt one chord that answered to the call of the good old man who bent over him: the tones of sympathy, so novel to his ear, called back his wandering senses, and acted like a restorative to his solitary feelings.

4. He raised his eyes, but they were vacant and haggard. He put fōrth his hand, but it was cold. He essāyed to speak, but the sound died ăwāy in his throat. He pointed to his mouth with an expression of dreadful meaning, and, sad to relate! my grandfather understood that the harmlèss strānger, deserted by society, was perishing with hunger! With the quick impulse of humanity he dispatched the servant to the hall for refreshment. A little warm noŭrishment renovated him for a short time, but not lŏng. It was evident his pilgrimage was drawing to a close, and

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[1] **Propitious,** (pro pĭsh'us), highly favorable to success.

[2] **Vagaries,** (va gā' rez), wild freaks; whimsical purposes;

[3] **Phi lan' thro py,** love of mankind; good will toward all men.

[4] **Pre dom' i nat ed,** prevailed; gained a controlling influence.

[5] **Emaciated,** (e mā' shĭ āt ed), wasted away in flesh; made lean by sorrow, want, or other cause.

[6] **Visage,** (vĭz'aj), the countenance, face, or look of a person, or of other animals.

[7] **Leth' ar gy,** unhealthy drowsiness; dullness.

he was about entering that peaceful asylum[1] where "the wicked cease from troubling."

5. His tale of misery was short and quickly told. Infirmities had stolen upon him, heightened by the rigors of the season: he had taken to his bed without strength to rise and ask for assistance;—"and if I had," said he, in a tone of bitter despondency,[2] "to whom should I have applied? I have no friend that I know of in the world; the villagers avoid me as something loathsome and dangerous; and here, in the midst of Christians, should I have perished, without a fellow-being to soothe the last moments of existence, and close my dying eyes, had not the howlings of my faithful dog excited your attention."

6. He seemed deeply sensible of the kindness of my grandfather; and at one time, as he looked up into his old benefactor's face, a solitary tear was observed to steal adown the parched furrows of his cheek. Poor outcast!—it was the last tear he shed; but I warrant it was not the first by millions! My grandfather watched by him all night. Toward morning he gradually declined, and as the rising sun gleamed through the window, he begged to be raised in his bed that he might look at it for the last time. He contem'plated it for a moment with a kind of religious enthusiasm,[3] and his lips moved as if engaged in prayer.

7. The strange conjectures concerning him rushed on my grandfather's mind: "He is an idolater!" thought he, "and is worshiping the sun!" He listened a moment, and blushed at his own uncharitable suspicion: he was only engaged in the pious devotions of a Christian. His simple or'ison[4] being finished, the little man in black withdrew his eyes from the east, and taking my grandfather's hand in one of his, and making a motion with the other toward the sun—

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[1] **A sy'lum**, an institution or place for the benefit of the destitute or unfortunate: here means the grave.

[2] **Des pond' en cy**, despair; hopelessness.

[3] **Enthusiasm**, (en thū' zĭ azm), a warm zeal in respect to some object or pursuit.

[4] **Orison**, (ŏr' ĭ zon), supplication a prayer.

"I love to contem'plate it," said he: "'tis an emblem[1] of the universal benevolence of a true Christian; and it is the most glōrious work of Him who is philanthropy itself!"

8. My grandfather blushed still deeper at his ungenerous surmises: he had pitied the strānger at first, but now he revered him. He turned once more to regard him, but his countenance had undergone a chānge: the holy enthusiasm that had lighted up each feature, had given place to an expression of mysterious impōrt: a gleam of grandeur seemed to steal acrŏss his Gothic[2] visage, and he appeared full of some mighty secret which he hesitated to impart. He raised the tattered nightcap that had sunk almost over his eyes, and waving his withered hand with a slow and feeble expression of dignity—"In me," said he, with laconic[3] solemnity—"in me you behold the last descendant of the renowned LINKUM FIDELIUS!"

9. My grandfather gazed at him with reverence; for though he had never heard of the illustrious personage thus pŏmpously announced, yĕt there was a certain black-letter dignity in the name that particularly struck his fancy and commanded his respect. "You have been kind to me," continued the little man in black, after a momentary pause, "and richly will I requite your kindnèss by making you heir to my trĕasures! In yŏnder large deal box are the volumes of my illustrious ancestor, of which I ălōne am the fortunate possessor. Inherit them, ponder over them, and be wise!"

10. He grew faint with the exertion he had made, and sunk back almost breathlèss on his pillōw. His hand, which, inspired with the importance of his subject, he had raised to my grandfather's arm, slipped from his hold and fell over the side of the bed, and his faithful dŏg licked it, as if anxious to soothe the last moments of his dying master and testify his gratitude to the hand that had so ŏften

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[1] **Em'blem**, a type or figure; a picture imaging forth a truth or lesson by some figure or scene.

[2] **Goth'ic**, pertaining to the Goths, a people that once inhabited Sweden and Norway; rude; dark.

[3] **La con'ic**, expressing much in few words: short.

cherished him. The untaught caresses of the faithful animal were not lŏst upon his dying master: he raised his languid eyes, turned them on the dog, then on my grandfather; and having given this silènt recommendation—closed them forever.

11. The remains of the little man in black, notwithstanding the objections of many pious people, were decently interred in the church-yard of the village; and his spirit, harmlèss as the body it once animated, has never been known to molest a living being. My grandfather complied, as far as possible, with his last request: he conveyed the volumes of Linkum Fidelius to his library; he pondered over them frequently; but whether he grew wiser, the tradition[1] doth not mention. This much is certain, that his kindnèss to the poor descendant of Fidelius was amply rewarded by the approbation of his own heart, and the devoted attachment of the old turnspit, who transferred his affection from his deceased master to his benefactor, and became his constant attendant. And thus was the Cŏck-lŏft library first enriched by the invaluable fōlĭŏs[2] of the sage LINKUM FIDELIUS. WASHINGTON IRVING.

IV.

123. THE MAY QUEEN.

PART FIRST.

1.

YOU must wake and call me early, call me early, mother dear:
To-mŏrrōw'ill be the happièst time of all the glăd New-year;
Of all the glad New-year, mother, the maddèst, mĕrrièst day;
For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

2.

There's many ă black, black eye, they say, but none so bright as mine:
There's Margaret and Mary, there's Kate and Caroline;

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[1] **Tradition**, (tra dĭsh' un), the unwritten delivery of opinions, customs, etc., from father to son; some story or report that is handed down from father to son, or from age to age, by word of mouth, not in writing.

[2] **Folios**, (fō' lĭ oz), books of two leaves to a sheet; large books.

But none so fair as little Alice in all the land, they say ;
So I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May

3.

I sleep so sound all night, mother, that I shall never wake,
If you do not call me loud when the day begins to break ;
But I must gather knots of flowers, and buds, and garlands gay,
For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

4.

As I came up the valley, whom think ye should I see,
But Robin leaning on the bridge beneath the hazel-tree ?
He thought of that sharp look, mother, I gave him yesterday,—
But I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

5.

He thought I was a ghost, mother, for I was all in white ;
And I ran by him without speaking, like a flash of light.
They call me cruel-hearted, but I care not what they say,
For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

6.

They say he's dying all for love—but that can never be ;
They say his heart is breaking, mother—what is that to me ?

There's many a bolder lad 'ill woo me any summer day ;
And I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

7.

Little Effie shall go with me to-mŏrrōw to the green,
And you'll be there too, mother, to see me made the Queen ;
For the shepherd-lads on every side 'ill come from far away,
And I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

8.

The honeysuckle round the pōrch has wòven its wavy bowers,
And by the meadōw-trenches blow the faint, sweet cuckoo-flowers;
And the wild marsh-marigold shines like fire in swamps and hollōws gray,
And I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

9.

The night-winds come and go, mother, upon the meadōw-grass,
And the happy stars above them seem to brighten as they pass ;
There will not be a drop of rain the whōle of the līvelong day,
And I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

10.

All the valley, mother, 'ill be fresh and green and still,
And the cowslip and the crowfoot are over all the hill,
And the rivulet in the flowery dale 'ill mĕrrily glance and play,
For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

11.

So you must wake and call me early, call me early, mother dear,
To-mŏrrōw 'ill be the happièst time of all the glăd New-year ;
To-morrow 'ill be, of all the year, the maddèst, mĕrrièst day,
For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

V.

124. THE MAY QUEEN.

PART SECOND.

1.

IF you're waking, call me early, call me early, mother dear,
For I would see the sun rise upon the glăd New-year :
It is the last New-year that I shall ever see,
Then you may lay me low i' the mold, and think no more of me.

2.

To-night I saw the sun set: he set, and left behind
The good old year, the dear old time, and all my peace of mind;
And the New-year's coming up, mother, but I shall never see
The blossom on the blackthorn, the leaf upon the tree.

3.

Last May we made a crown of flowers: we had a mĕrry day;
Beneath the hawthorn on the green they made me Queen of May;
And we danced about the May-pole and in the hazel copse,
Till Charles's Wain[1] came out above the tall white chimney-tops.

4.

There's not a flower on all the hills: the frŏst is on the pane:
I only wish to live till the snowdrops come again:

[1] **Wain**, a carriage on wheels; a wagon; *Charles's Wain*, the name of a constellation, or cluster of stars, called also the *Dipper*.

I wish the snow would melt, and the sun come out on high :
I lŏng to see a flower so before the day I die.

5.

The building rook 'ill caw from the windy, tall elm-tree,
And the tufted plover[1] pipe alōng the făllōw lea,
And the swallōw 'ill come back again with summer ō'er the wave,—
But I shall lie ălōne, mother, within the mouldering grave.

6.

Upon the chancel-casement, and upon that grave of mine,
In the early, early morning, the summer sun 'ill shine,
Before the red cock crows from the barn upon the hill,
When you are warm ăsleep, mother, and all the world is still.

7.

When the flowers come again, mother, beneath the waning light,
You'll never see me more in the lŏng, gray fields at night ;
When from the dry, dark wold[2] the summer airs blow cool,
On the oat-grass and the *swŏrd*-grass, and the bulrush in the pool.

8.

You'll bury me, my mother, just beneath the hawthorn shade,
And you'll come sometimes and see me where I am lowly laid.
I shall not forgĕt you, mother ; I shall hear you when you pass,
With your feet above my head in the lŏng and pleasant grass.

9.

I have been wild and wayward, but you'll forgive me now ;
You'll kiss me, my own mother, upon my cheek and brow :
Nay, nay, you must not weep, nor let your grief be wild,
You should not fret for me, mother,—you have another child.

10.

If I can I'll come again, mother, from out my resting-place ;
Though you'll not see me, mother, I shall look upon your face ;
Though I can not speak a word, I shall hearken what you say,
And be *ŏften*, often with you, when you think I'm far away.

11.

Good-night, good-night, when I have said good-night for evermore,
And you see me carried out from the threshold of the door ;
Don't let Effie come to see me till my grave be growing green :
She'll be a better child to you than ever I have been.

---

[1] **Plover**, (plŭv′er), a water-fowl ; the lapwing.

[2] **Wold**, a plain, open country ; ridges of high land.

12.

She'll find my garden tools upon the grănary floor :
Let her take them—they are hers—I shall never garden more ;
But tell her, when I'm gŏne, to train the rose-bush that I set
About the parlor-windōw and the box of mignonette.[1]

13.

Good-night, sweet mother : call me before the day is born.
All night I lie ăwāke, but I fall ăsleep at morn ;
But I would see the sun rise upon the glad New-year,
So, if you're waking, call me, call me early, mother dear.

VI.

125. THE MAY QUEEN.

PART THIRD.

1.

I THOUGHT to pass away before, and yĕt ălīve I am ;
And in the fields all round I hear the blēating of the lamb.
How sadly, I remember, rose the morning of the year!
To die before the snowdrop came, and now the vĭolet's here.

2.

Oh sweet is the new vīolet, that comes beneath the skies,
And sweeter is the young lamb's voice to me that can not rise,
And sweet is all the land about, and all the flowers that blow,
And sweeter far is death than life to me that lŏng to go.

3.

It seemed so hard at first, mother, to leave the blessèd sun,
And now it seems as hard to stay ; and yĕt, His will be done!
But still I think it can't be lŏng before I find release ;
And that good man, the clergyman, has told me words of peace.

4.

Oh, blessings on his kindly voice, and on his silver hair!
And blessings on his whōle life lŏng, until he meet me there!
Oh, blessings on his kindly heart, and on his silver head!
A thousand times I blest him as he knelt beside my bed.

5.

He showed me all the mercy, for he taught me ăll the sin :
Now, though my lamp was lighted late, there's One will let me in:

[1] **Mignonette**, (mĭn' yo nĕt'), a plant and flower prized for its sweet smell.

Nor would I now be well, mother, again, if that could be ;
For my desire is but to pass to Him that died for me.

6.

I did not hear the dŏg howl, mother, or the death-watch[1] beat,
There came a sweeter token when the night and morning meet :
But sĭt beside my bed, mother, and put your hand in mine,
And Effie on the other side, and I will tell the sign.

7.

All in the wild March-morning I heard the angels call ;
It was when the moon was sĕtting, and the dark was over all ;
The trees began to whisper, and the wind began to roll,
And in the wild March-morning I heard them call my soul,

8.

For, lying broad awake, I thought of you and Effie dear ;
I saw you sĭtting in the house, and I no lŏnger here ;
With all my strength I prayed for bōth, and so I felt resigned ;
And up the valley came a swell of music on the wĭnd.

[1] **Death-watch**, (dĕth′ wŏtch), a small beetle, whose noise, like the tick of a watch, is falsely thought to foretell death.

9.

I thought that it was fancy, and I listened in my bed,
And then did something speak to me; I know not what was said;
For great delight and shuddering took hold of all my mind,
And up the valley came again the music of the wĭnd.

10.

But you were sleeping; and I said, "It's not for them: it's mine."
And if it comes three times, I thought, I take it for a sign.
And once again it came, and close beside the windōw-bars,
Then seemed to go right up to heaven, and die among the stars.

11.

So now I think my time is near. I trust it is. I know
The blessèd music went that way my soul will have to go.
And for myself, indeed, I care not if I go to-day;
But, Effie, you must comfort *her* when I am pass'd ăwāy.

12.

And say to Robin a kind word, and tell him not to fret;
There's many worthier than I would make him happy yet.
If I had lived—I can not tell—I might have been his wife;
But all these things have ceased to be, with my desire of life.

13.

O look! the sun begins to rise, the heavens are in a glow,
He shines upon a hundred fields, and all of them I know.
And there I move no lŏnger now, and there his light may shine—
Wild flowers in the valley for other hands than mine.

14.

Oh, sweet and strānge it seems to me, that ere this day is done,
The voice that now is speaking may be beyŏnd the sun—
Forever and forever with those just souls and true—
And what is life, that we should moan? why make we such ado?

15.

Forever and forever, all in a blessèd home—
And there to wait a little while till you and Effie come;
To lie within the light of Gŏd, as I lie upon your breast—
And the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

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